



LONDON:
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1855.



MR. HUNTER, having been appointed to the office of Secretary of the Board of Trade, has been sworn in by the Lord Mayor of London, and will take office on the 1st of January next. He is a native of Scotland, and was educated at the University of Glasgow. He has been employed in the Board of Trade for several years, and has been Secretary of the Board since the death of Mr. James Wilson.

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The first of the new regulations of the Board of Trade, which will be in force on the 1st of January next, is that the Board will now be empowered to grant licences to the owners of ships to trade with the coast of Africa, and to the coast of America, and to the coast of the East Indies.

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MR. PUNCH, desiring that the Right Book should be in the Right Place, has given orders for the dissemination of this his Twenty-Eighth Volume throughout the world; but especially in those places where the Solidity of his Wisdom, the Brilliancy of his Wit, the Sweetness of his Benevolence, and the Loving-kindness of his Nature in All Things, should best manifest themselves to the World at Large through the World's Rulers and Misrulers, shining through them upon the peoples, even as the Sun shines through the crystal of the Palace and the lattice of the Cottage.

LORD COWLEY has been directed to present the Volume—bound in peach-blossom satin,—to the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE; that, further recommended by her looks and speech, the right precepts of Mr. PUNCH may, to the abiding benefit of France and England, flourish in the right places.

LORD BLOOMFIELD, at Berlin, has been accredited with his Copy (bound in boar-skin), to present to the KING OF PRUSSIA. His Lordship has been further directed to read certain edifying verses charitably composed for the better instruction of the KING OF PRUSSIA, to be administered early in the morning.

The EARL OF WESTMORELAND, at Vienna (leaving his fiddle at home), will forthwith take his PUNCH (bound in GORDON plaid) to FRANCIS JOSEPH, the "Hope of Austria"—according to LORD ABERDEEN. ("Hope told a flattering tale," and Britannia was fool enough to believe it.)

LORD H. DE WALDEN, at Brussels, will present his PUNCH (bound in Russia) to LEOPOLD, requesting His Majesty not to forget that he is the Uncle of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND, and by no means vassal to the EMPEROR ALEXANDER II. His Lordship has been further desired to present to His Majesty an English red rose gathered in the gardens of Claremont, as a further refresher of His Majesty's memory.

LORD HOWDEN, at Madrid, will demand an audience of QUEEN ISABELLA to present Her Majesty with his PUNCH (bound in Spanish Bonds). His Lordship is further desired to express his readiness to read to Her Majesty four pages *per diem* for the illumination of the Royal mind, and through her to the enlightenment of Spain in general.

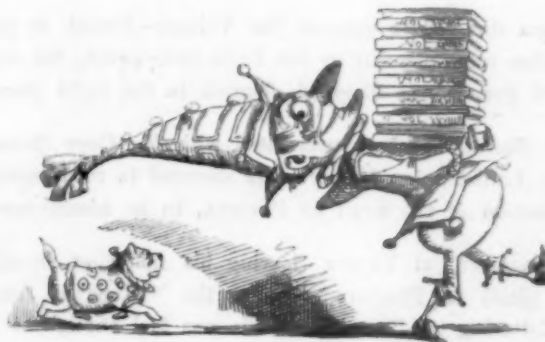
SIR R. PAKENHAM, at Lisbon, will deliver his PUNCH to DON PEDRO immediately upon His Majesty's return. The volume is most pathetically bound. The brave Bohemian ZISKA bequeathed his skin for a drum-head, so that though departed from among men, he might still most eloquently speak to them, to the consternation of the oppressor. A philosophic Portuguese bondholder, ruined and departed, has bequeathed a portion of his cuticle ("nearest the heart") for the binding of PUNCH, in the hope that the Right Book being rightly bound, and further being in the Right Place, might touch the royal bosom into consideration of bondholders, not yet quite deceased.

SIR W. TEMPLE, ambassador at the Court of the Two Sicilies, has been accredited with his PUNCH for the benefit of FERDINAND—unless in the opinion of SIR WILLIAM, the individual is too crass, as PUNCH's revered friend, LORD BROUGHAM would say, to apprehend one iota of the beauty and utility of the gift. The volume is bound in convict gray, a court colour in which His Majesty delights to clothe his noblest and wisest of subjects.

MR. PUNCH forbears to notice every individual case. Let it suffice that no crowned head—no beavered head, for the United States' President is especially cared for—has been overlooked.

MR. PUNCH had his volume prepared for ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA, and duly bound in Manchester cotton (handsomely presented by ALEXANDER's friend, JOHN BRIGHT), determined upon sending the book to St. Petersburg under the sanctity of a flag of truce. As, however, Russia is apt to dye a flag of truce in the heart's blood of the bearer, MR. PUNCH will not hazard an envoy. No: he will rather wait and deliver it with his own hand to ALEXANDER himself, when that remorseful individual shall occupy the state-prison (handsomely fitted up for his service) of Coldbath Fields.

Meanwhile, it is hoped that in hundreds of thousands of book-cases, the Right PUNCH will be found in the Right Place.



January xxxi Days.			February xxviii Days.			March xxxi Days.			
1 M	Crescent	17 F	Franklin	17 Th	Dis. Moon	17 M	St. David	17 M	St. Patrick
2 M	St. John	18 F	St. John	18 F	St. John	18 F	St. John	18 F	St. John
3 M	St. John	19 F	St. John	19 F	St. John	19 F	St. John	19 F	St. John
4 Th	St. John	20 F	St. John	20 F	St. John	20 F	St. John	20 F	St. John
5 F	St. John	21 F	St. John	21 F	St. John	21 F	St. John	21 F	St. John
6 F	St. John	22 F	St. John	22 F	St. John	22 F	St. John	22 F	St. John
7 S	St. John	23 F	St. John	23 F	St. John	23 F	St. John	23 F	St. John
8 S	St. John	24 F	St. John	24 F	St. John	24 F	St. John	24 F	St. John
9 S	St. John	25 F	St. John	25 F	St. John	25 F	St. John	25 F	St. John
10 S	St. John	26 F	St. John	26 F	St. John	26 F	St. John	26 F	St. John
11 S	St. John	27 F	St. John	27 F	St. John	27 F	St. John	27 F	St. John
12 S	St. John	28 F	St. John	28 F	St. John	28 F	St. John	28 F	St. John
13 S	St. John	29 F	St. John	29 F	St. John	29 F	St. John	29 F	St. John
14 S	St. John	30 F	St. John	30 F	St. John	30 F	St. John	30 F	St. John
15 S	St. John	31 F	St. John	31 F	St. John	31 F	St. John	31 F	St. John
16 S	St. John	32 F	St. John	32 F	St. John	32 F	St. John	32 F	St. John
17 S	St. John	33 F	St. John	33 F	St. John	33 F	St. John	33 F	St. John
18 S	St. John	34 F	St. John	34 F	St. John	34 F	St. John	34 F	St. John
19 S	St. John	35 F	St. John	35 F	St. John	35 F	St. John	35 F	St. John
20 S	St. John	36 F	St. John	36 F	St. John	36 F	St. John	36 F	St. John
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24 S	St. John	40 F	St. John	40 F	St. John	40 F	St. John	40 F	St. John
25 S	St. John	41 F	St. John	41 F	St. John	41 F	St. John	41 F	St. John
26 S	St. John	42 F	St. John	42 F	St. John	42 F	St. John	42 F	St. John
27 S	St. John	43 F	St. John	43 F	St. John	43 F	St. John	43 F	St. John
28 S	St. John	44 F	St. John	44 F	St. John	44 F	St. John	44 F	St. John
29 S	St. John	45 F	St. John	45 F	St. John	45 F	St. John	45 F	St. John
30 S	St. John	46 F	St. John	46 F	St. John	46 F	St. John	46 F	St. John
31 S	St. John	47 F	St. John	47 F	St. John	47 F	St. John	47 F	St. John
32 S	St. John	48 F	St. John	48 F	St. John	48 F	St. John	48 F	St. John
33 S	St. John	49 F	St. John	49 F	St. John	49 F	St. John	49 F	St. John
34 S	St. John	50 F	St. John	50 F	St. John	50 F	St. John	50 F	St. John
35 S	St. John	51 F	St. John	51 F	St. John	51 F	St. John	51 F	St. John
36 S	St. John	52 F	St. John	52 F	St. John	52 F	St. John	52 F	St. John
37 S	St. John	53 F	St. John	53 F	St. John	53 F	St. John	53 F	St. John
38 S	St. John	54 F	St. John	54 F	St. John	54 F	St. John	54 F	St. John
39 S	St. John	55 F	St. John	55 F	St. John	55 F	St. John	55 F	St. John
40 S	St. John	56 F	St. John	56 F	St. John	56 F	St. John	56 F	St. John
41 S	St. John	57 F	St. John	57 F	St. John	57 F	St. John	57 F	St. John
42 S	St. John	58 F	St. John	58 F	St. John	58 F			



NOTES FOR JANUARY.

8th, Plough Monday—of course a Holiday for Harrow.

10th, Day breaks at 5h. 2m. Considering that every day breaks, we should, instead of wasting the remainder of a broken day, make the best use we can of all the pieces.

The dew point will fall on the 4th of the month, when Bills are generally payable.

In frosty weather we are told we should lop our timber out of doors. The most sensible way of topping your timber will be to cut your stick and go in doors to a comfortable fire.

Instead of catching cold by preparing a hot-bed for an early lettuce, let us prepare our own hot bed early with a warming-pan. As the hedge-sparrow will now sing, you may take a note of it.

MEMORABLE EPOCHS.

THERE are certain exciting epochs in a woman's life that are never forgotten; such as, for instance—the first time she carries a parasol, the first time she receives a Valentine, the first time she goes to an evening party, the first time a proposal is made to her, the first time she wears a velvet dress, and the first time she puts on the wedding-ring.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

CONFIDENTIAL.—Says Mr. PIN, in a rage, to his wife, MRS. NEEDLE. "I only wish you'd a head on your shoulders." Says MRS. NEEDLE, in a passion, "Don't talk to me: if you had only an eye about you, as I have!"

THE BATTLE OF WOMAN.—A girl of ten displays courage amounting to rashness in her first Engagement, but is usually deficient in steadiness.

CONUNDRUM FOR THE CLERGY.—What aperture in a man-of-war reminds you of Mr. DEAN's mouth? A Port-hole.

"LETTERED INDOLGENCE."—The Policeman (A 1) who strolls about Herne Bay.

HINT TO LETTICASTER.—A suit at law involves fees.



THE ICE HARVEST.

NOTES FOR FEBRUARY.

3rd, BLAISE. This feast ought to be no feast at all, for if BLAISE were to have a blow-out, there would be an end of him.

Some of the Almanacks contain "a Table of the True Dip of the Sea Horizon, corrected for Refraction." We confess ourselves not deep enough for such a dip, and we should not know how to correct it if it proved refractory.

In this month keep calves warm by putting them into gaiters.

HOW TO PROVE A LOVER.

In order to try your Lover's affection for you, take an opportunity of dancing some evening continually with somebody else, or of otherwise flirting, whilst, in the mean time, you snub and slight him. If this conduct does not destroy his regard for you, he loves you indeed sincerely; but he is a fool: and don't you have him.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

HISTORIC.—KEAN had made up his face for *Macbeth*. "Now, what are we to think of ourselves?" says Indian-ink to Hare's-foot. "Think!" says Hare's-foot, "why we must think ourselves accessory to a horrid murder."

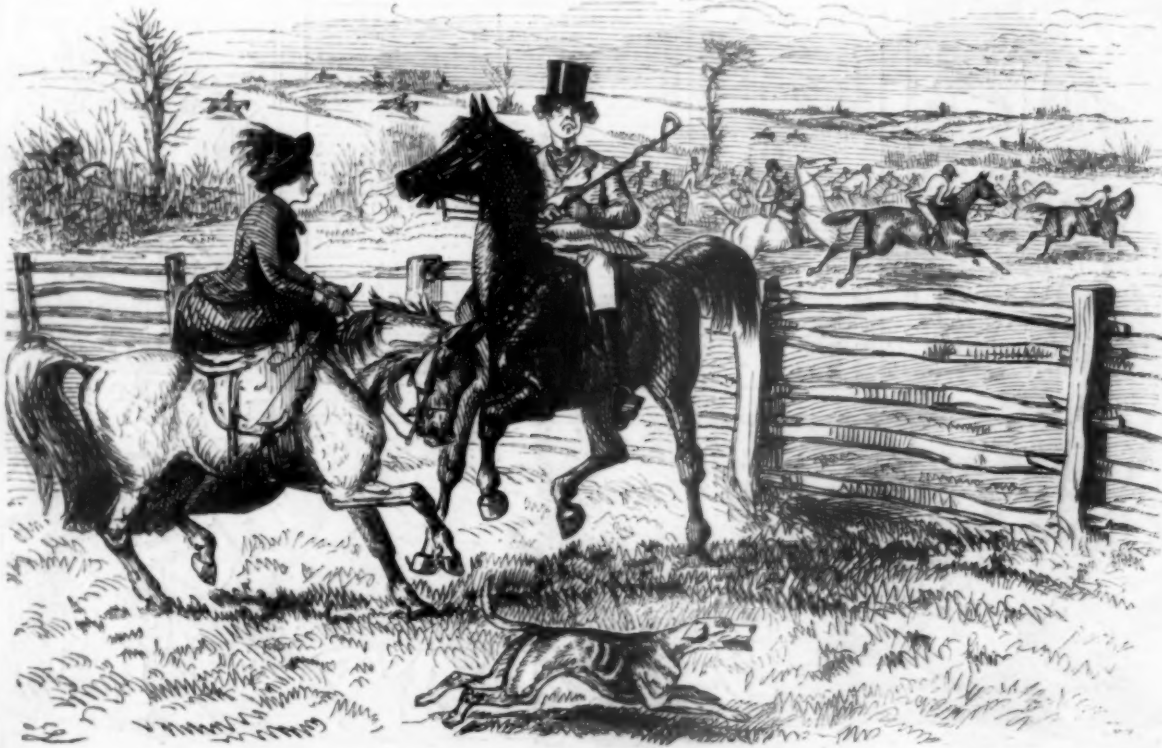
RECREATION IN NATURAL HISTORY.—A young gentleman of a lively turn sent his slow friend to an ornithologist for a Yellow hammer to drive a nail.

LOVE AND LITERATURE.—Some say that every Lover is a Poet: this is by no means true: it is, however, a fact that the Lover, considered both as a reader and a writer, is generally a man of Letters.

A REAL BLESSING TO MOTHERS.—Couldn't somebody invent a soap which would enable Mammals to get their Daughters off their hands?

CONUNDRUM BY A STUPID MAN IN LOOKING.—Why is my tea like my pale brandy? Because it is stolen by my landlady!

SHABBY MAGNIFICENCE.—Much Gliding and Carving without Knife and Fork.



RATHER AWKWARD FOR TOMKINS.

Young Dimes. "I THINK, SIR, IF YOU WOULD BE SO GOOD AS TO GO FIRST, AND BREAK THE TOP RAIL, MY FORT WOULD GET OVER."

NOTES FOR MARCH.

THOUGH the year is shortened by nearly three months, its days are lengthened.

Mercury will, on the 18th, be stationary; but although stationary, we have nothing to write upon him.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

AMATIVE.—Laura was disconsolate. Henry had long flirted, but never put the question. Henry went his way. Laura's aunt, for consolation, brought her a love of a spaniel pup. "My dear," says the Aunt, "the puppy can do everything but speak." "Why will you agonise me?" says Laura, "that's the only fault I found with the other."

PREDICTION.—The next campaign will open in the month of March.

HOW TO TELL THE POSITION OF THE PLANETS BY THE WIND.—It is probable that Vesta will be in the South when the wind blows a Sou-Wester.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH.—To young ladies—Now make up your minds and choose your lover, considering that you may have too many chaps on your hands.

TRUTH FOR TERTOTALLERS.—The Porter that is stout will carry the biggest man beyond the bounds of discretion.

RULES FOR YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.—The smallest possible waste, without pinching.

INFORMATION FOR INNOCENTS.—When anybody talks much about his trials, there is some reason to believe him to be a thief.

USEFUL RECIPE: To MAKE TWO SOUPS OF ONE THING.—Boil the Tail of an Ox entire, shave it, and with the hair thus obtained make Hair-Soup, reserving the remainder of the purchase for Ox-Tail.

THE ALTAR AND THE CROSS.—We always feel sorry for illiterate brides and bridegrooms who have to put "their mark" in the Parish Register; for it seems ominous that their wedded life should begin with crosses.

SHERIFFS' OFFICERS IN THE NAVY.—More than one officer during the present war has thrown a live shell overboard. The officer who could thus take up a bomb, must be quite a bomb-bailiff.



PATERFAMILIAS SUPERINTENDS IN PERSON THE REMOVAL OF THE SNOW FROM THE ROOF OF HIS HOUSE.

FACT IN MESMERISM.

A YOUNG medical student, having been mesmerised, was thrown into a state of clairvoyance. On being asked where he was, he said he was in the lodgings of the mesmeriser, his fellow-student. To the question, what he could see there, he replied that he saw the woman of the house opening the cupboard with a secret key, and helping herself out of the gin-bottle.

LEGAL ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—Don't accept the hand of anybody who tells you that he is going to marry and settle. Make him settle first, and let him marry afterwards.

CLASSICAL COLLAR.—The ancient Roman ladies are said to have sometimes adorned themselves by tying a live snake round their neck. The reptile, in that case, may be said to have been the lady's live stock.

"TIS TRUE, 'TIS PITY; AND PITY 'TIS 'TIS TRUE."—Honeymoon bliss sometimes turns out to be mere moonshine.

NATURAL MISTAKE.

An agricultural gentleman, in reading a fashionable newspaper, exploded in a guffaw. On being entreated to communicate the cause of his mirth, he pointed to the description of a "Marriage in High Life," in which the reporter stated "we have been favoured with a peep at the bride's *seousness*." "To ha 'em made aforehand," the farmer said, "showed pretty well as how the lady had made up her mind to wear 'em arterwards."

WHAT'S HIS NAME?—We may truly say that the inventor of the steam-engine was a man of great engine-uity.



PLEASING EFFECT BELOW.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

MEDICAL.—"How is it," asked DAME FARTLEY, the hen of her leed, "that that hideous duck does nothing but make a noise, and yet always has the largest egg?" "My dear," answered the cock, "so goes the world: the greater the quack the bigger the gain."

HINT ON ETIQUETTE.—The unaccountable dislike which many ladies have that their age should be known, suggests the suspicion that we may not always make ourselves so agreeable as we fancy in wishing a female acquaintance many happy returns of her birthday. It would, perhaps, be more judicious to wish her as many returns of the day as she can desire.

A RUB FOR RUBBES.—A new Guide to London says of the St. Martine-in-the-Fields Baths and Wash-houses, that "they are conveniently situated at the rear of the Royal Academy." We presume that this "convenience" is in reference to the scourgings which pictures receive in the National establishment.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.—The young lady who is unable to sport a riding habit, should get into a walking habit.

MILITARY MEMORANDUM.—The COLONEL is the nucleus of his regiment.

REFLECTION ON MOUNT PARANUS.—It is possible to devour Poetry without being a Footstater.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO TAKE ORDERS.—A Curate is a clergyman who cannot get a living.



OH DEAR! THAT REGULAR FAMILY NEXT DOOR ARE HAVING THEIR CHIMNEY SWEEP AGAIN.

A BATCH OF CONUNDRUMS.

WHY does snow look most poetical?—When it is turned into rime.

What part of Pimlico best agrees with the digestion of its inhabitants?—That part which is eaten square (Eaton Square).

When was KING JOHN most like dirty linen?—When he went into the Wash.

What is the worth of a letter that contains ten jokes?—A ten-penny note.

DIVERTING DIALOGUE.

"MAMMA, can a door speak?"

"Certainly not, my love."

"Then why did you tell ANNE, this morning, to answer the door?"

"It is time for you to go to school, dear."

A VULGAR layman observes, that if the moustache movement was carried into the pulpit, all our clergy would become hairy uns! (Arians.)

"DO YOU WANT YOUR ARMS FOUND?"—This is a familiar advertisement which Miss BUFFIN would have considered personally offensive.

JUSTICE TO SCOTLAND.—Why is not a University established under the walls of Dunee Castle?

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—The raw material for home consumption is principally derived from the Butcher's Shop.

A MONSTER!—A policeman wants to handcuff his baby to prevent it from sucking its thumb.

Joanne Query. Did SHAKESPEARE ever go to see the hero of Mont Blanc?

Rational Answer. Of course he did. He expressly says, "I saw A. SMITH."—(King John, Act iv, Scene 2.)

NAUTICAL QUERY.—It is said that the British sailor used to fry his watch.—A young man imperfectly acquainted with nautical affairs, wishes to know whether the watch so extravagantly fried, was generally the larboard watch or the starboard.

THE RIGHT ASCENSION OF THE PLANETS.—We do not profess to be very learned in astronomy, but we think it is a sign of the Right Ascension of one of the planets when the Mercury rises in the weather glass.



BOTTOM FISHING.

Piscator No. 1 (miserably). "Now, TOM, DO LEAVE OFF. IT ISN'T OF ANY USE; AND IT'S GETTING QUITE DARK."

Piscator No. 2. "LEAVE OFF!! WHAT A PRECIOUS DISAGREEABLE CHAF YOU ARE! YOU COME OUT FOR A DAY'S PLEASURE, AND YOU'RE ALWAYS A WANTING TO GO HOME!"

THE BEGGARS' ALMANACK.

In JANUARY, if the frost's a hart-
sur,
The proper dodge will be, the
"frozen-out gardener."
In FEBRUARY, chalk your eyes and
cheeks,
And be "a taller out of work for
weeks."
In MARCH, in case of a commercial
panic,
Come boldly out as "a half-starved
mechanic."
In APRIL, should the thoroughfare
be wet,
Some loafers by accident upset.
In MAY, when pious meetings most
abound,
With tracts religious, go your
daily round.
In JUNE, equip yourself from some
Jew tailor,
And be, with arm in sling, a
"British sailor."
In hot JULY, the watering places
seek,
And try your fortune as an "area
sneak."
In AUGUST, paint upon your cheeks
a scar,
And be a "soldier wounded in the
war."
In bright SEPTEMBER, dress genteel
but sooty,
As a "poor clerk, respectable but
needy."
In fine OCTOBER, you may be with
reason
"A waiter waiting for the London
season."
In dull NOVEMBER, don't a chance
neglect,
But be on board of any ship that's
wrecked.
In cold DECEMBER, neath a gas-
light stand,
With sealing-wax and wafers in
your hand.



INTERESTING GROUP POSED FOR A DAGUERRETYPE,
BY A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY
KNOWN.

THAT ALFRED THE GREAT was
in reality a Dwarf.
That the Cannibals of Ethiopia
live entirely upon black pudding.
That the strictest ascetics in
England are the Cabmen.
That "quiet streets" are so
called from their being chiefly
tenanted by medical students.
That Exeter Hall is still occa-
sionally used as a Casino.
That "genuine Havannahs" are
now exclusively imported from the
Greenwich cabbage garden.
That Mrs. BARROW is in active
treaty for the purchase of the
house that Jack built.
That the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA
has joined the Peace Society.
That Jean d'Arc was in com-
plexion a blonde.
That excellent Whitebait can
be manufactured at Blackwall
throughout the season out of fried
curl papers.
That the Elgin Marbles were
discovered in a slate quarry.
That the formation of the
Sandwich Islands consists alter-
nately of successive strata of ham
and bread and butter.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

GOLDEN.—Said the sovereign to
the wedding ring—"What a paltry
bit of metal! Why, I'd make two
of you." "What of that? you may
melt in the hand in a minute,"
said the ring; "now, small as I
am, I last a couple for life."

ANCIENT AND MODERN MUSIC.—
Some admire BACH's music; the
taste of others does not go back
so far.

BIOGRAPHIES FOR THE MILLION.

We extract the following brief Biographies from a valuable
work, shortly to be published under the sanction of the Society
for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge.

HOOD, a celebrated admiral, who, for his national services
in writing "The Song of the Shirt" was made, for many
years, the Editor of the Comic Annual. In this situation he
was the cause of so many "lytall gesses," that since then,
many a poor punster has got his living by robbing HOOD.
Being outlawed he lived for some time in Sherwood Forest;
though we afterwards meet with Hood in a Convent.

HOLLAR, an Engraver who made a great deal of noise in
his day. His real name was JONES.

PARR, a gentleman who attained an immense age, and it is
said, that, during his life, Ten Sovereigns sat on the Throne;
but, whether they were all there at once, or why they were
put there at all, we leave to numismatists to discover,—though
we think that it could not, at any time, take ten sovereigns
to make a crown. PARR's acquaintance with the dead languages
was a speaking one, for he could converse in both Hebrew
and Greek. His widow married KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ROSS, a celebrated Arctic Navigator who, after endeavouring
to discover the North Pole, discovered that the polls of men
might be attended to with more success, and accordingly
established himself as a fashionable hairdresser in Piccadilly.
Here he devoted himself to scientific attainments, and per-
fected a monster telescope, for which he was appointed mini-

ature painter to H.R. MAJESTY. His social acquirements made
him highly esteemed in domestic life, and his pathetic song
of "Sam Hall" was re-demanded nightly.

THE ODOUR OF SANCTITY.—The saints of the middle ages
were fond of sprinkling holy water about. They would prob-
ably have made themselves much more agreeable if they
had substituted chloride of lime.

A MEDIUM TRUTH.—The Truth (they say) generally lies
in the medium—but an exception to this is, of course, a
Rapping-Medium, who never, by any accident, raps out the
Truth.

THE
FEMALE ROCHEFOUCAULD.

THE woman who praises another
is insincere; if she really meant
to praise, she would detract.

Good temper, supported for any
length of time, should warn us
that a favour is about to be asked.

The woman who goes out to
dinner to eat, is lost.

The young girl who wastes
weeks over a pair of butterfly
braces, only sacrifices the Present
out of a fond regard to the Future.
The end of too much cold meat
is mostly a broil.

Under a long dress you have
a perfect right to suspect there lies
hid a large foot.

With many women, going to
church is little better than look-
ing into a Bonnet Shop.

In many cases, the Piano is used
as an instrument of envy to drown
a rival's voice.

QUERIES TO WHICH WE PAUSE
FOR A REPLY.

"Thou com'st in such a question-able
shape."

WHAT part do the Moon's horns
play in the Music of the Spheres;
or, are they included in the band
of the Orion?

Are not *furs* the best trees to
protect a house from winter
storms?

Are the sewers flushed because
of the hot weather?

Is a poor man's walk through
life necessarily an easy one be-
cause he meets with no cheques?

If a cab is hired by a pretty
girl who has "seen better days,"
is she to be considered as a reduced
fare?



INTERESTING AND VALUABLE RESULT.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTI-
MENTAL.

ON MY REFUSING ANGELINA A KISS
UNDER THE MINKETON.
NAY, fond one, shun that mischievous,
Nor lure me neath its fata-
bough;
Some other night 'twere joy to go,
But ah! I must not, dare not
now!

'Tis sad, I own, to see thy face
Thus tempt me with its giggling
glee,
And feel I cannot now embrace
The opportunity—and thee.

'Tis sad to think that jealousy's
Sharp scissors may our true
love sever;
And that my coldness now may
freeze
Thy warm affection, love, for
ever.
But ah! to disappoint our bliss,
A fatal hindrance now is stuck:
'Tis not that I am loath to kiss,
But, dearest, list—I dined off
duck!

COMPARATIVE ORNITHOLOGY.—
An old woman may be no chicken,
but it does not follow that a young
lady is one. Instead of being a
chicken, she may be a goose.

A NAVAL QUESTION.—If a boat-
swain marries, does his wife be-
come a boatswain's mate?

ADVICE TO ARMY SURGEONS.—
When you are under fire—cut
away.

DEFINITION OF SPRING.—The
vegetable Shooting Season.

LEGITIMATE SPORT.—Those who
fish for compliments deserve to
get a bite.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

VAINGLOUOUS.—"What's more lucky than myself!" cries the oyster opened, with a big pearl in its belly. "In," says the chimney-sweeper, and swallows it."

A SEA-SIDE REFLECTION.—"There is continued novelty in the aspect of the ocean; and yet it seems strange, that salt water should be ever fresh."

A NICE WAR.—"In the Wars of the Roses could there have been any smell of gunpowder?"

THE ORDER OF CLEANLINESS.—"Go to Bath!"

A PRETTY DISH TO SET BEFORE THE QUEEN.—"A Cabinet Pudding."

THOROUGH-GOING PROTECTIONISTS.—"The Guards—and the Line: not forgetting the Blue-jackets."

THE PERFECTION OF FORM.—"Everything ship-shape."

TO HIGHLAND TOURISTS.—"The best tartan to wear in wet weather is the Macintosh."



IN JUNE, OUR FRIEND BELLEVILLE AIRS HIS FRENCH AT BOULOGNE, TO THE ADMIRATION OF DOBBINS, WHO DOESN'T SPEAK THE LANGUAGE.

Belleville. "AHEN! PARDONN MOSROO!—ESKEE VOOS AVEY-A-A-SUCH A CHOSE AS A-A-UNE POT—A-THAT IS, A-A-UNE PO YOU KNOW-DE-DE-DE BEAR'S GERASE?—COMPRENNY?—BEAR'S GERASE!"

A HAPPY STATE.

"At length," said an unfortunate man who had been ruined by vexatious lawsuits, "at length I have found happiness, for I am reduced to Necessity,—and that is the only thing I know of which has no Law."

HORTICULTURE IN THE ARMY.—Martinez appears to consider that the Flower of the British Army is the Stock.

HUNTING AND FISHING.—CORDUROY TOPPER, Esq., on his baymare, takes a pike.

A LANDLORD'S QUESTION.—How is it that waiters at the Cook are generally thin, when they are always getting Stout?

A FEATHERED SMOKE.—The Bull-finch, in a state of nature, does not sing much, but indulges in a short pipe.

A GOOD SERVANT.—A Mayor's footman must be devout. He daily attends his Worship.

ILLUSTRATION OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.—A test-taller is a person who eats his toast and does not drink it.

LAW.—It requires the permission of the Court to commence an action *in forma pauperis*, but to finish a law suit *in forma pauperis* is often a matter of course, and, therefore, no permission is required.

COTTAGE ECONOMY.—To have plenty of meat in the house, keep pigs: when you kill a pig you will not only have meat enough, but a spare-rib.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Said a Chemist to his wife,

"What is Sugar, dearest life?"

That is more than you can tell me, I'll be bound."

"Oh!" said she, "you stupid man,

Get along!—of course I can;

Fourpence, fivepence, sixpence halfpenny a pound."

MISCELLANEOUS TABLES.—To Calculate Wages.—Add to the sum paid in money the amount produced by perquisites, mix up the kitchen stuff with the quarter's stipend, and the result will give you the wages.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.—Men are frequently like Tea—the real strength and goodness is not drawn out of them until they have been for some time in hot water.



SEA-SIDE—THE BATHING HOUR.

STANZAS FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

ON MY FINDING ANGELINA STOP SUDDENLY
IN A RAPID AFTER-SUPPER POLKA AT
MRS. TOMKINS'S BALL.

Edwin. "Maiden, why that look of sadness?
Whence that dark & clouded brow?
What hath stilled thy bounding gladness,
Changed thy pace from fast to slow?
Is it that by impulse sudden
Childhood's hours thou pausest to mourn?
Or hath thy cruel Edwin trodden
Right upon thy favourite corn?"

"Is it that for evenings wasted
Some remorse thou 'gin'st to feel?
Or hath that sham champagne we tasted
Turned thy polka to a reel?
Still that gloom upon each feature?
Still that sad reproachful frown?"
Angelina. "Can't you see, you clumsy crea-
ture,
All my back hair's coming down!"

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

POLITE.—"You pop first," says roasting
chestnut on the bar to another. "No: after
you." "By no means; after you." In the
meantime, folks waited, and all eating was
delayed. Let diners-out take this fact to
heart, and pop to the mahogany without
false ceremony.

MEDIAVAL ART.—Everybody must have
remarked that the figures of the mediæval
artists are ridiculously out of drawing. Is
this because they studied the ecclesiastical
rather than the Lay Figure?

RUSSIA AND ROME.—Modern Russia is
as ambitious as ancient Rome; but whereas
Rome possessed conscript fathers, the con-
scripts of Russia are her children.

LONGEVITY OF WOMEN.—A married
woman ought to last longer than a single
one, because she is husbanded.

NOTE ON LORD BYRON.—A Cockney says
that the Isles of Greece are Spawna and
Whale Isle, which are extracted from
Blubber.

A FRIENDLY CAUTION.—If ladies persist
in wearing bonnets that leave their hair
apparent to the Sun, they will find their
crowns soon changed into tanners.



A VERY GREAT MAN.

"Now, COLLIER, YOU MUST GO OUT VERY DEEP, FOR I WANT TO TAKE A 'HEADER'!"

HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING
PARIS.

It will, doubtless, be your study while
you are in France to be as much as possible
mistaken for a Frenchman. You will
therefore, of course, be careful not to take
a passport, as that would immediately dis-
pel the illusion.

Bear in mind that Continental Railways
make no charge for extra luggage. There-
fore, don't deprive yourself of any little
comfort you are used to. Such as a spring
mattress, or a shower bath, because they
make a few more packages in travelling.

If you happen to hold a commission in
the Popshot Fencibles, don't forget to put
your uniform into your portmanteau, as
you will be sure to find it handy for a
levée or review. You will also, of course,
take care to let your moustache grow from
the moment of your leaving Folkestone.
The French, you should remember, are a
military nation, and you cannot please
them better than by assuming an in-
tensely martial aspect and demeanour as
long as you are with them.

You will, of course, be careful to leave
your card upon the Emperor, the morning
after your arrival. Every Englishman is
expected to dine with him before leaving
Paris. His palace, the Hôtel de Ville, is
in the Café Market.

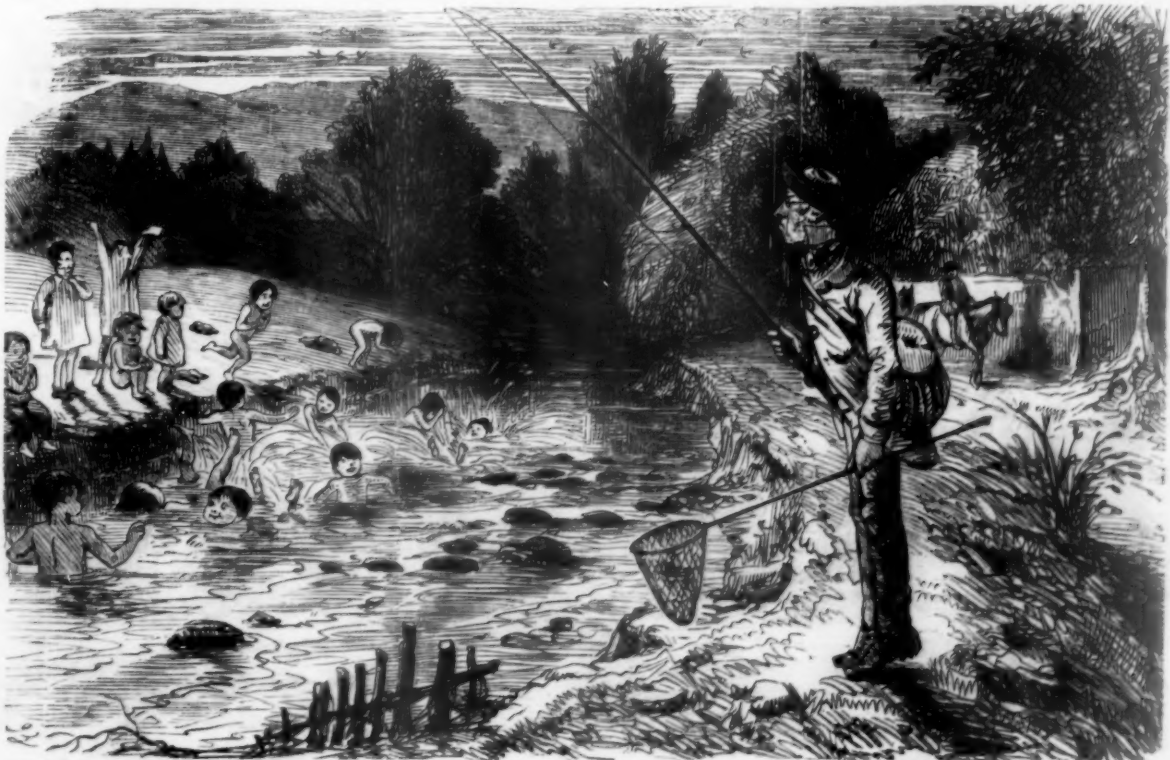
When you go to see a church or other
public edifice, do not scruple to bring off
a few souvenirs of your visit. By tagging
a little behind your party, you may easily
snip away a bit or two of tapestry, or
chip off the nose or little finger of a Statue.
The Statue, it is true, will be ruined by
your mutilation, but what's that to you?
In all probability you will never have the
chance of seeing it again.

COURTESY IN CORNWALL.—It is the opinion
of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living
by plunder, whilst the Lawyer thinks that
the doctor obtains his by pillage.

MILITARY MEMORANDUM.—There is a
much greater demand, just now, for Ma-
gazines than for Reviews.

LITERARY LIVERY.—The page of the true
Poet has no buttons.

MEAN TIME.—The period when white
bait dinners are few, the amount of the bill
objected to, and nothing given to the waiters,
will be set down as mean time at Greenwich.



FLY FISHING.—MR. HACKLE ARRIVES AT HIS FAVOURITE SPOT, WHERE HE KNOWS THERE IS A GOOD TROUT.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

DISCONSOLATE. — "Don't cry, my dear," said Mrs. Miff in a sudden call on Widow Spiff, who had just lost her fourth husband. "Don't cry, my love," said Mrs. Miff. "But I can't help it—I must," said Mrs. Spiff. The good soul had been disturbed while peeling onions.

A MARRIED LOVER. — A hen-pecked husband declared that the longer he lived the more he was smitten.

QUESTION FOR SCHOOLMASTERS. — If you set a boy so much Virgil for an imposition, won't he be apt to consider Virgil an impostor?

DISTURBANCE. — The Chinese Feast of Lanterns must be very light eating.

OBSERVATION FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST. — A married man with a large family has remarked that the Bridal leads to the Saddle (of matrimony).

THE RUSSIAN BATH. — This must be a cheap remedy. It appears to be simply getting into hot water.

REFINED PHILOLOGY. — Probably the reason why a country bumpkin is termed raw, is that he cannot be said to be well dressed.

LITERATURE AND LIBERTY. — If our books are bound, our Press is free.

A MARTIAL ARISTOCRACY. — Most members of the higher ranks, who keep Livery Servants, have snuff powder.



COUNTRY RACES.

GENTLEMEN RIDERS, WHO ARE SO LIKE PROFESSIONAL JOCKS, YOU CAN HARDLY TELL THE DIFFERENCE

TO CREATE MIRTH.

If you are at a dull dinner party, where gravity predominates, take a large piece of potato, and the moment a question is asked you, stuff it into your mouth. Then proceed to answer the question, speaking with your mouth full. By this means, you will provoke the stupidest people to laugh heartily.

THE PALACE OF TEMPERANCE. — The teetotallers should not complain that wine and beer are procurable at the Crystal Palace; for when the fountains of that institution come into play, they will do more to put water in a popular light than any platform-spouting.

PRIVILEGES OF AN ENGLISHMAN. — An Englishman has his duties as well as his rights, and he has less of the latter to be proud of, than he has of the former to pay.

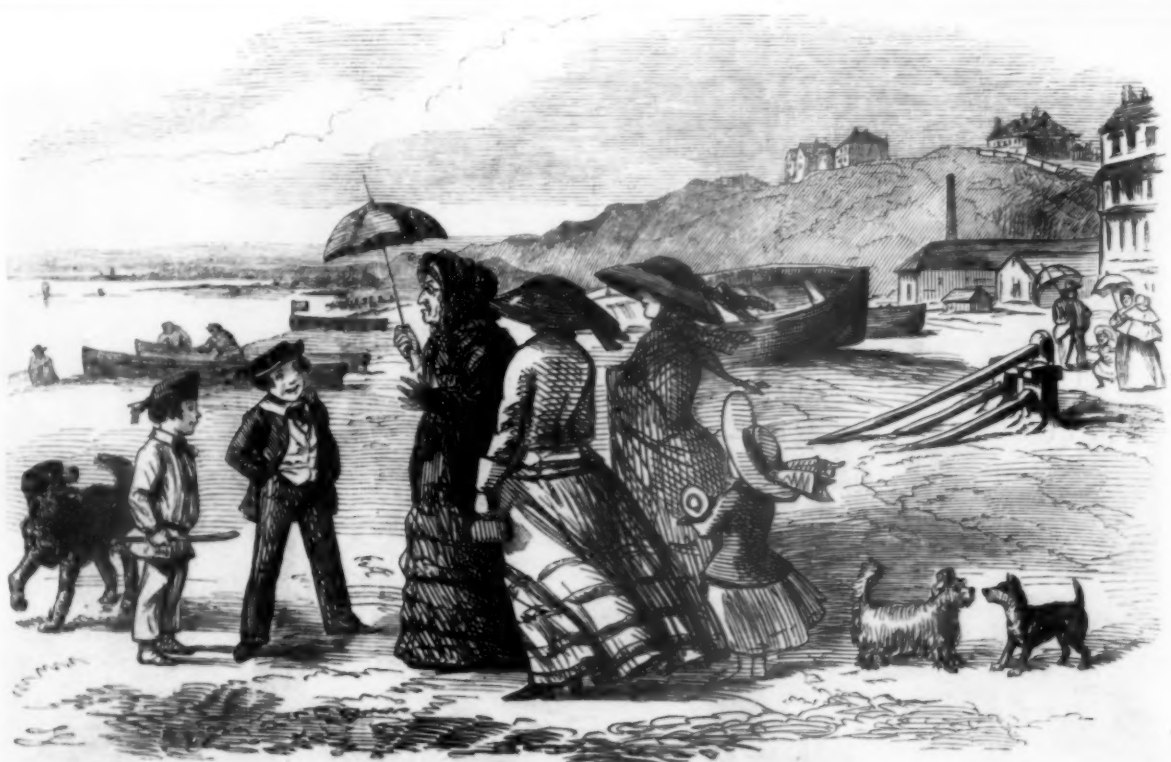
WATER PRIVILEGE. — Being caught in a shower of rain alone, and having it all to yourself.

ANECDOTE OF CENTURY XIX.

"Gramercy," quoth my Lord Palmerston, making speech to divers agriculturists, "every body, I learn, is good." "Hacking," responded a buzzer wife, listening to my lord, "an if ye would mean mine, I trow ye would change your opinion." Hence good children are called "Dad's bobbies," in those parts, therefore.

MUSICAL ARCHITECTURE. — Mythology says that Amphion built the walls of Thebes at the sound of his lyre. This is perhaps a mistake: but there can be no difficulty in supposing that the columns were fluted.

PECULIARITY OF THE FIG. — Hogs are universally considered dirty animals; nevertheless, a pig likes his daily Wash.



THE SEA-SIDE.—A CAPITAL OFFER.

"I say, GRANNY! CHARLEY SUMMERS AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE LION OUT IN A BOAT FOR A SWIM—NOW IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A SHILLING WE WILL TAKE YOU AND THE GIRLS FOR A ROW!"

HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING
PARIS.

You may also show your independence by refusing to conform to other customs than those of the Douane. Go for instance to the Mabile in a cricketer cap, and bonnet the door-keepers if they refuse to admit you.

Accustomed as you are in London, to regard a cab as a vehicle of abuse, you will hardly know at first how to deal with the civil *voitures* of Paris. You may, however, take it for granted, their civility is merely a cloak for extortion, and so take your cash with your seat as usual.

Let no idle fears of the Custom House deter you from executing whatever female commissions you have fortunately been favoured with. The *downsies* at Folkestone and Calais are all excessively polite, and you may pass any quantity of satin shoes or Joubin's "Six and a quarter," by simply explaining they were bought for your own wearing. Bear in mind that "England expects every man will do his duty." So don't disgrace your country by acting otherwise.

Should you ever wish to leave a theatre between the acts, you can keep your place by simply tying your handkerchief round the seat. At the Opera, however, you must be careful to leave it at the end of the performance, as the handkerchiefs so used are there the perquisites of the Government.

Should you ever find yourself in want of ready money, recollect the French equivalent for "my uncle" is *un tante*. The British Ambassador has, however, orders to cash all cheques that are presented to him by Englishmen between the business hours of 3 and 5, A.M.

THE MODERN MEGATHERIUM.—The Megatherium was a great sloth that used to eat trees. A London Alderman remarked that he was himself likewise uncommon fond of an Ash.

EXEMPTION FROM ASSESSED TAXES.—An Admiral pays no tax for his gig; he is, however, chargeable with a heavy duty.

A THOUGHT BY A FOXHUNTER.—How many persons there are who, when they meet with *spills*, make light of them.



CRYSTAL PALACE—SOME VARIETIES OF THE HUMAN RACE.

ORIGINAL REMARKS BY OUR
PHILOSOPHER.

(A very great bore by the way.)

THE English weather seems to affect my accounts, for they are still very unsettled.

You may ascribe it to my credit when I say, that there is one thing that I should not wish "to go upon tick" for—and that is, *tic-douloureux*.

When I hear of "a man of sterling worth," I think that it is frequently the worth of pounds sterling that is meant.

I see so many advertisements of new-fashioned pipes and meerschaums, that I begin to think these must be the piping times of peace; or else, the aspect of the times is a mere sham.

Imprudent marriages lead to such beggary, that they not only begin, but often terminate in the Union.

I don't know what may be the letter of the Law, but its letters are *s. d.*

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

CAUTION.—An old usurer, in his walks, found a fox in a trap: the mercy cost him nothing, so he released poor Reynard. For many days afterwards, the fox stole a goose and dropped it at the usurer's threshold. "What a good man I must be," said the usurer, who wouldn't see the fox's bite in the poultry—"how good, when heaven thus rains geese at my door-step!"

LADIES' TOILET SOAP.—There are no ugly women. The sex is all fair. The least beautiful of them is simply a plain creature, and the nearest to a *crin* is only not more handsome than ordinary.

THE IRREVERSIBLES.—The Government should levy a corps of undertakers. No enemy could possibly stand their charge.

MOCK PORT.—This is the red wine usually drunk in this country after dinner. What a pity it is not half as much like the liquor it pretends to be, as mock-turtle is like real!

THE MOST UNPOPULAR COMPOSITION.—A Composition with one's Creditors.

WANTED by the Shakespeare Society. The Signet of the Swan of Avon.



A VISIT TO THE ANTEDILUVIAN REPTILES AT SYDENHAM—MASTER TOM STRONGLY OBJECTS TO HAVING HIS MIND IMPROVED.



FOLKESTONE.—ARRIVAL OF THE BOULOGNE BOAT. WIND, S.W.

THE FEMALE ROCHEFOUCAULD.

SOME young ladies are so artificial that, in love-making even, they use none but artificial flowers of speech.

The veil was given to flirts to hide the want of blushes.

SHAKESPEARE very wisely never wrote the "seven Ages of Woman," for he knew well enough that woman has but one age—the Age of Youth and Beauty—that, with some, terminates as early as thirty-nine, and with others, at forty; but with the majority, never at all.

Considering the ugliness of the other sex, women needn't be so proud of their own beauty.

Let a girl be ever so young, the moment she is married she becomes a woman.

The game of fashionable life is to play hearts against diamonds.

The great value of arithmetic is to add up the number of one's lovers and dresses.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

VIRGINAL.—"Follow me," said the honey-bird to the Indian maid, "and I'll lead you to the wild honey-comb." The maid followed, and came upon a crouching tiger, who took her at a mouthful. ADELIA let herself be coaxed to a forbidden hall, where she met that horrid Captain of the Indian Service.

TOAST FOR AN AGRICULTURAL DINNER.—May the farmers perform more operations in the field than the surgeons.

WAX LIGHTS AT AN HOTEL.—Elsewhere a wax candle is only stuck in a candlestick; but Hotel-keepers also stick it into the Traveller.

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED MUST BE ENDURED," as the man said of his neighbour's noisy pig.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Whenever Parliament closes, its effect upon the newspapers appears to be a succession of showers of frogs and enormous gooseberries.

A HARD GAME.—It's a fact, but you very rarely see two women playing at chess together. We suppose it is because, with such a partner, there is but little amusement to either in being mated.

INTONING TOO MUCH.—A horse-chanter may be regarded as a kind of Puseyite in his way.



DREADFUL JOKE.

William. "THERE, ANY! WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THOSE FOR A PAIR OF MOUNTACHIOS?"
 Amy. "WHY, I SHOULD SAY THAT CALLING THOSE MOUNTACHIOS WAS GIVING TO 'HAIRY NOTINGS' A LOCAL HABITATION AND A NAME." For Shame, ANY.

HINTS TO ENGLISHMEN VISITING PARIS.

SEIZE every opportunity of leaving traces of your visit by carrying your name, or at least your initials, on all the tombs and statues you can lay your hands on. In many of the churches, you will find that chisels and tennany nails are kept on purpose to facilitate this weakness of the English. Should you be deterred at first by any silly scruples on the score of injuring a work of art, bear in mind that it cannot but be gratifying to the feelings of a Frenchman to see his national monuments thus bear the marks of the distant pilgrimages that are made to them.

Should you ever find it necessary to enter into conversation, you will find your phr use book will remove all impediments of speech. The dialogues provide for every possible emergency, and the only danger is of their leading you into too great freedom of speech. Should your French ever fail you for a word, you will find that you may make yourself perfectly intelligible by speaking it in English with a strong foreign accent.

When you are in Paris, don't be a Parisian: carry your exclusiveness always prominently about with you; use the national expletive upon the slightest provocation; and lose no opportunity of giving lessons in the Noble Art of Self-Defence, for you know "la Basse" is little studied out of England, and may, therefore, be indulged in with impunity.

THE TANTALUS OF THE MODERN SCHOOL.—An idle schoolboy, instead of being thrashed, was kept without his dinner, and set to learn, as an imposition, several pages of SOYER'S Cookery Book.

NOTE OF SAINT CECILIA'S DAY.—This saint, though of a sweet temper, was remarkable for her airs.

FELICITY OF THE VULGAR TONGUE.—Uneducated persons call the aperture which admits the light a "rinder." It is so when it admits a draught as well.

THE HUNTERMAN AT DINNER.—The worst rider can often get on very well with a saddle of mutton.

NOTE IN THE NURSERY.—The eyes of a baby pour rivers, when as yet there is no bridge in the nose.

A KNOWING PLAY.—The Bags.

TO A GENT.

BELIEVE me, if all those ridiculous charms
Which I see on thy watchguard to-day,
Were to-morrow looked up at the Low-
bardy Arms,
Thine uncle's advance to repay.
Then wouldst still look the snob, which
this moment thou art,
(Let thy vanity think what it will.)
For those blazing red buttons, that shirt-
front so smart,
And those studs, prove thy gentleness
still.

A PAIR OF SOULS.

A Doctor's Soul.—Gutta Serena is the
Soul of Health.
A Lawyer's Soul.—Bribe is the Soul of
Wit.

THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN.—
The World generally will be gratified to
learn that a most interesting fact has
lately been brought to light through the
untiring labours of the Shakespeare Society.
It is, that the great Dramatist was, as a
child, very fond of play.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—A Pew
in a fashionable Church is a religious
Ordinary, held every Sunday, price One
Shilling.

THIRTY-TWO IN NOVEMBER.—All fog and
pettifog.

ECLIPSE IN 1855.—MOON. Nov. 9th.
Greatest obscuration about 9 p.m., when
the new Lord Mayor is apparent on his
legs. Visible in London.

A PHILOSOPHER IN BOTANY.—PLANT the
Elder.

THE MOON'S FIRST QUARTER.—The day
on which the Lord Mayor receives the first
instalment of his salary.

A SONG has always one beauty.—It in-
variably sets every one in the room talk-
ing. There is no better one for general
conversation than "a little music."

CIVIC TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—May no
Freeman ever wear the chain, except in the
capacity of Lord Mayor!

TO SPORTSMEN.—The hare is one of the
most timid of animals; yet it always dies
game.



A BRILLIANT IDEA.

Matilda. "Oh, LOOK HERE, TOMMY! S'POSE WE PLAY AT YOUR BROTHER'S THE BIG FOOTMAN,
AND ME AND LIZZERRUTH 'LL BE THE FINE LADIES IN THE CARRIAGE!"

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE.

LEGAL.—Two weasels found an egg.
"Let us not fight for it," said older weasel,
"but enter into partnership." "Very good,"
said weasel the younger. So taking the
egg between them, each sucked the other
out. "My children," said REDTAPPE, the
attorney, "though you have but one client
between you, make the most of him."

A FARMER'S OPINION OF CONSCIENCE-MONEY.

WHY-AT? Send more Income payments
cop?
You think I bees an Incompoop.

THE Circle of domestic happiness is fre-
quently comprised in that of a little Button!
The loss of the one in time follows the
constant loss of the other. Man's affec-
tions hang but too often on a thread, and
it should be woman's watchful care that
that thread never becomes broken!

MELANCHOLY REFLECTION.—How many
young men, who are minutely acquainted
with the relative proportions of the ingredi-
ents of a bowl of Punch, do not know
how many spoonfuls of tea go to the pot!

A COCKNEY TRUTH.—Barbers are like
Chameleons—they live on (hair).

"THERE'S THE RUB."—After the good
leathering JOHN BULL has given NICHOLAS
in the Crimea, we think it is sufficiently
proved that OLD NICKEL is not in the
least equal to Britannia Metal.

TABLES OF PRECEDENCE.—These Tables
are the Coffee-stalls, for coming out long
before day-break, they may certainly be
said to take the precedence of all other
Tables.

THE convenience of a Brother is, in not
being able to find the carriage at an even-
ing party, when MARRIAGE is anxious to go
home, and you are anxious to stop.

THAT COLT'S Revolvers were invented
by an officer of the Horse-Marines.

HONOUR FOR HYDROPATHY.—If a Pro-
fessor of the Water Cure should be deemed
worthy of Knighthood, it might be proper
to invest him with the order of the Bath.

MONSTER GUN.—The CLEAR is a great
gun of six feet four inches bore.

WORLDLY WISDOM.—The greatest ruse
generally contrives to get the most credit.



THE FOG IS SO VERY THICK THAT FREDERICK AND CHARLES ARE OBLIGED TO SEE CLARA AND EMILY HOME.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1855.

CONUNDRUM BY OUR BUTCHER BOY.—When may a gate be said to have adopted the moustache movement?—When it's a *hairy* gate, to be sure.

INDECLINABLE ARTICLES.—A boy will decline a substantive, an adjective, or a pronoun; but he will never decline a blow-out at the pastry-cook's.

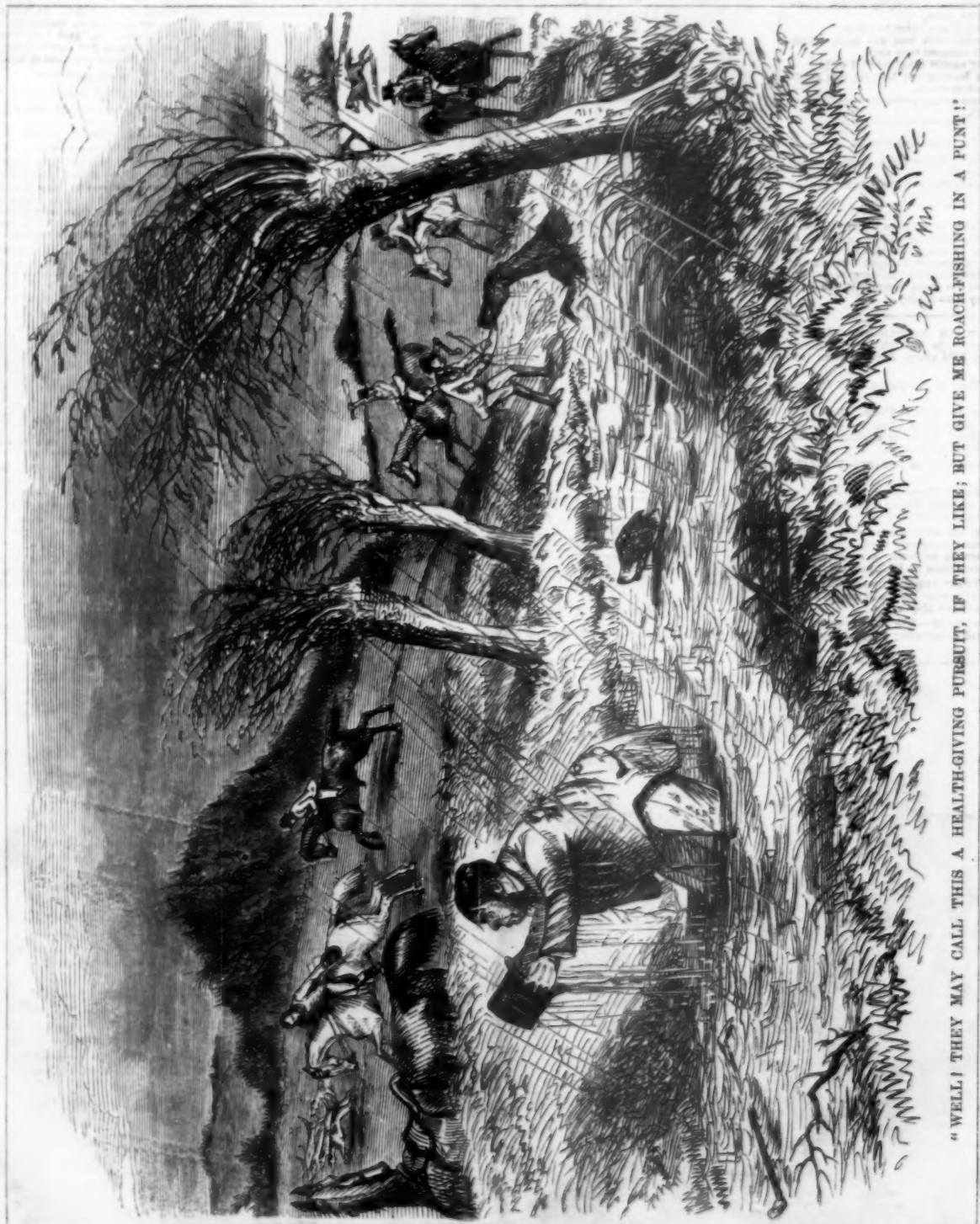
AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.—A Patent Medicine Vendor advertises pills and an ointment that will cure the worst fit of any pair of boots.

WHAT part of a young lady's dress can best assist her when in distress? Her stays; because they will help her at a pinch.

THE WIFE-BEATING HUSBAND'S DUTY.—No. 2.

YOU WOULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT IT.—The defensive power of the Russian Empire is said to be greater than the offensive. Strange that it should be so, considering Russians are so dirty.

ON THE CHARGE OF A WIFE.—Don't be afraid to marry a sentimental young lady. She may be sometimes melancholy; but no matter how long as she is pensive without the ex.



"WELL! THEY MAY CALL THIS A HEALTH-GIVING PURSUIT. IF THEY LIKE; BUT GIVE ME ROACH-FISHING IN A PUNT!"

SURGERY AND SCENERY.—An American Surgeon, in a Memoir on Niagara, has suggested to Congress an operation for the removal of the Cataract.

A MODEL OF A WIFE.—Mr. MAGUIRE (the Artist) says, that his wife is cleverer in the art than himself, for she can even make the soap dress.

A PLEASING PARADOX.—When a young lady wishes to bring her engagement to an end, it is usually a circular termination that she signifies for.

A MUSTARD-SEED FABLE

"TINEOS.—MR. EIGHTEENTHETTYFIVE went to the Stream of Time to fish. "What do you bait for?" asked old EDAX REBUX. "I'm fishing for yesterday." "Well," said Time, "although the stream swarms with such fry, still, yesterday's a fish that was never caught." MORAL.—Buy Mr. PUNCH's Almanack today; for to-morrow it may be out of print; vanished with the irreproachable yesterday.

THE POSITION OF THE EYES IN WAY.

A SAGACIOUS old gentleman remarks how fortunate it is that our eyes do not project like those of some animals, for if they did, what a number of boys we should see making faces at us behind our backs!

HINT TO HOUSEHOLDERS.—Honesty may be the best policy: but the next best is a policy of Assurance.

CHACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES

It is not **SIR DAVID WILKIN'S** palette that is preserved on his statue at the National Gallery, but his *palais*. The latter is in far better taste than the former.

The **DUNNOV FLITCH** of Bacon is all gammon.

The person commemorated on the 5th of November is the **DUKE OF GUINIA**.

The **POPE** makes his best Canons at the billiard-table.



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

TUESDAY, 12th December.—Parliament met. HER MAJESTY delivered, very gracefully, a Speech which LORD ABERDEEN had written very ungrammatically. In the evening, both Houses fought about the answer, and DERBY and DIZZY expressed their conviction that the Government had made a dreadful mull of the War. NEWCASTLE, in the Lords, stated that they had done nothing of the kind, and that if all the lint he had sent out to the Crimea were spread out on the ground it would cover thirty-six acres. SIDNEY HERBERT, in the Commons, took, by a curious coincidence, the same view of the merits of Government, and paid a very pretty compliment to Miss NIGHTINGALE. These Ministerial arguments convinced the Houses, and the address was carried.

Wednesday.—The Address was brought up. SIBTHORPE expressed his conviction that it would take ninety-nine foreigners to make a thorough Englishman, but did not explain the process of manufacture. PALMERSTON brought in a bill for permitting the QUEEN to send the Militia out of the Country, and declared, triumphantly, that we could have as many soldiers as we wanted, for our "reserve" was in the spirit of the Nation.

Thursday.—NEWCASTLE brought in a bill for permitting the QUEEN to enlist foreigners, and declared, despondingly, that we could not get soldiers at home, and must hire them abroad. DERBY thought that there was some little discrepancy between PALMERSTON's statement and NEWCASTLE's, but ABERDEEN assured him that there wasn't, and the bill was read a second time, a pleasing compromise being effected, and opposition assenting to a measure they called unconstitutional, on the Government surrendering a third of the soldiers, all of whom they had declared were essential.

ABERDEEN promised the Maynooth report early in February, and upon the news reaching the Commons, SPOONER and the Irish Orangemen began turning up their cuffs and glancing at the Brigade. LUCAS and his friends rushed out of the House, and went home to read up about everything wicked that has ever been done by a Protestant, so that there is hope for the logical and peaceful settlement of the question.

In the Commons, CARDWELL promised a bill to amend the law of partnership. He proposed that the changes should extend to political and other coalitions, in which it was very disagreeable that one partner should be able to bind the whole firm. GLADSTONE promised a measure on the Newspaper stamp, but of course had not the faintest idea when it would be ready.

Friday.—Votes of thanks to our forces, and those of France, were proposed in both Houses, the Government declaring that our glorious soldiers were nobly carrying out the objects for which they were despatched, and the opposition cordially agreeing that our men had behaved splendidly, and the more so, inasmuch as the Government had no object at all, and that if they had one, it was wrong, and that they had done all in their power to hinder the success of the expedition. The Votes were thus carried with the utmost unanimity and cordiality.

Saturday.—The Foreign Enlistment Bill reported in the Lords. ELLENBOROUGH declaring it very objectionable. But the LORD CHANCELLOR convinced the House of its propriety by stating that a much more objectionable bill was passed in 1804.

Monday.—ELLENBOROUGH went at it again, and compared the German princes who might lend us soldiers, to the African kings who sold their subjects as slaves. LANDOWNE thought this rather strong, and, said that a barber out of doors would be laughed at for talking

such nonsense. Although an old whig might be supposed to speak with authority as to such a fact, DERRY was unconvinced, rebuked LANDSOWNE for levity, and advised him to copy his own uniformly serious and dignified behaviour. HARDINGE thought the bill had better pass, so it did.

GRAHAM explained how the Prussians had done him about the *Thetis*, and the evident feeling of the House was that he had no business to go about swopping HER MAJESTY'S ships for any rubbish that might be offered him.

Blunders, as usual, having been made in the vote of thanks, the names of ADMIRAL STOPFORD and others were stuck in by way of post-script, but as BRITANNIA is a lady, it must be considered specially flattering to be mentioned in the most important part of her communication.

Tuesday.—The Commons began their battle on the Foreign Enlistment Bill. JOHN RUSSELL, to everybody's surprise and regret, did not go back farther than the time of QUEEN ELIZABETH for arguments. BULWER LYTTON opposed the bill, objecting to beggarly hirelings, and then a number of other men on each side repeated and diluted the reasoning of the leaders, but it is useless to refer to the debate, because that had nothing to do with the result. Government told the House that unless the Bill passed they would resign, and a Dissolution would follow. This at once secured a lot of men who have a wholesome dread of their constituents, and after DIZZY had made some garbled quotations, and let off a few damp oratorical fireworks, JOHN RUSSELL praised the Government, a little more, for the truly noble way in which the war was carried on, SETHORPE abused him, LORD BLANDFORD made some proposition about having prayers, and the Bill was carried by a small majority.

Wednesday.—The Commons on the same subject, and CORDEN explained that the war was of no use, and that peace ought to be made. JOHN RUSSELL, in return, promised a great many more vigorous war-measures.

GLADSTONE promised a bill for securing the deposits made by the poor in our Savings' Banks. He made the same promise two years ago. City people, however, thought him in earnest this time, and that he wanted the money which was invested by these banks, so the Funds went down.

Thursday.—The Militia Bill was read a second time in the Lords, everybody, except the Government, appearing convinced that it ought not to be.

The Commons had some more speechifying upon the Enlistment Bill, but nothing was said that deserved or received the slightest public attention.

Friday.—Final fight on the Enlistment Bill, and BRIGHT clearly shewed that the war was wrong, first, because the Turks were not virtuous men or energetic tradespeople, and secondly, because, in fighting, people were killed. The House, more mindful of RUSSELL'S threat than BRIGHT'S logic, again affirmed the principle of the measure.

MONTEAGLE, in the Lords, moved for some financial returns, and by implication expressed a hope, that when the Budget came out MR. WILLIAM GLADSTONE would not be found to deserve the name of Deficiency Bill.

Saturday.—Various legislative formalities having been transacted in both Houses, the Parliamentary nuisance was abated until the 23rd of January.

BOBADIL AGAIN.

To Mr. Punch.



SIR,—Blood might boil, aye, boil over, at the culpable and criminal neglect shown by public writers in reference to our greatest men. You know that the BOBADIL family is remarkable for its unpretending modesty and humility, and if its members are ever so fortunate as to achieve any little success, they are never the first to declare it, far less to puff one another, or to assail everybody else as an incapable blockhead, or an untrustable traitor.

"But, Sir, there are times when fever heat, calcining caution, sends the fiery embers of

patience sparkling out with vivid flashes of incarnate indignation. "Why is a BOBADIL not despatched to take Sebastopol? If RAGLAN is 'invisible,' other people are not, or inaudible either.

"Yours, obediently,

"W. BOBADIL, Lieutenant-General."

"TH'S,
"Wednesday."

SHERIFF'S OFFICERS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

THE CZAR has had recourse to a species of Foreign Enlistment, in pressing the Hebrews into his diabolical service. The Continental Correspondents of other journals inform us that the Imperial Miscreant has ordered a levy of ten in every thousand souls in the eastern half of his Empire, and that the Jews are not to be excluded from this levy. Hence the levy may consist wholly of Jews, and superficial minds may infer that, as among us, nine tailors make a man, so, in Russia to constitute one LEVY, it takes ten old-clothesmen. By forcing these Levies to enter his ranks, NICHOLAS may also be considered by intellects of the same slight order to be endeavouring to emulate the ancient fame of this country, renowned of old for its bill-men. Those who take a deeper view of things will probably regard the Autocrat's conscription of the Jews in the light of a desperate measure, to be tried, as a last resource, against those troops which he has hitherto found invincible: for certainly, if any thing could induce any British Officer to take to his heels, it might be the sight of a gentleman of the Hebrew Persuasion.

NO MORE PILLS NOR ANY OTHER MEDICINE!

PUNCH FOR 1855

SAVES fifty thousand times its cost in novels, and cures no end of things: including sleepiness, sulks, stupefaction, poverty of ideas, bad temper, spleen, nausea (after listening to the speeches of the Peace Society), dulness, depression (from a visit of the tax-collector), snobism, muffiness, and general debility of intellect, loss of literary appetite (such as is induced by a course of Railway reading), blue devils, baldness (of invention), melancholy, ennui, and congestion of the brain (as, for example, by a Parliamentary debate), nervousness in travelling, paralysis of humour, and consequent utter unfitness for society, mental indigestion and excessive vomiting—as, for instance, after an attempt at swallowing the statements of the *Invalids' Review*.

It will be found, moreover, the best mental food for invalids as well as the robust: being free from all sourness and impurity, and calculated to restore the highest jocular energy to the most enfeebled intellect. Travellers especially will find it serviceable, as it is warranted to keep in all climates, and not to lose its pungency under any circumstances: and imparting a healthy relish to breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea and supper, and every other meal, and never interfering with a liberal any more than a conservative diet.

AWAY WITH THE BLUNDERBUSS!

WE laugh at the idea of the wooden pistol with which some—would they were more—of the Russian soldiers are armed. The wooden pistol is a reality, thanks to the reguery of Muscovite contractors; a reality and also a sham, not a mere sham: or else we should be disposed, Hibernically speaking, to pronounce it an invention without existence: or should at least conclude it to be a species of pocket-pistol adapted to be charged only with ammunition of the raki species. However, the British dragoon is armed with a weapon about as useless as a pistol of wood. This is the carbine: with which a competent authority states that a good shot may hit a haystack at 80 yards. If this is a more eligible arm than a wooden pistol it is so simply for the same reason that a kitchen poker would also be preferable to that toy. It can be clubbed in close encounter: otherwise the pistol of lighter material and lighter cost would be more suitable of the two to light cavalry, if not to heavy. Brown Bess will soon be quite sent about her business: which is to protect corn from sparrows—without injuring the sparrows—and Brunette Bess it is to be hoped will accompany the old woman. An English archer formerly carried as many enemies' lives as arrows at his girdle; why have not our dragoons the lives of as many Russians at their belts as there are barrels to a revolver?

CAUTION FOR COCKNEYS.

OUR numerous metropolitan friends are respectfully entreated not to confound the foreign regiments hired to fight under our colours with those native troops who are known to them as the (H)Irish.

THE WAR AND THE COUNTRY.



an average paterfamilias' or proletarian—that sum representing a bushel, the necessary measure of flour alone; the price of the loaf being 9d. Earning no more than twelve shillings a week altogether, and spending as much as thirteen shillings and fourpence in bread only, it follows that the agricultural labourer has just one shilling and fourpence less than nothing, out of which to pay for rent, fire, soap, candles, and the means, in short, of satisfying any of his wants, which exceed those of a pig. How he is to carry on the War under these circumstances, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER only knows, if he does know: surely, not by paying the year's expenses out of the year's income. Honestly he can only solve the problem by a recourse to a loan: which he is not likely to find negotiable. Three courses only are open to him: courses not followed by desert. Besides borrowing, he may beg or steal: and the former alternative not being likely to suffice, he has every temptation to adopt the latter. That course, even in its modified form of drawing on the hare and pheasant preserve fund, involves an expense to the country and the neighbourhood so very considerable, that the agriculturists of the tops may reasonably entertain the question whether, as compared with the maintenance of prisoners, the payment of sufficient hire to the inferior agriculturists is not more cheap and reasonable after the rate, and therefore much to be preferred before the rate, that is to say, the Country Rate.

THE RUSSIAN EAGLE.

FALCO BIFRONS, Smith. L'ÉAGLE PRÉVIDE, Jones.

THIS bird has lately been attracting such attention that we feel induced to spare it a few inches of what our correspondents are continually telling us is "valuable space," (although perhaps none should know its value better than ourselves): and we are the more inclined to do so, as we believe it hitherto has been left quite unnoticed by our natural historians, for the reason, we suppose, that its character and habits are so perfectly as-natural.

The Russian Eagle is distinguished by such singular properties, that we are somewhat uncertain with what tribe we should class it. If it belongs to the Eagle family at all it must certainly, we think, be considered a disgrace to it. One of the chief members of that family, indeed, (we allude to that of France) has of late openly suspended the relationship: while that of America, at least shows no signs of sympathy. It is thought, moreover, that ere long the Eagles both of Austria and Prussia will alike see the policy of cutting a connection which has lately more than ever proved discreditable.

The Russian Eagle may be best described perhaps, as a nondescript creature, uniting the voracity of the vulture with the malice of the magpie, and the thieviness of the raven. Its aquiline extraction is principally shown in the length of its talons, with which it clutches greedily whatever comes within its reach. Although not unfrequently it soars to higher prey, it will stoop in general to the meanest object, and is addicted especially to pouncing like a kite on the weak and the defenceless. When balked of its prey, it does not hesitate to show fight; but, in spite of its enormous size, there are many who will back a Turkey against it.

BUFFON compares the Eagle to the Lion, and contends that "strength, magnanimity, and courage" are the attributes of both. But were any buffer now to institute a parallel between the British Lion, and the Russian Eagle, he would soon find he had made a comparison to the full as "odious" as the proverb hints.

Unlike the Eagle tribe in general, the Russian Eagle takes considerable pains in feathering its nest; which it chiefly accomplishes by taking sick relations under its wings, as if for the purpose of giving them protection. When intending a swoop, it shows great cunning in disguising its intention; but like the magpie, it frequently outwits itself by over-acting, and they who watch its movements closely may soon see what it is really aiming at.

From the devotional attitude it assumes so frequently, the Russian Eagle may be strictly called a bird of pray. Indeed, the lower orders of that country have been taught to invest it with most sacred attributes, and have made it, like the Ibis, an object of veneration; and, in fact, almost of worship.

HE breath of war is an ill wind; but it blows good to the agricultural gentlemen. From certain particulars, however, mentioned by "A POOR PARSON," writing in the *Times*, it appears that this statement must be qualified. That ill wind, raised by the Demon of Russia, blows good to the agricultural gentlemen in top boots. But it does not blow much that is desirable or advantageous to those agricultural gentlemen whose boots are hobnailed, and who lament, not to say rejoice, in smock-frecks. To them it blows, at the utmost, twelve shillings a week. Away from them it blows weekly, thirteen- and-fourpence—in the case of

The Russian Eagle in its diet is thought to exhibit a trait of the vampire, as it is supposed chiefly to support itself by sucking the life-blood of the country which it broods over. Its propensity to fighting, also, betrays a taste for carrion, which is likewise foreign to the aquiline nature; while its frequent thievish depredations show it far exceeds the magpie in its fondness for a bone.

It may sound a little strange to apply to a bird the epithet "double-faced;" but we are justified, perhaps, in using it in this case, for the Russian Eagle, as our readers are aware, is double-headed. It may be fairly doubted, though, if two heads are, in this instance, any better than one: for the bird has lately shown such lightness, that there is full evidence of its being cracked. As a sufficient proof of this, it still appears to plume itself upon being in full feather, when any one may see it has source a leg to stand upon.

The Common Eagle, ranking generally as the King of Birds, we may call the Russian, in antithesis, the Emperor.



NAVY IN HEAVY MARCHING ORDER.

CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES.

THE following Holiday Movements in every day life have been omitted from the newspapers, which have carefully chronicled the fact that "SIN SOMETHING NOBODY has a small party at Snobington" and other great truths of equal weight and significance:—

THE CLOWN at the Victoria Theatre has been entertaining a dress circle of friends during the Holidays. *Hot Codlins* have been supplied to the company in the course of the evening.

POLICEMAN X. had a "party" at the Station House on Boxing Night.

Relieving officer, SWOGGS, has been surrounded by a very numerous circle during the holidays.

MR. BAGGS left his seat—in the office—on Saturday night, for Kentish Town, to pass the Christmas Holidays. He resumed his official duties as the clock struck nine on Tuesday morning.

MR. and MRS. BROWN and their Children are staying with MR. and MRS. GREEN and their Children. MR. and MRS. SMITH and their Children are expected to join MR. and MRS. GREEN and their Children as soon as MR. and MRS. BROWN with their Children have concluded their visit. There are no other guests staying with MR. and MRS. GREEN and their children at present.



HOW JACK MAKES THE TURK USEFUL AT BALACLAVA.

British Officer. "HALLO, JACK! WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT NOW?"

Jack. "WHY, YER HONOUR—YOU SEE RIDING'S A DEAL PLEASANTER THAN WALKING ABOUT HERE, AND WHEN THIS CHAP'S TIRED—I MOUNTS T'OTHER COVE!"

BALLOONS FOR WARFARE.

EVERYBODY, including of course all the nobodies, would seem to have some peculiar plan for finishing off the war in a successful and expeditious manner. The last place we should look for the means of carrying on hostilities with vigour is up into the air; but nevertheless an aeronaut has "stepped in" upon the public with a suggestion that Balloons are the means required for the Siege of Sebastopol and the smashing of Cronstadt. If this theory is correct, LORD RAGLAN ought at once to be superseded by the "veteran GREEN" or the "intrepid" MRS. GRAHAM.

If sieges could be conducted against the Russians as easily as they are managed at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, if Sebastopol in the Crimea were as assailable as Gibraltar in the Kennington Road, we should not only advocate the introduction of a Balloon, but we should go farther, and demand that the General commanding-in-chief should ascend to the citadel on a tight-rope, amidst a splendid display of fireworks. Unfortunately, however, we learn from MR. STROCKLEER, at the Gallery of Illustration, that bastions and other little matters are something more than mere pasteboard—and though the War makes a very interesting Panorama, it would not answer to allow it to be treated as a mere show by those who are engaged in conducting it. We recommend our aeronauts to stick to their own element—the air—and not attempt to rush into the heat of an enemy's fire.

One of the "intrepids," who has gained a high position by his Balloon, has published a dialogue between himself and a General, who is, of course, represented as soon beating a retreat in an argument against the employment of balloons in battle. The aeronaut proposes to hover in his balloon over the enemy's position, and take observations of what is passing, but he forgets that a passing shot might happen to catch his eye in a rather disagreeable manner. The "General" in the "imaginary conversation" with the aeronaut, ventures on this suggestion, and is met by the heroic reply from the man of air, "Supposing, General, that I was shot dead in obtaining information of vast im-

portance, what would be the difference?" Of course, if it's all the same to the Aeronaut it would not signify a great deal to us, but we had rather that he should remain a living voyager in the air than drop down to the earth in the unprofitable capacity or in-capacity of a dead failure. The Aeronaut undertakes not only to observe, but to make himself the subject of observation by a series of signals, through the medium of which he proposes to point out the movements of the enemy. This is to be effected, by an apparatus which, as it would of course be at the mercy of the wind, would be blown about in all directions possibly, except that which it ought to take, and thus the signals would be converted into signal failures. The Aeronaut also proposes using his Balloon for "destructive purposes," by taking up some shells, which should be "light to lift but terrible to fall," and so arranged as to avoid the fate of CAPTAIN WARNER'S invention, "whose Balloon," we are told by the Aeronaut himself, "went off in an opposite direction to what he intended."

"And by what means," asks the General, "would you let off your missiles?"

"Either by fuses," answers the Aeronaut, "a liberating trigger, or an electric communication, or by another contrivance which you must excuse me, General, for not mentioning, as I hold it a secret."

This "secret" will probably be kept to all eternity, and, at all events, until it is revealed we must be excused for refusing to call on LORD ABERDEEN to adopt Balloons for warfare, or to blow up the Commander-in-Chief literally high sky high, till he makes the air the basis of military operations.

A Fair Case for the Sibthorpes.

COLONEL SIR JOHN M. BURGOYNE, writing in reference to the recruiting system, declares,

"I do not believe there are a dozen recruiting parties in the whole county of Beds."

We do not ask what are the Ministers doing in Beds? There, at least, they are asleep.



SEEING THE OLD YEAR OUT AND THE NEW YEAR IN.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

1897

FIVE MINUTES WITH A REGULAR DUSTMAN.

A DAY or two before Christmas our morning muffin was seasoned by the attic—or perhaps more properly speaking the garret—salt, wrapped up in the following Bill, which was placed side by side with our unread newspaper and our thoroughly red herring on our breakfast table.



To the Worthy Inhabitants of
BROMPTON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

We the **REGULAR DUSTMEN** of this Parish, in the employ of Messrs. H. & S. BIRD, make humble application to you for a **CHRISTMAS BOX**, which you are usually so kind as to give;—we bring our Tokens, one, a Medal of Fredericus Borussia Rex; on the reverse, a man striking another with a club. The second, a Medal with inscription "Fredericus Magn. D. G. Rex;" on the reverse, Fama, Prudentia et Virtute. No connexion with Scavengers.

Charles Stagg, and Thomas Tunks.

CAUTION.—As there are persons who go about with intent to Defraud us, and impose on you, be so kind as not to give your Bounty to any Person, but to those who can produce the aforesaid Token. Please not to return this Bill.

Impressed with the caution conveyed through this Bill, we determined that the "regular dustman" should not be defrauded by our heedlessly coming down with the dust in favour of some "irregular" individual, tainted not only by irregularity, but by a "connexion with scavengers." We therefore resolved to see the dustman claiming to be "my regular mine own," and we anticipated the pleasure of an interview with one whom we supposed had in some way earned the right to a medal with such a motto as "*Fama, Prudentia et Virtute*" attached to it.

On the morning of boxing-day we accordingly descended to an interview (we don't mean to imply any degradation on our part, beyond our simply going down stairs), and we at once asked the hero of a hundred dustyards to produce his medal. Our demand was willingly complied with by a veteran whose cheeks were like ashes, and whom we proceeded to sift by a few searching questions. Puzzled how a dustman could have become *decoré* in England, though we have heard of honours having been formerly showered on those whose name is Legion in France, we enquired of the honest fellow what were the services he had performed to entitle him to wear his medal. We anticipated the possibility of his having been present at the sacking of some city, whose ashes he might perhaps have aided in removing, but the only reply we could get from the modest veteran as to how he had won his medal was simply this, "I bought this 'ere medal for eighteen-pence of a Jew in Marrowbone Lane."

We returned from this interview with a consciousness that a hero is after all nothing but common dust.

CANT IN CRYSTAL.

THE late memorialists, who so pathetically appealed against the iniquities of Greek art as exhibited in the Crystal Palace, have not permitted Christmas to pass without making another practical appeal to the feelings of the Directors in favour of the nude condition of the statues at this inclement season of the year. We have been favoured (exclusively) with a copy of the letter of the intelligent and courteous GROVE, the Crystal Secretary, in final answer to the memorialists. It runs as follows:—

"The Crystal Palace Company, Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your letter, with the various articles accompanying it, has been considered by the Directors at their meeting on Wednesday.

"The Directors desire me to inform you that, although they have the profoundest sense of the intelligence and humanity that have induced you to send articles of attire for the various statues, at present wholly nude, they cannot accept contributions that, especially at the present season, would be far better applied elsewhere.

"I am therefore directed to return the sheepskin coat forwarded for the wear of the Arcadian APOLLO; with, at the same time, the petticoat of Whitney flannel, and second-hand *visite* for the VENUS DE MEDICIS.

"The small-clothes were found much too small for the infant HERCULES, even had the Directors seriously entertained the intention of breaching him.

"I have the honour to remain,

"Your obedient Servant,

"G. GROVE, Secretary.

"P. S. Try the Crimea."

A "BO-PEEP" WITH BUCKSTONE.

THANK YOU, JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, Lessee of the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Very good; and thank you, heartily.

We have never seen a prettier thing; one that dallies more with the innocence of childhood and youth than *Little Bo-Peep*, the sweet little Arcadian blossom that now comes so mincingly forth to render her curtsey at the lamps of Christmas. She is the *Little Bo-Peep*, whose story has opened millions of baby-eyes with curiosity and wonder; a *Bo-Peep* that seems to have been fed on lilies and roses, and refreshed with a morning bath of honey-dew. A *Bo-Peep*, that with her choice prettiness takes us away, away, up into the heights of fairy-land: heights that lie nearer heaven.

And very nicely, very deliberately is the story of *Bo-Peep* done for this same real play-house; real as the money-box of the money-taker; and yet, for the time, made a message or tenement of fairy-land itself. Beautiful *Bo-Peep* has about her a charming crowd of shepherds and shepherdesses, bright and innocent as the flowers of Arcady; while her sheep have a fullness of form, and a length and delicacy of fleece, that would cause them to carry away the prize (whatever it might be) at any sheep-show in the realms of Apollo. For *Bo-Peep* herself, with her sheep, go and see her, and you will own with Mr. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH that she is—

"A young lamb's heart amid the fall-grown flock."

And, therefore, do we incontinently guard her with our sympathies and wishes when we know that *Scruncher*, *Gnasher*, *Crasher*, *Howler*, and others of like melodiously significant names are the men wolves, the very sharp lupine attorneys, with sharpest teeth, made ready for the choicest mutton: whilst who can think, without shuddering, of the dreadful uses to which the parchment of those singularly large and snowy-fleeced sheep may be inexorably perverted!

Thus does our interest rise and rise for *Bo-Peep*. Our heart dances with her; our tenderness follows her. She enters her cottage. She is about to divest herself for bed. She dons an aggravating little night-cap, shaped by Arcadian fairy, from so much moonlight, seasonably adding thereto a night-jacket of the same pure material. But little *Bo-Peep* is—

"—not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

Not she; and, therefore, with a sweet simplicity that touches upon the human sympathies of the beholders,—*Bo-Peep*, having once or twice melodiously sneezed, conveys to the tip of her musical little nose an unguent from the domestic taper. This done, *Bo-Peep*, with no more ado, goes fearless in her innocence to bed; and ere the cricket can chirp thrice, *Bo-Peep* is folded to sleep.

As though a rose could shut, and be a bud again."

It is then that *Scruncher*, the wolf-captain, enters with his wolf-pack; it is then that, after a fierce struggle, *Bo-Peep* is in peril when—Miss MARY BROWN takes the place of Miss LYDIA THOMPSON, and the Pantomime begins.

But our notice terminates with *Bo-Peep*. The "Grove of Golden Laburnums" we take to be the painted dream of *Little Bo-Peep*; and it is a vision worthy of the little enchantress!

(Holiday reader, go and see her; if married and with children, take your wife and the babies; if not married, and consequently childless, send other men's babies; if you are alone in the world, and, therefore, a "blighted being," write a letter to the churchwarden, and take a few rows of the gallery for the Parish Children of St. Red Riding-Hood.)

Finally, complete in its beauty is the acted, painted history of *Little Bo-Peep*. Hard labour, making holiday for a night, may be watched with it; and leaning forward on fustian sleeves, the while the shepherds and shepherdesses, bright and glancing as humming-birds, dance before him, say—"And I, too, am in Arcadia!"

Again, thank you, Mr. BUCKSTONE. The neighbourhood of the Haymarket ought in acknowledgement of your Christmas doings to present you with a testimonial plum-pudding.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL says that there is one bit of truth in the Austrian treaty, and that is at the end, where the name of the representative of England is coupled with the words "*Done at Vienna*."

BURGULARIOUS JOCOMITY.—Q. What Bar is that which often opens, but never shuts?—A. A crow-bar.



SYMPTOMS OF A LONG WINTER.

(YOUNG LADY FROM THE COUNTRY COMES TO CHRISTMAS WITH HER FRIENDS IN TOWN.)

POLITE RAILWAY OFFICIAL. "Now then! Claim yer Luggage, 'ere!"

YOUNG LADY, who is PROVIDED AGAINST ALL EMERGENCIES. "Three Boxes, a Carpet-Bag, some Game, Packet of Music Books, and a Bough of Mistletoe. And please to be very careful with the Mistletoe."

A PHILOSOPHIC SLASHER.

WE were lately rather amused by receiving a notice dated from the Royal Marionette Theatre, and headed

PHILOSOPHY!

We can understand a good deal of Philosophy being required by a manager, even of Marionettes, and we therefore perused with some curiosity the note which follows:—

"SIR,—M. COYTEUX has the honour to announce that he intends giving FOUR PUBLIC LECTURES, to which the admission will be gratuitous, upon a NEW SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY, of which he is the Author, and which overthrows all the different Systems which have hitherto been brought before the Public attention. These Lectures will be delivered in French, and be translated during their Progress into English."

We have not the pleasure of the acquaintance of M. COYTEUX, but we can perceive in him some of the elements of true Philosophy, for by making his Lectures gratuitous, he shows that he either despises lucre, or sets his Philosophy down at its true value, or acts on the conviction that Philosophy is an article without a price in the market. Various Philosophers have had various titles, such as the Peripatetic, the Epicurean, and a hundred others; but as M. COYTEUX undertakes to overthrow all other schools, and smash every blessed Sage that ever ventured to open his mouth, we have given to the Marionette Philosopher the title of "the Slasher."

We regret we were not able to be present at any one of the four turns-up between the Adelaide Gallery Pet and PLATO who might be termed on this occasion the Athenian Snob, or PALEY, whom we may be justified in alluding to as the Cambridge Chicken. We should like to have been present to have seen SOCRATES, LOCKE, HOBBS, and a few others set up as skittles for COYTEUX to bowl them all down, in fulfilment

SAYINGS FOR CIRCULATION.

THE CZAR of Russia is our common Foe,
A Monster Nuisance to the human race.
This is an old and stale remark, I know:
Alas! yes—'tis extremely common-place,
But though that is, unhappily, the case,
Pass it on!

This fact, to you and me that seems so trite,
That its mere mention makes us gape and yawn,
On many a slave's mind, like the newborn light
Of Truth, if whispered in his ear, would dawn,
To exterminate a Pest our swords are drawn.
Pass it on!

A common Murderer for his crime we hang;
A savage maniac, dealing death, cut down:
The CZAR is but the master of a gang
Of many bravoes: let them fear his frown:
To you what is it that he wears a Crown?
Pass it on!

Ah! why should brave men cut their brothers' throats
To glorify this Fiend in human shape,
Who on their mutual carnage safely gloats?
Who, whilst they perish, safe from scratch or scrape,
Grins at their misery, like a giant ape.
Pass it on!

O fools to break each other's bones! O blind!
O dolts to blow out one another's brains!
What wretched simpletons are we, mankind,
That our best blood Earth's reeking bosom stains
Because one cruel Tyrant lives and reigns!
Pass it on!

Yes, pass it on; this to your neighbour pass:
One bad man's will maintains this wicked war,
And that one is the devilish NICHOLAS.
A word from mouth to mouth will travel far.
Down, by the shortest method, with the CZAR!
Pass it on!

"The Lady of the Woods."

COLERIDGE calls—"The birch the lady of the woods."
We learn from *The Englishwoman in Russia* (let all Englishmen and all Englishwomen consult its teeming pages) that, under the gallant sway of NICHOLAS, COLERIDGE'S "ladies of the woods" and ladies of the Court of St. Petersburg are, at times, very unceremoniously made known to one another.

of his pledge to effect an indiscriminate overthrow of "all the different systems of philosophy which have hitherto occupied the public attention." It must have been a treat to have witnessed the philosophic Slasher among the intellectual giants of every age, weight, and size, though we cannot conceive how he could have polished the whole of them off almost at one brush in four evenings. We should have thought that an hour at least would have been required for his "little affair" with LOCKE, while his onslaught on SOCRATES might have occupied a whole night as a "Set-to with the Big'un."

When we remember how many "philosophers" there are in the world just now, we wonder the Slasher does not get up a "Benefit" in Leicester Square, and exhibit his "noble art" by putting on the gloves with some of the numerous "chickens," "pets," and "snobs," who represent the various schools of native and foreign philosophy.

Epitaph upon a Prize Pig, died from over-feeding, Christmas, 1854.

HERE rests his head upon a lump of earth
A pig to cattle-shows and prize-lists known:
The candle-maker only knew his worth,
And apoplexy marked him for her own.

Change for Spanish.

It is said that we are to have a Spanish legion as a reinforcement for the Crimea. We propose that if such be the case, their pay should be made over to British holders of Spanish bonds. They having bled in the cause of Spain, it is only fair that they should have the price of Spanish blood in return.

SLAVES OF THE RING.



PEOPLE have indulged in unwarrantable and untimely fears, lest civilisation, education, and other refining agencies might interfere with the preservation of that taste for manly sports, which is so essential to the maintenance of our character as Britons. At the opening of a new year, it may be pleasant to know that any such distressing anticipations are unnecessary, and that all our manly sports, from racing to ratkilling, appear, from the recognised organs of their patrons, to be pursued with vigour.

Pugilism we may especially refer to as being in a very healthy condition. Several fights took place

just before the great Christian Festival, and six or seven are "figures" for the present month.

We have had great pleasure in perusing the details of two of those contests. One of them, between gentlemen of the names of BARRY and NOON respectively, was an event "looked forward to by the Sporting World with unusual interest and curiosity." Mr. BARRY was comparatively untried, but Mr. NOON (whose conversational powers are stated to be very brilliant—he is described as that "chaffing gentleman") has fought eight battles, and has never had a black eye. The fight in question took place on Tuesday, the 19th of December. The preliminaries were performed in London. Mr. BARRY, on stripping to be weighed, "looked in magnificent condition, but as his wont, was very reserved." His "broad, square shoulders and chest, gradually tapering out to his waist, were covered with knots of hard muscle which stood out in bold relief. His well turned symmetrical legs were not less indicative of his capabilities."

So much for the reserved gentleman. The chaffing gentleman had also his peculiar merits. He had been obliged to have recourse to "severe measures to bring himself down to weight" (nine stone two, if any lady reader would like the information), and every rib was visible. "He had trained at Rottingdean, and we are given to understand had to take an immense deal of work, and put the muzzle on for the last day or two. For this privation however he fully compensated as soon as the ceremony was ended, and we understand that so ferocious were his attacks upon a leg of mutton which had been provided for his dinner, that it required the aid of a Stanhope lens to discover the meat he left upon the bone. Whether this statement as to his voracity be true we cannot say." To avoid mistake, or suspicion of joke, Mr. Punch begs to state, distinctly, from the allusions to a "muzzle," "ferocity," and "voracity," that the journal whence he takes his information is not speaking of a beast but of a man. He is "an aggravating customer, but generally liked for his excessive generosity when possessed of the means."

We shall not linger over the fight, our object being less to supply a detailed account of it, than to comfort and re-assure those who deemed that true British sports were on the decline. But it may be interesting to say that both champions came up to their work in style, and "toed the scratch" at a quarter past two. After some very pretty dodging (we condense the report, but preserve the phraseology) Mr. NOON crept close, dashed out his left on the mouth of Mr. BARRY, but the latter cross countered beautifully with his right on the side of Mr. NOON's wig-block. Later, Mr. NOON removed the bark from the side of Mr. BARRY's snout with his nails—an accident which led to unpleasant remarks. The ruby (blood) became perceptible. Mr. NOON caught Mr. BARRY on the snorter, and received a nose-ender in return. Mr. BARRY effected some heavy deliveries in Mr. NOON's ribs, and cross-counteracted him on the side of his nut. Mr. BARRY let go his left on the potato-trap; and Mr. NOON got on Mr. BARRY's damaged speaking-trumpet, but was countered on the right peeper. Regular ding-dong fighting. After which Mr. B. got to Mr. N.'s lardboard goggle. Mutual fiddling followed, and ultimately the chaffing gentleman, finding his match in the reserved gentleman, declined further fighting for the time. The contest was renewed on the following Saturday, but we regret to say that the proceedings were, this time, less satisfactory. Both of the British champions, whose noble courage and glorious hardihood it was fondly hoped would set a brilliant example, made "a disgraceful exhibition of cowardice." After a blow or two, they kept aloof, and neither reproaches, threats, nor promises could make them approach. One of the seconds cried at so humiliating

a sight, and the Editor of *Bell's Life*, in an agony of shame, prints indignant denunciation of these "two cowardly girls," describes Mr. NOON as "a white-feathered cock, and little more than a muff" and adds, "as for BARRY, Heaven forgive the mother that bore him." Amends, however, were made to the gluttons of manly sport on the following Tuesday, when Mr. CHARLES BROOKS, in a battle of fifty rounds, gloriously defeated Mr. THOMAS TYLER, and though BROOKS had lost the use of his sinister optic, the game fellow still kept coming gaily up, and always forced the fighting, finishing his man off with a splendid hit in the ribs, which was the *coup de grace*. BROOKS is evidently an artist of no ordinary merit.

We think we have said enough to re-assure all who trembled for the fate of one of our noblest recreations that there is no fear that civilisation and humanity have as yet done too much, or that while our humbler classes are permitted to witness such spectacles, and are taught by their immediate superiors, by tavern landlords, and sporting newspapers, to regard such scenes as displays of manliness and courage, the women of England will be less beaten, battered, kicked, and trampled on than at present. The man who, from a place of safety, delights to witness brutality, is just the man to practise it when the helplessness of his victim offers him similar advantages.

SUNDAY FOR THE SINGLE.

"Mr. dear Mr. Punch,

"I WAS so delighted to see a letter in the *Times* the other day signed 'A SINGLE MAN.' Not that I approve of any man being single: quite the reverse. I think them odious selfish wretches, and what pleased me was this one complaining that he could get no wine or grog to drink after dinner on Christmas Day, because they turned him out of his inn that he went to, the moment it was half-past two o'clock. And another, by the name of 'SECOND FLOOR,' in the next day's paper, also complained that he could find no place open for a long time when he wanted his dinner, and was very near not getting any at all. I am glad they were annoyed and put to inconvenience, both of them: the *mean* men. It served them right for not marrying. Don't tell me of their not having the money—they ought to get it: and then there are hundreds of thousands of young men in the same shameful position of celibacy for the same reason, which really is *not* want of means, but those nasty taverns they go to and drink their stout beer and regale upon their mutton-chops and beef-steaks. Now at least there is one day in the week, and one or two more in the year, when they are shut, just at dinner time, out of their coffee and chop houses. When 'SINGLE MAN' and 'SECOND FLOOR' were wandering about Town in the wet, hungry and miserable, I hope they reflected that if 'Single Man' had been married, and 'Second Floor' had taken a Mrs. FLOOR to himself, they might then have been sitting, after their pudding and beef, sipping their wine at the domestic hearth and a nice fire. I wish every day was Sunday as far as the Sunday Bill, to keep all those young lawyers, and medical students, and scribbling authors and writers and reporters, your Garrets as well as Second Floors, without refreshment, by stopping their Coal Holes and Dust Bins and Dicks and Joes, and Rainbows and Cheshire Cheeses. That would teach them to value the comforts of home: but there is one thing more that Parliament ought to do. Now they have closed the taverns so many hours on Sunday (just at dinner-time) they ought certainly to close the clubs too, so as to give the young men of the aristocracy a taste of single blessedness on the Sabbath, which, that they may fully enjoy it, is the fervent wish of

"Jan. 1855.

"A MOTHER."

"P.S. It is not because I have five grown up daughters at home that I write the above; but from sympathy with others."

A School for Actors.

BY the statutes of the founder of Westminster School, QUEEN ELIZABETH, it was, we are informed, decreed that an English play as well as a Latin one should be annually performed, for the improvement of the scholars as to their pronunciation and manner of speaking. If this idea had been acted properly out, considerable advantage might have accrued therefrom to the British Drama, which would not perhaps have been so frequently murdered by performers whose pronunciation is incorrect, and whose manner of speech is ridiculous.

Between Bull, Crapaud, and the Post.

WE are beginning to reap the reward of the close alliance between the people of France and ourselves. We are to write to one another at the cost of eight sous instead of twenty. What a happy man is ROWLAND HILL! In due season and throughout the civilised world, his genius will assert itself in cheap postage. France and England as a beginning exchange fourpenny letters: may they never again exchange forty-two pounders! May the paper exchanged by them always be post, and never, never cartridge!



Young Lady (reading *Crimean Correspondence*). "I MUST TELL YOU, TOO, THAT I HAVE QUITE ABANDONED POOR BROWN BESS, AND THAT WITH MY BEAUTIFUL MINNIE—"

Elder Lady (interrupting hastily). "THERE—THERE—MY DEAR, GO ON TO THE NEXT LETTER. WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT HIS BESSIES AND MINNIES—THESE SOLDIERS ARE ALL ALIKE!"

F. S. A.

WE take the following extraordinary statement from the *Athenæum*:—a statement that, we venture to say, combines within itself a greater evidence of destitution with a more dreadful hopelessness of imposture than any in scientific or literary annals yet recorded.

"The Council of the Society of Antiquaries having been apprised that several persons are in the habit of using the initials of Fellowship with that Society without the necessary qualification of being Fellows, have come to the determination to take some steps to check, if possible, the practice for the future:—pending, however, any stringent measures on the subject, the Council have at once resolved publicly to advertise the names of all offending parties that may be forwarded to them."

We trust that the Council of the Society of Antiquaries will not be too hard upon offenders who assume the initials of Fellowship without any right so to do, in merciful consideration of the modesty of those individuals who, from their discoveries, are in every way justified in appending to their names the golden letters F. S. A.; but who nevertheless bashfully refuse to do so.

ALBERT SMITH for instance, who in a former lecture discovered that "straps belonged to the dark ages of dress trousers" has never yet taken up his fellowship though invited to submit to the dignity.

MARY WEDLAKE who has for nearly a hundred years, with all the sweet pertinacity of woman, asked of dumb generations—"Do you Bruise your Oats yet?" has hitherto rejected the initials.

MR. CHARLES KEAN as the importer of the oldest translations from the East End remains undecorated. He has moreover played the *Cornish Brothers* until one brother is totally bald, and the other brother grey-headed,—and yet we never heard that he had availed himself of the smallest admiration (for which he is ever grateful) conveyed in the antiquarian letters.

The Niam-Niams, or tailed men, exhibited by DOCTOR KAHNT are—we hear—about to assume the initials; which must be thought the more selfishly preposterous, seeing that they have already appendages of their own.

A distinguished cheesemonger, elected on the strength of his oldest and bluest Stilton, has, we hear, received an intimation from the Council, that his election is not valid: not from any wanted age in the cheese, as was anticipated; but from the fact that, one of the fifty sovereigns paid by him for F. S. A., has been found a bad one,—a fact that, with all the audacity of a shopkeeper, he has ventured to deny. The man declares that the sovereign was good when he paid it; however it may have suffered since from disreputable company. He nevertheless continues to mark his cheeses with the initials of the Society, F. S. A.,—which he contemptuously renders—"Fine Aged Stilton."

Since writing the above we have heard that the Council are in possession of the names of twenty miserable offenders, all of whom have, without authority, used the F. S. A. They will be proceeded against with all the rigour of the law. The historical gridirons of Smithfield will be red again.

We stop the press to announce that, as the Society of Antiquarians have discovered all the offenders who have added to themselves without authority the F. S. A. are without exception, out-door patients, their case, it is thought, will be sufficiently dealt with if their names are sent to SIR PETER LAURIE, the Governor. They will doubtless have their heads shaved and be duly dieted according to the severity of the disease.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK.

I AM a man who dwell alone,
Save only that I keep a dog,
Who eats my scraps up, orts and bone,
So that the creature shares my prog.

I had a boiled salt round of beef
On Monday, all to my own cheek,
Whereon my hunger sought relief
From day to day, for near a week,

Of cold boiled beef the daily round,
After a while begins to tire,
One longs for something nicely browned,
Or steaming from the genial fire.

And then the beef was getting dry;
But food away I never fling,
What can be done with it? thought I:
Bubble and Squeak, Sir!—that's the thing.

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH was not a dunce
At least in gastronomic lore:
Bubble and Squeak he tasted once;
And then he ate it evermore.

The KING had oft on Turtle dined,
As I have sometimes chanced to do,
We both, to think I am inclined,
The less enjoyed it of the two.

So large with what it fed on grew
My whetted appetite's increase,
That 'twas as much as I could do
To leave my dog a little piece.

And even when I gave him that,
I muttered in a doubtful mood,
"Is this quite right now—what I'm at,
In giving you, Sir, Christian food?"

The dish at which I've pegged away,
So that it my interior fills,
Would that they had it this cold day,
The Brave on the Crimea's hills!

They in the cannon's mouth do not
The Bubble reputation seek,
But Glory find; their onset hot,
Leaves to the Russians all the Squeak.

But Bubble, not of empty air,
And Squeak that's more than idle sound,
Soon may those gallant heroes share
At mess on Russia's conquered ground!

The Rose and the Mistletoe.

A REMARKABLY intelligent young botanist of our acquaintance asserts it as his firm conviction, strengthened by his public observation, not the less than by his private experience, that plants have a decided influence upon the actions of mankind in general, and of womankind, perhaps, in particular. In illustration of this axiom, he adduces with some shrewdness the indisputable fact, that many a delicate young lady who would shrink, with maiden modesty, from being kissed under the mistletoe, has yet not the slightest objection to that ceremony if it be performed under the rose.

URQUHART'S VIEWS OF PALMERSTON.



MR. URQUHART, we observe, has been getting up a sort of examination of himself in the country. A set of gentlemen, who undertake to "watch the war," have summoned MR. URQUHART before them, and, of course without the slightest hint from himself as to the nature of the questions he would wish proposed, have put him through a catechism in which as many of his crotchets as he can embody in a few hours of garrulity, are set forth for the instruction of the world. The special business of MR. URQUHART seems to be to avenge himself upon LORD PALMERSTON for some dreadful injury (of the precise nature of which we are uninformed, but we believe it has something to do with the non-appointment of MR. URQUHART to the offices of Governor General of India, Governor of the Bank, and Consul-General for the Mediterranean) by imputing to the Viscount all the crimes of the last century. We really shudder to contemplate the guilt of LORD PALMERSTON, as brought out in the URQUHART Confessions. He says that "any person who has proofs of the Viscount's guilt possesses impunity for himself, and may have office, of any kind, if he choose to accept it." We are rather inclined to believe this, though we

cannot quite understand how, if MR. URQUHART's statement be true, he remains in his present insignificant, not to say contemptible position. However, that is a matter of small consequence—our own object is to expose the hideous turpitude of LORD PALMERSTON by explaining the spirit of the URQUHART Revelations.

- Q. You are familiar with the history of the VISCOUNT PALMERSTON?
 A. I am.
 Q. Will you do the Committee the favour of explaining the policy of that statesman, and of pointing out its evils?
 A. Don't use such feeble language, you stupid fellow. Ask precise questions.
 Q. Is LORD PALMERSTON a statesman?
 A. No, he is an utter donkey.
 Q. Is he a patriot?
 A. No, he hates England, and has sold it to Russia.
 Q. Is he a man?
 A. No, he is an old woman.
 Q. Is he an amiable, philanthropic personage?
 A. No, he is a vengeful, malignant, merciless oppressor.
 Q. Does he understand Foreign Affairs?
 A. Not in the least. I do not think that he knows the White Sea from the Black Sea.
 Q. Can he speak French?
 A. Not a word. The commonest despatch has to be translated for him by a clerk.
 Q. Has he the ear of the House of Commons?
 A. Not in the least. When he rises men either leave the House—address themselves to private conversation, or go to sleep. Whereas, when I used to rise—but never mind that. Go on to the next question.
 Q. Who burned the Houses of Parliament?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON.
 Q. Who destroyed the MARR and WILLIAMS families in Ratcliffe Highway?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON.
 Q. Who sunk the *Royal George*?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON.
 Q. Who causes all the Railway Accidents?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON.
 Q. Who told the Russians to surprise us at Inkermann?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON.

- Q. Who caused the Irish Potatoe Crop to fail?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON, availing himself of his opportunities as an Irish landowner.
 Q. Who encourages all the Italian Organ-men?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON, from his friendship for MAZZINI and the Revolutionists.
 Q. Who poisons the *Bon-bons* for Christmas parties?
 A. LORD PALMERSTON, from his hatred for the religion to which the festival belongs?
 Q. Who refused MR. URQUHART a place, on the ground that he would be "neither mentally nor ornamentally an acquisition to HER MAJESTY?"
 A. LORD PALMERSTON—no—I don't mean that. He did no such thing. Turn the Reporters out. [Catechism ends.]

A GRATEFUL RETURN.

It is proposed that the City Coal Tax should be prolonged for one more year, to enable the Corporation to purchase the vacant piece of ground near St. Paul's. We think this nothing but fair. Considering the injury that the London Smoke has been for years doing to our great Cathedral, it is only proper retribution that it should be called upon for one short twelvemonth to contribute a little to its embellishment. As our London Coals have been doing their utmost to throw into obscurity our Cathedral from the moment it was built, they cannot now complain if they are taxed for a brief period to render comparatively open and clear, that which they have been endeavouring, so effectually, to conceal and blacken. It will only be so much "Conscience-money" from the chimney-pots of London. St. Paul's has been terribly "put upon" by the London coals, and it is now high time that something should be put upon the London coals for clearing the character of St. Paul's. Let the soot they have heaped upon it be in some measure wiped away by their yielding the concession demanded; it is only just that this return (a grate-ful return, too, since it will spring from every metropolitan hearth) should be made to a poor monument that has been blown upon for upwards of 150 years by every factory-chimney in the neighbourhood. And thus will St. Paul's rise, for the second time, like a monumental Phoenix, from the ashes of London.



THE ORIGINAL BLIGHTED BEING.

Interesting Domestic Discovery.

IT WAS NAPOLEON, or MADAME DE STAEL, who said that "if you scratched a Russian, you would find a Tartar underneath." JONES (of Marylebone) goes further than this, for he says "that he has only got to scratch his wife, and he catches a Tartar instantly."



OUR ARTIST IN THE CRIMEA.

OBLIGING AIDE-DE-CAMP. "There now, What's your name, you can't have a Better Spot than this for a Sketch, you see you have the entire range of the Town and Ports."

WHAT THE COUNTRY IS COMING TO?

To COLONEL SINTHORP, M.P.

MY DEAR COLONEL,

I HOPE you read the *Press* of the 30th ult. Otherwise it will be my painful duty to inflict a dreadful shock upon you for the first time, by calling your attention to the following extract from that journal.

"The *Opinion* of Turin states Jean Berna, that orders have been received there for the manufacture of 20,000 wooden shoes for the English troops in the Crimea."

WOODEN SHOES! JOHN BELL in wooden shoes!! English soldiers to wear wooden shoes!!!

Suppose anybody had told us, in our young days, that the time would come when we should see the British Grenadier marching in wooden shoes! Should we not have scouted the bare suggestion as too treasonable to be mentioned?

Has it come to this? WOODEN SHOES FOR THE ARMY!

Like yourself, my dear COLONEL, I have every possible respect for our Allies, but not certainly, to the extent of even dreaming of putting our Foot in wooden shoes! Of course you will impeach Ministers for the glaring violation of the Constitution which they have been guilty of in introducing these alien elements into HER MAJESTY'S service. What next? Of course, if unimpeded in their traitorous measure of supplying our soldiers in the Crimea with wooden shoes, they will forthwith proceed to feed the brave fellows with frogs. The use of those reptiles for food would then soon be prescribed to the whole army, including the militia: and the first regiment of that constitutional force which would be placed on such rations would probably be that which could so readily be supplied with them from the fens of Lincolnshire. A word is enough to men like the Colonel of that regiment: who will not neglect the hint of his affectionate

PUNCH.

A Joke to a very Pretty Tune.

SOMEBODY has just invented a new tuning-fork, for raising the pitch of pianos. We presume that the tuning-fork will fork-up, and the piano will pay for the trouble employed on it in higher notes, and thus the theory of compensation will be realised.

GROSS GROCERY.—The Coffee sent out to the Crimea has got the name of *Café de-loy*, in consequence of its having been so very slow in coming.

THE EPAULET IN TURKEY.

DECIDEDLY the Turks are savages. Barbarians—uncivilised beings—utterly unmindful of what is due to rank and station. We incline to agree with MR. BRIGHT that England ought to be ashamed of taking the part of such people.

What do we learn from the very latest correspondence from Constantinople? That a "painful ceremony has taken place." That two distinguished officers in the Turkish army, SULEIMAN PACHA and HALET BEY, who were found to have abandoned their posts in one of the Crimean battles, were publicly degraded. Official reprobation was pronounced upon them in the presence of thousands of spectators, their epaulets were roughly torn off by the private soldiers, and then, amid the hootings of the crowd, they were sent off in chains to undergo a seven years' penal servitude.

That is the way Turks treat officers and gentlemen who refuse or neglect to do their duty in the field. How much better it would have been for SULEIMAN and HALET had they belonged to a privileged class in a Christian island. Then LORD SULEIMAN and the HONOURABLE HALET, instead of having thus been made an example to Europe, might have refused or neglected to do their duty, but instead of being publicly censured by the authorities, of having epaulets torn off and fetters clapped on, and of being sent to seven years' imprisonment, they would have been permitted to retire from the service of their Sovereign.

Decidedly, we repeat it, the Turks are savages, and do not know how to deal with officers and gentlemen who have the misfortune to disgrace a noble army and so far as in them lies, to peril a noble cause.

PRANKS AT THE POST OFFICE.

CERTAINLY if the letters of "our own" Crimean correspondents may be in any way regarded as letters of credit, there seems sufficient reason for complaint of the Post Office arrangements—or perhaps we should say, more correctly, of the want of them. The mail service is so managed as to be but little serviceable, and what with tardiness of transit and mistakes in sorting, the correspondents in the camp find that a Read-letter day is but seldom marked in the calendar. Judging from the latest accounts we have audited, it would seem that the arrival of the mails had been solely guided by the laws of eccentric motion; while their departure has been suffered to take place at any time—that previously announced alone regularly excepted. In fact such has been the want of punctuality, that, inasmuch as it is always held to be the "soul" of business, we suppose it has been argued by some post-official wag that it cannot be material.

It is questionable whether in the event of an enquiry it might not turn out that the blame should chiefly fall upon authorities so high, that like the Alps, they are almost inaccessible. If, however, it be found, the matter rests with the Post Office, we think the old proverb "As stupid as a post," should in future be read "As stupid as a post-master."

(SEWER)AGE BEFORE HONESTY.

An Epigram with a Postscript.

THREE well-paid Commissions have labour'd in vain
To improve the foul drainage of London:
What one in its wisdom thought fit to ordain,
The next has immediately undone.

But fearing lest money thus wastefully paid
For some grumbling might give us occasion,
Great skill each Commission has shown in its trade
By well draining—the purse of the nation.

P.S. From the Truth 'tis a trifling digression
To call that a Trade, which was but a Profession.

Harder where there's Nona.

THE *Press* says that the Government has made the most difficult sacrifice, namely, the sacrifice of character. It might be retorted on the party of MR. DISRAELI, which the *Press* is understood to represent, that though the Government find it difficult to sacrifice character, the opposition would—from absence of the material—find such a sacrifice impossible.

Pio Nono in Tears.

WHEN the new article was added to the creed of Popery the other day, at Rome, his Holiness in proclaiming it, is said to have shed tears in the pulpit. We could not account for this until we also read that "Rome was intoxicated with joy."

PUDDING-HEADED PUFFERS.



a covert attack upon its good taste and common sense, while pretending to pay a compliment. We are sure that the PRINCE OF WALES is far too intelligent to think of treating SERJEANT DAVIES as a great baby or a great glutton, who after risking his life in battle is ready to run a further risk by gormandising on that great national mixture of indigestible ingredients familiarly known as a Christmas pudding. Our loyalty urges us to place on record our utter disbelief in the absurd story, and we hope we have succeeded in shutting up those mouths which have lately been so full of the PRINCE OF WALES'S plum pudding.

UBLIC rumour has asserted on some authority which we have no doubt is very bad, that the PRINCE OF WALES, after reading an account of some gallant exploit by our SERJEANT DAVIES in the Crimea, resolved on sending the hero a Christmas plum-pudding as the reward of his valour. We merely mention this absurd story for the purpose of calling upon everybody to disbelieve it. PRINCE ALBERT might as well send SIR DE LACY EVANS a slice of plum cake, to eat under the shade of his laurels, or a box of brandy-balls to suck while seated on the domestic hearth in the evening of his existence. The Royal circle ought to be protected against this stupid gossip which makes

CHRISTMAS POST PASTIMES.

Now Christmas, with its rich repast
Has vanished, and of New Year's Day
The feast is over, and at last
Is Twelfth Night's banquet passed away.

Because of having lived too well,
The head and stomach pains attack:
Now for the pill of calomel,
And now, then, for the dose of black.

With bitter aloes crown the cup,
Or salts with peppermint combine,
Mix the grey powder, and make up
The draught of antimonial wine.

Now gruel only, all day long,
With toast-and-water, we must touch,
Draw round the fire and sing a song
Of those who ate and drank too much.

The Experience of a Bill Discounter.

(Founded on fact—three months after date.)

THERE are three classes of people (says a Bill Discounter of large practice), to whom I hate lending money:

1stly. To your Women, because they have a trick of crying, and I hate tears.

2ndly. To your Clergymen, because they are poor, and quote Scripture.

3rdly. To your Lawyer, because they have claws of their own, and can defend themselves.

A GERMAN PHILOSOPHER.

He looks on the World as no better than a round of folly, and smokes himself to death in the stupid hope of "making it all Square!"

OUR PET PRISONER.

"DEAREST ARABELLA,

"Steyne, Brighton, Jan. 2, 1855.

"We have had such a lovely New Year's Day: never got to our beds until five in the morning: but then we had such a triumph. You know that we have been so fortunate as to secure the acquaintance (esteem, friendship, I will venture to think it) of one of the dear Russian prisoners, CAPTAIN SITCHADUCKEMOFFSKY. He has been quite the rage these two months here; and if you only saw the dear creature peep—if you only heard him play the flute—it's enough to turn one's heart into marmalade! And then to listen to one of those dear, wild, romantic Tartar airs that he pours forth like any eager nightingale—oh! it is thrilling—I have wept at the strain delicious tears. And then the captive has such a lovely melancholy look; then he speaks of holy Russia with such devotion that—well, when this horrid war is over, I will see St. Petersburg.

"But I haven't told you of our triumph. The BROWNS had made sure of the Captain; and the SIMMONSES felt equally certain of their prey. The NEWTONS looked very significantly as we parted at church,—and that bold thing JANE was heard to say—"they think they've got our SITCHADUCKEMOFFSKY to open the year with. Well, I only wish 'em many returns of the disappointment.' Now what did we do, Mamma and myself,—but directly after breakfast on New Year's Day, drove to the captive's humble abode, and sat in the carriage until he could make himself visible,—when we took him home; and among us so beguiled the time that he never left our roof until half-past four in the morning. CHARLES, I am sorry to say, was scarcely civil to the Captain. But then he has a coarse soul, with no sentiments of admiration for valour in captivity. We were all charmed with his account of New Year in Russia; so much more picturesque than our cold, humdrum way. Indeed, should the Captain remain another twelvemonth with us, we have made him promise to get up the New Year's Day exactly as it is performed in the very best circles of St. Petersburg.

"How much have we been misled by the wicked inventions of those wretched people who write books about Russia! I saw the tear start to the Captain's manly eye as he beheld *The Englishwoman in Russia* (which I would have burnt) in the hand of CHARLES: who had not the decency to close the hideous volume under the very brow of SITCHADUCKEMOFFSKY. "Yes; my beloved country"—(it is thus the Captain complained in confidence to some one you know)—"this is the holy bosom of Russia stabbed with poisoned pens!" And then,

to divert his indignation, I begged him to sing me that lovely air of *The krup opsky*,—or the song of the Siberian shepherd—it would melt the heart of a wolf; the heart of anything except *that* CHARLES.

"And then how accomplished is the Captain! He has presented me with a rosary of cherry-stones, with the most lovely portraits of all the Russian saints cut upon them with nothing but a tooth-pick: his sole solace when a captive in that filthy ship—though why should I say so, since it brought him here? He has also given me the most lovely fan made from a shoulder-bladebone (I think they call it), with likenesses of the EMPEROR, the EMPRESS, and all the imperial family. They are like life; and didn't the fan make a sensation at Mrs. CUMBERLEY's ball! More than one person (whom I won't name) turned white and red as I flitted it; which I did more than once I can tell you.

"Do, my dear ARABELLA, read all you can about the Greek Church. It is much more beautiful than I could have thought. I am quite interested in it; but as the Captain says, to see it in its beauty I should see it in holy Russia, which—who knows?—I may yet do.

"Yours affectionately,

"MATILDA.

"P.S.—I open this to say we have been thrown into the greatest consternation by a rumour that the Captain was to be exchanged—exchanged! What could they give sufficient for him? But I have traced the report to the malice of *that* CHARLES. Odious, isn't it?"

THE BRIGHT MANIFESTO.

THE following placard has been largely posted about the walls of Manchester:—

Because NICHOLAS has mild eyes.
Because wheat can be purchased at Odessa at 2s. a bushel,
Because Bibles are imported into Russia duty free.
Because NICHOLAS subscribed to the Nelson Monument.
Because most of the nurses in Russia are English nurses.
Because my letter has been translated into Russian.

And lastly,

Because the Russians are large consumers of Manchester goods.

It is for the above, and other not less substantial reasons, that I am conscientiously and disinterestedly opposed to the present War. J. B.



Emily. "WHY MY GOODNESS, FRANK! WHAT A DREADFUL BLACK EYE YOU HAVE! YOU ARE QUITE DISFIGURED!"

Frank. "H'M, HAN! THAT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE NOW, I WAS IN HOPES NO ONE WOULD HAVE PERCEIVED IT!"

[FRANK HAS BEEN SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO CATCH A COLD IN HIS EYE FROM SITTING IN A DRAUGHT AT EXETER HALL—SO HE SAYS.]

RAW MATERIAL OF BARRISTERS.

THE study of the law now requires something beyond the mere eating of a series of dinners, which used to be the only qualification for an utter Barrister, who might therefore be an utter ignoramus on all legal subjects. We can see no value in the dinner-eating test, beyond, perhaps, a remote possibility that it may prepare the eater for the various digests with which the law is identified. The theory of "cramping" to pass an examination is undoubtedly of ancient date, and the Lawyers may possibly have imagined that, as according to BACON, "learning makes a full man," a full man must be a learned man, and that it is only necessary to get the man "full" by any means in order to make him a "learned" one.

We are, however, glad to find from the prospectus of lectures for the ensuing educational term, that the "legal mind" is to be constituted of something more than the old mixture of mutton and port wine, and that the wearer of a Barrister's stuff gown is no longer to be made up like a Guy Faux, by mere stuffing.

The Reader on Constitutional Law refers his class to *Rapin*—a book quite in keeping with the objects of a legal education.

The reader on Equity proposes to give nine lectures on "Trusts in connection with Voluntary Conveyances," a topic that the mere dinner-eater would easily confound with Turnpikes—the only "trust" of which he would be aware—and exemption from toll, which would seem to belong to the subject of "voluntary conveyances."

The Reader on Civil Law proposes to treat of "Legal Fictions"—a most extensive branch of the law, which abounds in fictions of the most humorous, as well as of the gravest character. In Common Law there will be lectures on "Simple Contracts," including no doubt that very simplest contract of all, which ends in the purchase of a "hunter, the property of a nobleman going abroad," on the recommendation of the "family coachman," who has just come from abroad, and is likely to go abroad again after an early sessions at the Old Bailey.

THE CZAR'S SERENADE FROM BELOW.

XIII.—"Chorus of Demons," "Robert is Diable."

Ye demons and spirits whose Prince is Man's Foe,
Ye souls who inhabit the mansion: of wo,
Cry, Honour to him that on Earth has brought war,
Cry, all evil Angels, Hurrah for the CZAR!

Blasphemer, Destroyer, Tormentor, than him
Our Carcase possesses no worthier limb,
Hurrah! with the blood from the ground let us cry,
Hurrah for the Psalm! and hurrah for the Lie!

We have risen O Tyrant, thine eyelids to close,
In hatred and malice to bid thee repose:
Thy head on thy pillow, CZAR NICHOLAS, lay,
In joy for the ruin wrought by thee this day.

Abandoned, abhorred by the Children of Light,
By day as we prompt thee, we tend thee by night;
Thy Guardians, our watch by thy pillow we keep,
In charge of the Wicked Ones, Wicked One, sleep,

But open thine ears to our song in thy dreams,
Our anthem of groans, lamentations, and screams,
Thyself with such music hast made the world ring,
And such in our chorus hereafter shalt sing.

Thou know'st not the place thou among us hast won,
In slumber we'll show thee what deeds thou hast done.
Lie shattered and mangled and torn on the plain,
In fantasy wrung as with bodily pain.

Lie freezing, thy cruelty's greatness to learn,
Or howling for water in vain, lie and burn,
Without a kind traitor to bring, at thy call,
The halter that throttled thy mad Father, PAUL.

Descend in the festering grave of the dead,
Which thy mere ambition with victims hath fed,
Imagine it closes upon thee; and there
Thou raisest the yell of eternal despair.

Roll, NICHOLAS, roll thy mild eyes in thy rest,
Receiving the homage of demons unblest,
Who cry with their Master, the Author of War,
And all evil Angels, Hurrah for the CZAR!

PEACE AND PLENTY AT MANCHESTER.

THERE is to be a great demonstration at Manchester in honour of the members; and, particularly, in admiration of Mr. BRIGHT; who will receive a testimonial at the present hour in course of construction at Birmingham. The antiquarian reader may remember the wooden dove of REGIOMONTANUS that flew out to meet MAXIMILIAN, and having made two or three circuits around the imperial head, finally perched upon the emperor's shoulder. At the world's toy-shop (we are not permitted to name the firm) there is now constructing a sucking-dove in brass; a dove that, in imitation of the wooden pigeon, will in due season be thrown into the air to welcome JOHN BRIGHT, at length after frequent cooing, to settle upon his beaver.

There will be a tea-party, at which several of the Russian prisoners with their wives will be the honoured guests. Mr. BRIGHT will, in the course of the proceedings, present to the men a dozen of cotton handkerchiefs a-piece (with the portrait of the meek-eyed NICHOLAS in the centre), wherewith they may dry the tears of captivity; whilst the women will have the choice of two gowns each from any collection of the choicest Manchester prints.

There will be Greek fire-works in the evening; the whole to conclude with the anthem of "God preserve the Emperor," Mr. BRIGHT himself taking the bass solo parts. NICHOLAS (through the Greek house of TRAITORTORIUS and SPYZKI) has sent a supply of caviar for the tea-table.

A New Name.

THE *Herald* says:—

"The district registrars have daily convincing proof of the popularity of the war, as a great number of the female children born during the last three months have been by their patriotic parents, named 'Alma.'"

Complimentary this, to the spirit of the war, but unnecessary. For let the little girls be christened what they might, is it not ten to one that they would become *All Ma's* in time?



SPADES ARE TRUMPS.

Navy (to Ab-rd-n). "NOW, OLD STICK-IN-THE-MUD, LET ME TRY IF I CAN GET YOU OUT OF THE MESS."



SWISS AND THE ALPS

THE ALPS AND THE SWISS

KEY TO PRUSSIA'S POLITICS.



E know that one reason why the generous, chivalrous, loyal, high-minded, noble, magnanimous, disinterested, patriotic Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, King of Prussia, exhibits (though he would fain conceal) so much sympathy with NICHOLAS, is a natural tenderness for his poor sister, the wife of that worthy, who would perhaps, if her brother refused to truckle to him, cause her to be knouted to pieces,—unless he preferred whipping her to death himself.

Another reason why his Prussian Majesty pursues his present exalted line of conduct, is, we are aware, zeal for the maintenance of arbitrary power, and anxiety to keep down a plucky, discontented, disaffected, dangerously enlightened people, impatient of slavery. Other motives, no doubt, might be assigned for the estimable Monarch's policy, equally natural, and equally creditable, to the man and the Sovereign.

Among these there is one to which the attention of the public and the Government has not yet been directed. It is, the predilection entertained by his most elevated Majesty for a celebrated beverage which the war enables him to procure, on moderate terms, in quantities nearly sufficient for his personal consumption. Need we say that we allude to CLICQUOT'S champagne, which, during peace, was exported from France almost exclusively to Russia? FREDERICK WILLIAM now gets what we should think he never got before, as much of that wine, within a few cases, as he likes. Therefore the war is very jolly for him: and the longer it lasts the jollier he will be, and the more disposed to back the enterprise of his brother-in-law against the liberty of mankind. The earliest of our ensuing operations, therefore, must be, that of cutting off the KING OF PRUSSIA'S CLICQUOT. This can only be done by buying it all up; and a Company ought to be formed for that purpose, for it is clear that our slow and blundering Government cannot be trusted with the execution of any great measure, which, with the whole conduct of the war, had better be left to private speculation.

"FIRST CLASS GENTLEMEN."

AN Advertisement, the other day, announced the desire of the owner of a house in Bryanstone Square, to let it as "a first class gentleman's residence." Considering that any body may be a "first class" gentleman, by the payment of eightpence for a Railway Ticket on the Greenwich line, the house must be of very elastic pretensions. There are some "first class gentlemen" we have met with in travelling, who might certainly make themselves at home in Bryanstone Square, or any where else, but whose occasional domicile is the gaol of the County. A man who talks about "first class gentlemen," deserves to get a member of the Swell Mob for his tenant.

Another advertiser invites the attention of "Members of the House of Commons" to his list of furnished Houses. We wonder he does not appeal to the Legislature in search of dwellings as "Parliamentary gents," in contradistinction to those addressed as "first class gentlemen."

Ministerial Mocha-ry.

SOMEBODY good naturedly offered to roast coffee for the troops in the Crimea. The Lords of the Treasury rejected the offer, on the ground that "the coffee is roasted in the Naval Establishments." If this is not the fact—and the assertion is stoutly denied—we hope the Lords of the Admiralty will be well roasted in every influential newspaper.

AN ERROR OF THE PRESS.

A CONTEMPORARY talks of "the graphic speech of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH." As our contemporary received it by the Sub-Marine, we should rather have thought the speech was telegraphic.

The Wilters.

SYMPTOMS of another storm are unmistakable. Again, the reappointment of the editor of the *Tier* is to be questioned. We think this wrong; wrong upon the very justice of measures. For the editor was elected by a certain majority on the old principle, that so many hogsheads make a butt.

THE WAR POETS.

WE notice that these gents are not coming out strong. Sad doggerel, flat common place, ambitious nonsense, compose the majority of the Poems, Ballads, Hymns, Sonnets, and other impertinences which have been called forth by the accounts of the deeds of our soldiers in the Crimea. Such verses are the nuisances which always attend great exploits. We do not, of course, allude to the works of the music-sellers' hacks. These unhappy persons must perform their tasks, and we should no more think of criticising a song written to order than of picking the Poet's pocket of it as he made his way to Boho Square. But the gents who write without being obliged to do so—who affect to feel inspiration, and who "cannot refuse their tribute to the heroes of the Alma"—are, we cannot help thinking, culpable offenders. In the hope that exposure may do good, and induce a great quantity of rubbish to be confided to the fire instead of the Editor, we print two Specimens of the War Poets.

THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA.

BEHOLD the vaunting Muscovite
Upon the Alma's side,
And now the foemen come in sight
Whom he hath long defied.
The gallant sons of Albion,
The fiery troops of France,
Linked in a heartfelt union,
To the attack advance.

"God Save the Queen!" shout
England's sons,
France cries, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"
The foemen, beaten from their guns,
No longer can endure.
And "victory!" is now the cry,
Across that fatal field,
Where Gaul's and Albion's chivalry
Have made the Russians yield.

ALFRED E. S. BLOKE.

THE ALMA'S GLORIOUS BANK.

THE furious fight is raging
On the dark Crimean coast
Where freedom's war is waging
With the tyrant's servile host.
There the fell muskets rattle,
There the bright sabres clank,
As heroes rush to battle,
On Alma's glorious bank.

The word of triumph's spoken
The banners wave on high,
The Russian spell is broken,
The Muscovite must fly.
And warm congratulations
Are passed from rank to rank
Of those united nations
On Alma's glorious bank.

J. BOWRY DIGGS.

THE ATTACHMENT OF THE FEMALE RUSSIAN BEAR TO HER YOUNG.

THE she-bear is remarkable for maternal tenderness: and an interesting illustration of that fact in Natural History is afforded in the following extract from a letter from St. Petersburg, published in the *Constitutionnel*.

"The health of the EMPRESS OF RUSSIA is very bad. Her sons, NICHOLAS and MICHAEL have, on her pressing solicitation, been recalled from the Crimea by a special order of the EMPRESS."

EVEN NICHOLAS himself appears to have some affection for his own cubs, though the pressing solicitation of their dam is required to bring it out. She can understand what it is to be bereaved of her young, though she may be unable to sympathise with the sorrows of the multitude of mothers whose children have been destroyed by the ravages of her brutal consort.

Mythology for Potsdam.

A LEADING Berlin journal, quoted by the *Chronicle*, says—

"But our confidence in Prussia is unshaken, for the old god rules the new year."

The ancient divinity who ruled the last year in Prussia, by ruling the ruler, appears to have been Bacchus.

Compliments of the Season.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has given the Order of St. Stephen to LOUIS-NAPOLÉON; but it is not generally known that on the authority of the POPE and CARDINAL MAGI, who lately settled that small matter of the Immaculate Conception, the Order is set with the very stone that slew the Martyr.

THE MINISTER OF WAR'S BRIEF.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, not having displayed the greatest vigour in his new office, it is said that instructions are shortly to be given to the Attorney-General to see what he can do in prosecuting the present war.

A HINT TO SCHOOLMASTERS.—Very often he who is strict is tricked.

ORGANIZATION FOR THE ARMY.

To the EARL OF ABERDEEN.



MY LORD,—Your Lordship knows that, in a portion of HER MAJESTY'S East Indian dominions, it is necessary that a man should have as many menial servants as he has occasions for menial services: so that the possession of a valet who will shave him, by no means implies that of a man-servant who will clean his boots. Caste limits the barber to the employment of the razor, and forbids him to exchange it for that of the blacking-brush. Were your Lordship GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA, instead of PREMIER OF ENGLAND—and no doubt you would fill one office as ably as you do the other—you might find yourself waiting on yourself in the midst of flunkies, simply because the footman wanted for your particular exigency, happened to be out of the way.

Under this arrangement, my Lord, your Lordship will conceive that affairs in the East Indies proceed slowly. Every one for himself, and the deuce for us all, you know. Perhaps you will think that a people among whom distinctions so absurd as those of Caste subsist, must be a race of great simpletons. My lord, we are that people as well as the Hindoos, and therefore is it that we are getting on so slow in the East. We are that blockheaded people, I mean that people headed by blocks. Why have we a Commissariat Officer and a Commander-in-Chief, with functions so distinct, that 25,000 men are half-starved, because the former cannot procure from the latter the loan of a corporal's guard? Why should tents and clothing be rotting on the shores of Balacava and Varna for several weeks for the simple reason that the head of the Ordnance department, for want of a proper understanding with the heads of other departments, has preoccupied all the transports? Why, but for the circumstance that we are a people whose rulers are logs: and their subordinates also logs, and at logger-heads? The Hindoos, indeed, are less the fools of Caste than ourselves: for though one will not do another's work, yet a Brahminical butler does not, I believe, object to make arrangements with his co-religionist, the lackey: nor do the groom and stable-boy of that persuasion refuse to put their horses together.

You my active and energetic lord, are not particularly to be blamed for this idiotic system, that is to say want of system, comprehensively called the "Rules of the Service," but which, if denominated the Misrule of ditto, would be better described. Neither is the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, with his administrative genius, nor MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, with his practical common-sense. The fault is that of a long series of statesmen, who never properly learned their business: but to be sure our troops in the Crimea would not have perished for want of food and shelter, if PEELE's clerks had also served a clerkship in any considerable mercantile establishment.

Well, my lord; now the object of this letter is to propose to your lordship the annexation of a supplement to the Foreign Enlistment Bill; a clause to enable us to avail ourselves of the services of aliens to organise our troops. Let it be enacted that HER MAJESTY shall be at liberty to commission any foreigner whom she may be pleased to appoint, to undertake, in the capacity of absolute dictator, the whole arrangement of our military affairs, except that which relates to actual fighting. One reason at least you would have for anticipating no opposition to this proposal in Parliament. The expenses of carrying it into effect would be small, as doubtless there are plenty of sergeants in the French army quite capable of discharging the duties of the situation, and ready to accept it on moderate terms.

If, however, any objection should be entertained to putting the British Army under the superintendence of a foreign officer, commissioned or non, the desideratum might be supplied by recourse to native talent, which probably could be procured by application to Fox and HENDERSON, or Peto and BRASSEY, or some other eminent firm of contractors who know what organization means. Or JULIEN—who may now be regarded as a true Briton—might be engaged as Conductor of our band of heroes, in which case those very independent performers

of their respective functions, who starve our troops between them, would be taught to act rather more in concert. I have the honour to be, your Lordship's respectful admirer,

PUNCH.

GODFATHERLY HINT.

MR. PUNCH is happy to learn from the report of the Registrars of Births, that his suggestion to the mothers of lady babies is being most extensively adopted, and that two out of three of the future sweethearts of England are christened "ALMA." He has also received a great mass of private intimations to the same effect. One happy father, from Scotland, writes, very pleasantly, to say that a young lady who will, in due course, wear one of the pretty "bonnets of bonny Dundee," is indebted to Mr. Punch for her name. A young mamma from Worcester is evidently almost as much pleased with the name suggested for "baby," as with that delightful infant itself. And the parents of a Man of Kent unite in thanking Mr. Punch for his "affectionate hint," and hope—as he cordially joins them in doing—that "Miss ALMA" will be ever mindful of her godfather." These are a few out of a great number of acknowledgments of Mr. Punch's kindness, and as he is unable, from the pressure of engagements connected with the war and other important matters, to reply privately to his correspondents, he begs to say to about fifty people who have made such acknowledgement, and to about five thousand who still owe it, that he receives more oysters than he knows what to do with, but that he is always open to wild-fowl.



NO! DON'T.

"SO THEY ARE SENDING OUT BOOKS TO AMUSE THE POOR FELLOWS AT SCUTARI—AND VERY PROPER. I WILL SEND FIVE-AND-TWENTY COPIES OF MY LAST FIVE ACT TRAGEDY OF 'THE ROMAN GRAND-MOTHER.'"

POTICHOMANIA, OR MADNESS IN THE BOUDOIR.

ONE of those periodical attacks of excitement to which the female mind is liable, has lately broken out among young ladies. It exhibits itself in form of an irresistible inclination for imitating porcelain vases by a simple process, which consists in sticking painted figures, cut out of paper patterns, on the inside of glass vessels, and then painting the glass thus decorated on its inner surface. By this contrivance the patterns are made to show through the glass, whilst its intervening portions appear opaque: and the effect is that of pictorial China. Potichomanie, or Potichomania, is the term by which this epidemic art is known, but it will of course soon be superseded by the more vernacular and intelligible title of Stick-Pot-Mania. Potichomania in the mean time may be defined to be a species of painting on glass in mental distemper.

INFORMATION FOR THE BAND OF HOPE.—It is quite useless to throw away diplomacy in attempting to get the KING OF PRUSSIA to pledge himself to a definite course. His Majesty will never take the pledge.

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR CRIMINALS.



Beauties of CHARLES THE SECOND, a gallery of Criminal Court Beauties would, in the eyes of some, be regarded as a very interesting series.

We fear it is just possible that the plan might serve as an inducement to the commission of petty offences, for the having one's portrait preserved in a public institution would form a sort of celebrity that some persons would think cheaply purchased at the price of a week's imprisonment.

GOVERNOR has seriously proposed to establish a Portrait Gallery of Criminals in every prison in England, by subjecting every convicted offender to the photographic process. The idea may have some value, but we must confess that we never saw any photographic portrait yet, which did not give us the idea of a criminal; and if a man were to be hung on account of his look, there is hardly an individual that has been photographed, who might not have been fairly hanged instead of his own portrait. There is a *dictum* of the poet in favour of showing "Vice its own image," and arguments may be brought forward in support of the new scheme; but we do not see by what law the authorities will be justified in compelling a prisoner to sit to have his likeness taken. Should a collection be formed, there will be a certain amount of interest attached to it; and though not of the same kind as that which belongs to the Court

THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT PRINCIPLE.

THE Foreign Enlistment Principle seems to be acted upon rather rigidly by Government in the distribution of its gifts and appointments. The government officials promise shortly to be a distinguished corps, into which none but foreigners will be admitted.

First of all, we have a PANIZZI, an Italian at a British Museum. It is a pity that the Museum was not an Italian one, for then an Englishman might by chance have been appointed to it.

Secondly, we have a Doctor BERTOLACCI receiving an appointment to the Duchy of Cornwall. We wonder if this "choice Italian" (whose choice we do not know), was aware that there was such a place as Cornwall, or had the slightest idea where it was, before he received his appointment.

And Thirdly, there are rumours that PRINCE ALBERT intends sending to Berlin for a certain WAAGEN, that is to stop up the way against all Englishmen at the National Gallery—the nationality being eminently proved by His Royal Highness putting a German at the head of it.

Since the fact of one's being an Englishman seems to weigh in the "balance of favour," as a heavy disqualification for an English office, why not, to prevent disappointments, write over all Government Offices,

"No English need apply."

Old Bailey to Wit.

If BLUE BEARD were tried now-a-days for the murder of his eight wives, it is a great judicial question whether he would not be "strongly recommended to mercy." We ourselves are positive that he would, and our conviction arises not so much "de facto," as "de Jury."

QUESTIONABLE DELICACY.

A CONSCIENTIOUS clerk refused a valuable situation under the Electric Telegraph Company, because he did not like accepting "a post, where he was a responsible agent, with unlimited life-ability."

MEMBERS' HORSES.

AN announcement which Mr. Punch has read with considerable disfavour has just been made. It appears that the Horses of Members of Parliament have made (through their grooms), certain complaints of the grievous hardship to which they are subjected, by having to parade round and round Palace Yard by the hour together, in all weathers, waiting the outcoming of the equestrian senator, who is spouting within. So, in order that a Member of Parliament may at once save his country and his horseflesh, a row of covered stalls are to be constructed close to Westminster Hall, and herein the animals are to be sheltered from the weather without, while the Speaker is exposed to the rude pelting of the pitiless storm of twaddle within.

Mr. Punch need not say that he is glad to hear of any provision being made for the comfort of the poor horses. That he is humanely inclined towards the inferior creation many a donkey, in and out of Parliament, can testify. Where Punch could have crushed he has only chastened, where he could have ruined he has only rebuked, where he could have demolished he has only demonstrated. Therefore, no one will be such an ass as to say that Mr. Punch is not the friend of the horse.

But, regarding this proposed measure as tending to the further prolongation of debates which are already so protracted as to be the nuisance of the age, Mr. Punch protests against it. Many and many a member has hitherto brought his orations to a premature end, remembering that his beautiful horses were pawing the wet mud and impatiently shaking off the rain-drops in Palace Yard. He has got off his hobby-horse to get upon his hack, and has rather chosen to give the rein to his steed than to his eloquence. Time has upon many occasions been thus saved. The man who has had no mercy for a minister has had much for a hundred guinea horse, and though not afraid of being himself coughed down, has shuddered lest his animal should adopt that method of expressing a grievance. The horse-shoe has often been lucky for the Speaker and the reporters. This advantage it is now proposed to do away, and the orator, relieved from anxiety about his horse, will try to win by a length hitherto unattained. Therefore, as among our Northern ancestors, let horses be sacrificed to obtain the peace of those whose departure is desirable.

SACRIFICE OF THE SCOTTIES.—The Smoke Prevention Bill.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

INGENUITY has lately been very busy in trying to solve the question, "What's in the Wind?" and the result has been a variety of plans for ventilation, the proprietors of which are puffing away in all directions, with a vigour that shows their acquaintance with at least one use of the wind, namely, the advantage of raising it. We remember once trying a ventilating apparatus, which let in such a variety of currents upon us, that it required all our skill in a perpetual game at drafts to keep out of the way of them. No sooner did we sit down with our writing apparatus before us than the whole of it was carried away by a "heavy blow," which was of course a "great discouragement." When the wind was blowing off a lee chimney, or our fire had been recently scuttled with a few coals, it was only by "slewing round to windward" and getting under the shelter of a sort of shelving shore of book-shelves that we could possibly weather the gale to which our ventilator had exposed us.

It seems, however, that the science of ventilation has taken an upward movement, and all the ill-winds that used to blow nobody good are now rendered harmless by a new process, which is being puffed with a fifty bellows' power in all the newspapers.

A long list of buildings, ventilated by the new process, has been printed for general perusal, and among others we find "the Editor's Room of a Country Newspaper." We think our country contemporary ought to give a testimonial to the inventor—somewhat in the following fashion:—

"SIR,—For some time I could get nobody to believe a word I said in my newspaper. I was at last advised to try your ventilator for my room, and I am happy to say that since I have done so, the air is quite changed, so that an air of truth now pervades every article."

We find also that Dumbarton gaol has been supplied with a ventilator, and should not be surprised at the following testimonial being signed by the prisoners.

"We, the prisoners in Dumbarton gaol had always felt the atmosphere very confined until the introduction of the new ventilator, which has so greatly improved the air, that it is now almost equal to the air of freedom."

The proprietor expresses a strong desire to get his process introduced into Courts of Justice, but here it would seem to be superfluous, for the Inventor must consider the atmosphere of Justice already pure enough, inasmuch as he would not wish to take his process there unless he felt sure of a fair trial.



Boy (to bewitching Old Lady of Fashion). "WAS YOU A LOOKING FOR A BROOM, MAM?"

PLURALISTS OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

A BREACH of Promise of Marriage is a breach not to be mended in this country under a heavy expense. British Jurymen—husbands and fathers—repair such breaches at from 40s. to any figure. On the banks of the Salt Lake, however, the matter is more easily mended. At least, a man engaged to somebody does not debar himself from fulfilling his engagement by the mere proceeding of marrying some one else, or, indeed, some two, three, or four else. A Mormon Saint, in a letter published by the *Chicago Tribune*, (and quoted in the *Times*) writing from the above-named region to a friend at Chicago, says that few members of his saintly brotherhood have more than five wives: whence it follows that some have six at least. He then communicates the following notion of his domestic and plural felicity:—

"For myself, I have three."

Understand, of course, wives.

"SARAH ANN, your cousin, whom I married in York State, has the largest share of my affections, and takes precedence in the management of my household. Two years ago I married Miss S., formerly of Ohio, and she has the charge of the education of the children, and attends to the clothing. My other, whom I took three months ago, is from near Hamburg in Germany."

The Saint then describes an average—we will not say ordinary—Teutonic style of beauty as constituting the charms with which he is blest in his third spouse. Her moral worth is thus set forth by her thrice happy husband.

"She enters into the duties of her new situation with wonderful alacrity, and is very happy, as are also SARAH ANN, and ELIZABETH."

To make a woman happy is generally considered a task which requires the best qualities of the best man; but what a more than model husband he must be who confers happiness on three wives! After describing the social blessings resulting from Matrimony according to MORMON, the Saint continues—

"You may be surprised at this: but you will be still more so when I assure you that all of my present wives are anxious that I should get another—one who is fitted by education, and physically adapted, to take charge of the business of the dairy."

This, perhaps, is not very surprising. A maid-of-all-work, in an establishment including a dairy, would naturally hail the advent of a milk-maid: and a wife in a similar position may be expected to feel alike. Here a man sometimes marries his cook: in Desert men marry cook,

JUDICIAL CLAP TRAPS.

A PRACTICE has been springing up lately among certain judicial authorities of making clap-trap speeches to Grand Jurymen upon political and other irrelevant topics. We find a report of one of these orations the other day interlarded with ("Hear!" from one of the Grand Jury) by way of parenthesis. Of course the poor fellow's enthusiasm was instantly checked, and indeed smashed as "indecent," though the Judge himself had been the party who had roused the feelings of the excited Jurymen. Had the facts been literally reported, we should probably have seen the words ("Hear!" from one of the Grand Jury) followed by ("Bravo!" from the audience), ("Silence!" from the usher), ("Order, Order!" from a wag in the body of the Court), ("Turn him out!" from the tipstaff), and ("Sensation" on the part of everybody.) In such a scene of confusion, the real source of the mischief, which happens to be the little bit of bombast or clap-trap from the Bench is too often lost sight of, and frequently the Judge himself is foremost in exclaiming, "this is indicate," though he has been the original offender. For our own parts, we prefer the old fashioned address of a learned Assistant Judge, who sometimes disposes of the Grand Jury in the following laconic fashion:—

"Gentlemen of the Grand Jury—You are a very ancient body, but you are utterly useless, and I am happy to hear there is a prospect that the legislature will very soon abolish you. But until you are abolished, it is necessary that you should be dragged away from your business at a great loss to yourselves, and without any profit to the public. However, as I said before, you are a very ancient body. You came in, I think, with the Conqueror, and you may now go out with the Usher. You will have to find bills, and the officer will tell you where to look for them."

"Amen to that Sweet Prayer."

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA hopes to be found with the "Sword" in his hand, and the Cross in his heart. Europe echoes his hope, simply reversing the locality of the two articles.

THE BEAUTIES OF BACON.

It ought to be known to the remotest ends of the earth that MR. HARRISON AINSWORTH, in honour of his own novel, the *Fitch of Bacon*, has given a real piece of hogflesh—a veritable Fitch—to any happy couple who can conscientiously claim it. A MR. and MRS. BLACKWELL, of Cranbrook, Kent, have put in their unmitigated, unchecked married happiness in claim of the bacon aforesaid: and duly received it. Whereupon the manager of Drury Lane, for the further promotion of connubial felicity, has resolved, on the same conditions as those enforced by the bacon, to present a silver goblet "with a suitable inscription" to a second happy couple. It is delightful to find the domestic virtues thus honoured and promoted by the directors of mere playhouses! "Oh virtue," said MOLIERE, when the mendicant returned him his lost purse—"oh virtue, in what nook wilt thou not take refuge?" And as, moreover, it is the quality of goodness to increase goodness, this beautiful act of the manager of Drury Lane will be immediately followed by similar demonstrations on the part of other play-folks. Thus, we understand, MR. CHARLES KEAN proposes to offer a handsome pair of bellows, with his own portrait on the top, enriched with a plated nozzle; whilst the fair directress of the Victoria, as the acknowledged heroine of domestic drama, will make her contribution towards connubial felicity in the shape of a brass warming-pan.

There is a fitness, a completeness in this matter that is perfection. For if in MR. AINSWORTH'S *Fitch* there is even the remotest approach to gammon, how capitably does the silver goblet of the manager supply the spinach!

THE PROSPECTS OF PARCHMENT.—By prohibiting the export of Sheepskins, the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has given a striking proof of his antipathy to English Law.



GREAT BOON TO THE PUBLIC.

Incipient Swell (in costume of the period). "WELL! TA-TA, GUS! I SHALL JUST GO AND SHOW MYSELF IN THE PARK."

ROYAL LETTERS.—VICTORIA.

It is not often that kings and queens are permitted—they are so ill-used by envy—to have the benefit of their own literary works. To be sure, they have, time out of mind, been great deceivers; their good things always having been said for them; put into their mouths, as you would put a lump of sugar between the beak of a parrot. When **GEORGE THE THIRD**, the royal brain puzzled by the mystery of an apple-dumpling, asked how the apples got into the paste, seeing that there seemed no seam,—this profound reflection was attributed to **DOCTOR WOLCOTT**, to the great wrong of **GEORGE GURLEIGH**. When **LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH** on the blessed restoration, informed France that there was nothing changed in the country by his return, there was only one Frenchman the more; he was cruelly robbed of the felicity of the idea by the friends of **TALLYRAND**—(has the Fox friends?) who plucked the royal bird of the feather to stick it in the hat of **PRINCE PÉRIGOR D'ENHARD**. **NAPOLEON THE GREAT** has hitherto been undetected in his robberies; but we have no doubt that his famous speech about thirty centuries looking down from the Pyramids upon French soldiers was written for him by one of the *savans*—the much despised men—who riding about upon asses were quizzed as a sort of centaur, the unlearned not knowing where the wise man ended and the donkey began. The famous step from the sublime to the ridiculous remains as originally taken by **NAPOLEON**, the Uncle; but there can be no doubt of it, that the *faux pas* was the step of, perhaps, **MADAME DE STAEL**.

This is too bad; but as it is, **LOUIS NAPOLEON** has not been so lucky. *L'empire, c'est la paix!* This—it has long been known to the private friends of that gentleman—is the property of **JOHN BRIGHT**. And the very last fine saying of **NAPOLEON** the Nephew has been traced as far back as—as **TACITUS**.

*"When your Lordship acts Tiberius,
Tom Fudge's place is Tacitus."*

sings **TOM MOORE**. In his speech to the Chambers, **LOUIS NAPOLEON** said of **ST. ARNAUD**, withered as he was and dying, that "he forced death to wait for victory." This, by the envious, is given to one **MOCQUARD**, the private secretary to the **EMPEROR** and translator of **TACITUS**, from whom he took the phrase!—In this way do republican levellers pull down the high ones!

How lucky, then, are we in **QUEEN VICTORIA**, whose **NIGHTINGALE** letter is in no way an embroidered letter; not a letter stiff with gold thread and glittering with royal gems, but a purely woman's letter—as simple as the simplest missive winged from country hall. The fair lady of the mansion desires to know about a few of her humble neighbours now absent. She hears of her finer acquaintance; but she desires to know how fare **TOM** and **DICK** and **HARRY**?

"Would you tell **MRS. HERBERT** that I begged she would let me see frequently the accounts she receives from **MISS NIGHTINGALE** or **MRS. BRACERIDGON**, as I hear no details of the wounded, tho' I see so many from officers, &c., about the battle-field, and naturally the former must interest me more than any one."

The Lady of the Hall—it is called Daisy Hall—desires that her poor friends—they are honest, worthy tenants every one of them—may know that she still thinks of them; still hopes to see them? Her husband, too, the Squire of Daisy Hall, has kind and gentle memories of them.

"Let **MRS. HERBERT** also know that I wish **MISS NIGHTINGALE** and the ladies would tell these poor noble wounded and sick men that so one takes a warmer interest, or feels more for their sufferings, or admires their courage and heroism more than the **QUEEN**. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince."

"Beg **MRS. HERBERT** to communicate these my words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows. (Signed) 'VICTORIA!'"

There is no regal flourish in this. It is downright simplicity of heart and earnest womanly tenderness. We know of no such royal letter in any of the **ELLIS** collection. Grim and hard are **MARY'S**, as though writ in ashes with the stick of a friar; hard and incisive **ELIZABETH'S**, traced with the sword; the sentences struck short, as with the headsman's axe. (Shade of **ESSEX**,—is it not so?) But in **VICTORIA'S** letter it is all womanhood: there is nothing of the state of royalty in it; nought of the ermine but its softness and its purity.

IRISH BABIES.

We believe that it has already been remarked that the Irish are strange people. Whether such remark were original or not, it escaped us on reading an account of certain recent proceedings in one of the great Dublin workhouses. It appears that much controversy had arisen as to whether any poor little baby left at the establishment in question—that is, any foundling—should be baptized into the Protestant or the Catholic faith. A stormy struggle took place, and the opinion of the Irish law officers of the Crown was taken upon this important subject. As might be expected, Coalition produced its usual results. **MR. BREWSTER**, Attorney General, advised that the babies should be made Protestants, while **MR. KEOGH**, Solicitor General, recommended that they should be made Catholics. Finally, the Protestants won the day. But a speaker, named **ROPER**, found consolation. He said that it was a pity to waste time upon such a matter, for, owing to the abominable system pursued in the workhouse, not one of the babies would be alive that day twelvemonth. We revert to our original, or borrowed proposition, that the Irish are strange people.

"THEY ARE COMING, AND THEY ARE THREE."



THE most mysterious paragraph we ever read appeared, a few nights ago, in an evening paper. It was to the effect, that "on the preceding day—Old Christmas-day—something was done at the Palace in commemoration of the visit of the Magi." The writer either did not know what had happened, and therefore disguised his want of information under general phrases, or else he meant some deep allusion. We have a notion that he designed to hint that Her Majesty, determined to learn for herself the state of affairs at the seat of war, had summoned to the Palace the three Wise Men from the East who have last arrived,—namely, **GENERAL DE LACY EVANS**, **LORD CARDIGAN**, and the **REVEREND SIDNEY GODOLPHIN OSBORNE**. We earnestly trust that this may have been the case, as Her Majesty will then have heard, from first-rate authority, what she is pleased, in such kindly and womanly phrase, to regret that no one will tell her—the actual condition of "her beloved soldiers;" of which it is evident that none of her Ministers know much, and of which the Secretaries at War know least of all.

ON DIT IN LOW LIFE.

It is currently remarked in the lower circles, that if **NICHOLAS** accepts the four pints, he will take two quarts; but that it is a kvestion whether he will stand so much.



FOLLOWING THE FASHION.

"Laws! Juliannah, wherever are you been and stuck your cap to?"

RUSSIAN LIBELS ON ENGLISH NOBLEMEN.

So long as the *Journal of St. Petersburg* confined itself to mendacious reports of Russian victories, to eulogies of the virtues of its Imperial Editor, and to general misrepresentation of public events, we might despise a miserable newspaper, but we could not feel angry with the tool of a tyrant. But when disastrous defeats make it impossible even for MENSCHIKOFF to announce victories, when the praises of the Mild Eyes have been chanted in every variety of Russian melody, and when, in short, lies upon affairs of state being at a discount, the *Journal of St. Petersburg* addresses itself to damage and scandalize the private character of Englishmen, we confess to growing indignant.

We are not, as our readers know, habitually given to offer adulation to the aristocracy. But we neither do injustice to that, or any other body, nor permit it to be done without protest. And the noble behaviour of members of distinguished families, during the Crimean campaign, entitles the order to which they belong to more than ordinary respect. Consequently, when we find the honour of two noblemen assailed by the Russian libellers, we hasten to put on record our feelings on the subject.

Everybody knows that the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, at one time our Ambassador in Russia, has a son, LORD DUNKELLIN, an officer in her Majesty's army. The latter nobleman was taken prisoner in the Crimea, having we believe strayed out of bounds. The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who never loses the opportunity of a clap-net, ordered the release of LORD DUNKELLIN, knowing that this specimen of Imperial mildness would have its weight with the class to which his Lordship belongs—almost over-ready to recognise the merit of any decent act performed by the wearer of a crown or a coronet. With the cunning Cossack eye to a bargain, NICK, however, did not forget to intimate that if a certain CAPTAIN KULZOWLEFF (probably a somewhat more valuable officer than young DUNKELLIN) were exchanged for CLANRICARDE, *filia*, it would be acceptable. To all this there is no objection. NICHOLAS was glad to make a sensation, LORD DUNKELLIN was glad to get away, and LORD CLANRICARDE was, no doubt, glad to have his son released. All parties were pleased. But the *Journal of St. Petersburg* has no right to manufacture such letters as the following, and to pretend that they were the composition of a couple of high-minded, high-blooded British aristocrats. The *Journal* has the audacious insolence to publish, as part of the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE's epistle of gratitude, these words:—

"MY PRINCE,—I beg your Excellency to place at the feet of his Imperial Majesty the expression of the lively gratitude and profound emotion inspired in me by the kind and gracious recollection which his Imperial Majesty has been pleased to preserve of me. The order which the Emperor has issued in regard to my son is perfectly in harmony with the personal goodness that his Majesty formerly exhibited towards me, and which I can never forget. I have motives for thinking that no one can better comprehend than his Imperial Majesty the public duties which under unfortunate circumstances are required of us."

Such is the letter which the *Journal of St. Petersburg* prints as proceeding from an English nobleman, and which it expects the world

to believe can have been written by one of those aristocrats who, the other day, stood round their QUEEN, and listened to the spirited tones in which she alluded to the enemy of the country. While the Sovereign is summoning the true hearts of England to aid her in crushing the Imperial Miscreant, LORD CLANRICARDE, one of her peers, is represented as full of "lively gratitude" and "profound emotion" that the miscreant in question should deign to "recollect him," and is made to say that he can never forget the Cossack's "personal goodness." And he is actually shown as apologising for being obliged to have a son in the QUEEN's army, a son who is unhappily compelled to bear arms against Nicholas. The clumsiness of the libel is no excuse for its malevolence.

It was not to be expected that the *Journal of St. Petersburg* would do things by halves, or that those who had slandered the father would not equally libel the son. The gallant young officer is also made to write his letter of fulsome and abject thanks, and to say:—

"KALUGA, November 16, 1854.
"MR. GOVERNOR,—I hope I need not, in the first place, assure your Excellency I feel moved by the act of kindness the Emperor has been graciously pleased to exhibit towards me. This magnanimity, which restores me to complete freedom, and unconditionally, is really the act of a great man, and although I shall never be in a situation to express to him my whole gratitude with words, I nevertheless pray you to have the kindness to inform the Minister of War how deeply I am moved by the noble and magnanimous conduct of his Majesty the Emperor. My heart will never forget it."

Imagine a spirited young officer concocting such an epistle, and finding in his own release the "act of a Great Man," and one which his heart will never forget. The *Journal of St. Petersburg* has been so long in the habit of lying that its touch is coarsened, and it violates probabilities. We are glad to have the means of declaring our own conviction that the LORDS CLANRICARDE and DUNKELLIN never wrote, or could write, anything of the kind attributed to them. An action for libel against the *Journal of St. Petersburg* is impracticable, but Parliament meets in a few days, and though it is hardly worth the trouble, for no man with British feelings will believe in the authenticity of the documents, the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE might, not ungracefully, rise in his place in the House of Lords, and, on the part of himself and his son, LORD DUNKELLIN, give utterance to his indignation that their names should be attached to such servile and unworthy compositions.

THE HIGH METTLED GUARDSMAN.

AIR.—"The High Mettled Racer."

SAW the pier throng'd with gazers! The War is begun!
The soldiers are coming—"Let's see them!" "Run, run!"
A thousand loud voices resound far and near,
With the hearty "huzzas" and the soul-stirring "cheer."
While with mien like a hero—erecting his crest,
Proud and pleas'd—with true courage inflaming his breast.
With the prospect of glory, his arduous increas'd,
The High Mettled Guardsman embarks for the East.

From the ship now turned out his way he must push,
Through mud and through marshes, through rain, cold, and slush.
They leave him to struggle as well as he may
From the shore to the camp after leaving the bay.
Sustained by the pluck that he shows in the field,
He is sure to come through, for he never will yield;
And though nearly worn-out, weary, hungry, and wet,
The High Mettled Guardsman has life in him yet.

Exposed to the cold, and turned out in the mud,
Still ready to shed for his country his blood;
While knowing officials—the precedents trace,
Of what are the ancient traditions of place.
What appointments were made—in what heads will reside
The patronage Government has to divide.
Thus the High Mettled Guardsman, 'tis easily seen,
The victim becomes of official routine.

At length ill and weak, working early and late,
Bowed down by disease to a pitiful state;
Expos'd to the wet—a continual drench,
He feebly turns over the mud in the trench.
And now, cold and lifeless, he silently lies
On the soil where he hoped to win victory's prize:
Whilst official routine on contentedly jogs,
And the High Mettled Guardsman has gone to the dogs.

A Protestant Miracle.

SUCH has been the effect of the war at the hearths of many English farmers, that scores of hams, suspended over the fire-place, have walked themselves off to the Crimea! Bacon has even shaken its sides in the heartiness of its sympathy.

THE BUTT OF EUROPE.



FOLLOWING, or a similar statement, has appeared in most of the daily papers. This is taken from the *Chronicle*:-

"SHOOTING AT THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—A district court-martial assembled in the general court-martial room at Chatham barracks last week, for the trial of two privates belonging to the depot of the 56th Regiment, named J. GIMORY, and THOMAS GALLOUGHER, on a charge of having fired away a quantity of their ammunition, which is deemed an offence according to the Articles of War. The particulars connected

with this breach of military discipline were somewhat singular, and were these. On Christmas day last the prisoners entered the barrack room during the time the troops were at chapel or away, and, after expending their military ardour in words, proceeded to take the barrack-room table, on which they roughly sketched a figure to represent the EMPEROR NICHOLAS, placing the table on end against the wall, the figure serving as a target. They now exhibited their intense hatred of the Autocrat by loading their muskets and firing several rounds at the imaginary figure, their military enthusiasm being only stopped by some of their comrades coming in, attracted by the reports. On examining the table, it was found to be perforated in several places, the bullets having lodged in the wall behind. The prisoners did not offer a word in their defence. The finding and sentence of the Court will not be made known till approved at the Horse Guards."

Poor fellows! We hope Head Quarters will have mercy on them: and adjudge them to the slightest possible reprimand for throwing away JOHN BULL'S powder and shot. Their act was the expression of a feeling so perfectly natural! Who does not picture to himself the horrors of the Crimea—the reeking battle-field, the gory quagmire, filth, pestilence, cold, wet, misery, hideous mutilation, inexpressible agony, mountains of slain? Having drawn this picture with the mind's pencil, what man is there that does not instantly paint another; a likeness of one cruel stubborn miscreant whose wickedness has created that Gehenna upon earth? This portrait of a Russian Gentleman having been completed, do we not all proceed, in fancy, to do that with it which the two soldiers did with their sketch in fact? Not for revenge, not out of hatred, but in mere commiseration for mankind, even for our wretched enemies themselves, do not our wishes pierce it through and through with bullets?

ARROWS IN THE STRONG MAN'S HAND.

A POOR woman—the relieving-officer of Clerkenwell refusing her husband's prayer for medical assistance—dies in childbirth. BENNETT, the official, declares that "the poor have no right to have children." The overseer, however, Mr. TUCKER, has a softer heart, and interprets the Bible a little more religiously; for having read that "blessed is he who has his quiver full of them," he sends, among other things to the poor woman's, a supply of arrow-root. Mr. BENNETT's conscience must suffer from an arrow of another sort. But then he has this consolation in his old belief, that the poor have no right to arrows, according to Holy Writ; are in no way privileged to bear the Biblical quiver.

Writ of "Quere Adhesit."

THE KING OF PRUSSIA, having at last screwed his courage to the sticking place, the other night signified his "adhesion" to the treaty of December. But the English representative behaved very well, and, scornful to take advantage of such state of "screw," told CLOUQUOT to speak about it again in the morning. The result has not reached us.

The Czar's Nursery Rhyme.

RIDE a high horse, with sword and with cross,
To see the red plain strewn with many a corpse,
Dead with clenched fingers and maimed in death's throes,
He shall have carnage wherever he goes.

A STUPID PARADOX.—Truth, it is said, lies at the bottom of a well. Now, if it is Truth, how can it possibly lie?

FRESH LIGHTS IN THE PUSEYITE CHURCH.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"Belgravia, 1855.

"Will you do me a favour? You won't refuse me, will you? for I have set my heart upon it, and you are *such* a dear good fellow, it's quite a pleasure to ask *you* anything. Well, I wish you to propose that our pretty little church at Knightsbridge should be decorated with a *grand Christmas-tree every year*. Wouldn't it look *nice*, now? We *love* decorations—and a Christmas-tree would be the very thing—fashionable—perfectly in season—gay—handsome—and *ever so much* better than the stupid holly that is stuck in vulgar bunches in the candlesticks and about the pews. It would be much more *picturesque*, too, wouldn't it? Of course, I mean it to be done at our *set* of a church, *St. Paul's*. It might be decorated with the prettiest, little, tiny, coloured candles—and the candles, you know, would be in charming keeping with our Puseyite notions and feelings. They might be lighted in the evening, and then only think how beautiful the effect would be! Flowers, too, should be in abundance—and you cannot tell how fond we are of flowers, even if they are artificial. From the branches I would have hanging, not any *bombons* or crackers, for the dear Bishop might probably object to them—but *so* *and* of pretty little Catholic crosses, either in ivory, or worked in beads—with the *handsomest* prayer-book-markers, and nice little painted pictures of saints that we could stick afterwards in our albums—or else those dear, darling *statuettes* of popular preachers (that sweet martyr, Mr. BENNETT, might be one, and that poor injured saint, Mr. LIDDALL, another), that you see abroad in the pretty cemetery shops, as white as sugar-plums, and which are made, I believe, in *disguise*, that you can wash with soap and a piece of flannel. It would be nothing short of *lovely*, and I would, also, have some *immortelles* of the gayest colours, so as to make it a little sombre and sentimental-like. These ornaments might be raffled for after the service was over, and whilst the raffle was going on (and it should be for the *benefit* of the poor, so that no one would be able to say there was anything wrong in it), I would have a delightful concert being warbled all the while, to soothe one's feelings, with that heavenly duck GARDONI to thrill you with his *ecstatic* singing; and that love of an ERNST, to send you into raptures of melancholy with the plaintive sadness of his dear violin. Wouldn't it be soul-exciting? The mere thought of it sets me off dancing. *Voilà, Punchy* dear, my little notion, and if you will only put it nicely for me, so that it is done prettily next year, I can't tell you what I will *not* do for you. Perhaps—mind, I say *perhaps*—I will bring a piece of mistletoe with me the next time I come to see you."

[For certain gallant reasons, the signature is suppressed, but Mr. PUNCH thinks there is a great deal in his fair Correspondent's suggestion that may probably be carried out at the place indicated.]

TO THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

BELIEVE me, if all those half useless old arms,

Which our martinets praise to this day:

Such as "Brown Bess" for instance, which nobody harms

If he stand fifty paces away.

Had these deadless weapons been changed, as they might,

For others more certain to kill,

Our brave troops would have found less unequal their fight,

Nor, perchance, been in jeopardy still.

'Tis not, while in arming them cheapness alone

Is the quality looked to, we fear,

That the strength of our soldiers can fully be shown:

Such economy costs us most dear.

Then let musket and carbine, those obsolete pets,

Be discharged, as of more show than use:

And with Minié and Colt, ere much older he gets,

With old NICK we may yet play the deuce!

"And doth not a Meeting like this make Amends?"

THE Christian world will be delighted to learn that the quarrel between the Jesuits and the KING of NAPLES has been made up! The bomb-shell flung by KING BOMBA has been turned into a big sugar-plum! It is said that his Majesty, in commemoration of the event, has presented the Jesuits with a beautiful statue of St. LOYOLA in the very purest brimstone.

THE NAME OF GLASGOW.

THE *Glasgow Mail* says that on New Year's Day 193 cases of drunkenness were booked at the Central Police Office. But what better could be expected from Glass and Go?



Stern Patient. "I TELL YOU, SIR, I WILL NOT ALLOW IT—AND DON'T LET ME SEE ANY MORE NASTY PIPES OR TOBACCO IN THIS HOUSE."

Young Williams. "BOO-HOO—AND WHAT'S A FELLOW TO DO WHEN ALL THE MEN OF HIS OWN AGE SMOKE."

THE FALL OF LONDON.

THERE used to be a tune strummed on the pianos by young ladies between the very interesting ages of six and ten, the tune alluded to being entitled "*The Downfall of Paris*." That tune being rather pretty, but quite out of date, we recommend its revival under the new name of "*The Downfall of London*," for there is no doubt that London proper is tottering to its very base, and, in fact, as far as its Corporation is concerned, the fall has already begun by the abolition of the Toll at the entrance of the City. Reform has not only knocked at the gate, but it has rushed, broom in hand, through Temple Bar, and made a clean sweep of that indefatigable turnpike man, who was always rushing under the hoofs of horses and the wheels of waggons to collect that Toll, which was one of the remnants of that Black Mail—the Coal-Tax is another—that the City authorities have been wont to levy. The breach has been opened, the assault has been made, and now that the people can pass without a tax through Temple Bar, the City may be said to be virtually taken. Reform has gained an entrance, and the wedge being fairly introduced, we may now expect to see the widening of Chancery Lane, which has long been a standing testimony to the narrow policy of the authorities.

Beauties of the War.

THE *Gazette de Lyons* avers that an English firm has given orders for the manufacture of shawls for ladies, adorned with scenes of the war! Ladies are, without an effort, to carry Sebastopol on their shoulders, even while they turn their backs on the Russians. We hear that the EARL of ABERDEEN has written a strong letter, protesting against Odessa being taken—even in shot silk.

NEW SHOTS FOR THE CRIMEA.

It is said that all the ermine hunters—hunters of the fox and beaver on the banks of the Awa, together with the shooters of weasels asleep—are to be sent to Sebastopol, to pick off the French frog and the English bull. No sooner was this intelligence made known to LORD ABERDEEN than, with his usual promptitude and energy, he sought the means of contending successfully with this new force of sharpshooting furriers. Immediately, recruiting-serjeants were sent into the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, the Minories, and other Hebrew districts, to enlist all the children of Israel who deal in hare-skins. A formidable corps has already been obtained, and is so provided as, every man of them, to command an area of any distance. Every ermine hunter will be duly accounted for, as being proved mortally worthy of a Jew's-eye. In consequence of the speedy embarkation of the corps, hares'-skins have advanced a penny each; and in the City, even Welsh rabbits have found customers at the rise of a half-penny. This does not look like speedy peace.

THE BLACK CHURCH.

THE attention of Curates is invited to the subjoined paragraph from the *Times* :—

"A PREACHER FOR SALE.—JAMES W. MULLAN advertises in the *Louisville Courier*, 'A Negro man named JAMES HOWELL, belonging to the heir of LOUIS HOWELL, deceased,' and after giving his age, height, &c., adds, 'he has a pass to Louisville and back, dated October 14th, to return on the 18th, and a license from the Baptist Church at Simpsonville to preach.'"

From this announcement Curates of the Church of England may learn that there are Clergymen in the world who are even greater slaves than themselves.

There is no Church Establishment of any sort in the United States; if there were one, the slave owners might net considerable sums by raising clerical slaves, and selling these ordained blackamoors to the benefited white clergy for labourers in the spiritual vineyard. This would be a great improvement on the Anglican system; for there would be no wages at all to pay such workmen; since to the axiom that "the labourer is worthy of his hire," Americanized Christianity would, of course, add, "niggers excepted."

THE WAR IN MARYLEBONE.



CERTAIN sages in Marylebone have prevailed upon the parochial wizards to allow the tax-gatherers to affix to the papers for parish rates another modest paper, regularly tabulated, as to the description of benefactor with the amount of benefaction given to the patriotic fund. The collector of the parish rates will, at the same time, kindly take both rates and subscriptions. Are not these wise fellows—deep students of human nature—to know that the most benevolent moment of JOHN BULL's life is the moment when he is paying taxes? He has, at that particular moment, such a flow of generosity, that he cares not how much he pays. The tax-gatherer bleeds JOHN BULL at one pocket, and JOHN, delighted at the operation, insists upon enjoying phlebotomy in the other!

Officers of the Staff.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times* wishes to know "whether any one can point out the officers most qualified for staff service."

Certainly we can. The officers most qualified for staff service are those of the corps that was founded by SIR ROBERT PEEL, and of which the head-quarters are in Scotland Yard. No officers can wield their staves with better effect than these; and the best of them all for the service in question is manifestly A 1.



THE FOUR POINTS—(AND PLENTY MORE TO FOLLOW).

[Punch, No. 706.

THE FOUR POINTS AND SPECIAL POINT TO POINT



THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS MENIALS.



WE perceive by the papers that the LORD MAYOR has just given his "first state dinner" to no less than sixty members of his Lordship's household. After leaving out the Chamberlain and the Chaplain we are puzzled to find fifty-eight upper servants to whom it would seem appropriate that a "state dinner" should be given. Including the Butler and the Housekeeper, and throwing in the Cook, we can only make up five "members of the household" with whom the King of the City might be expected in a fit of unusual condescension to sit down to a "state dinner." Even letting in all the Flunkies, and then opening the door to the Housemaids, we should scarcely get the number of guests up to twenty, and yet we are told "sixty" dined at the LORD MAYOR's table. As the "household" must have been all present, we should like to know who "dished up," and who waited at table. Did the company assemble in the kitchen or in the dining-room? and did each flunkie take a lady "up" to dinner, or escort one "down" to the banquet? We confess ourselves rather puzzled by this bit of "Low Life Above Stairs" at the Mansion House.

As we find that "covers were laid" for sixty, we have thought it just possible that the dinner may have been sent in from a cookshop in those eightpen'orths, which are usually served in plates with a tin cover, for the accommodation of the eating-house frequenters of the community. This would have cut the Gordian knot, as to who should have done the cooking, when the Cook was herself a member of the company.

SEASONABLE REINFORCEMENTS.

By a paragraph which is now on the contemporary circuit, or, in common phrase, "going the round of the papers," we are delighted to learn that—

"Among other consignments for the Crimea, a quantity of plum puddings have recently been shipped, together with some jars of mince-meat, and a good supply of Christmas beef. These substantial 'Compliments of the Season' are accompanied with sundry barrels of porter, which will, doubtless, serve our brave fellows as the wherewithal to drink the healths of those who have sent out to them so timely a cargo."

Very reasonable reinforcements these, we think, and eminently calculated to strengthen our position. Indeed we may consider them doubly serviceable just now, as they will serve not merely to fill the mouths they are intended for abroad, but to stop those, here at home, who have been telling the most lamentable stories of the want of provision-al arrangements for our troops.

As civilians our opinion is of little value at the Horse Guards, but we opine nevertheless that the better a man is fed the better he will fight; and it cannot be disputed by the strictest military economist, that troops on active service will have all the more activity, if they be daily strengthened with a "good supply of beef." Of course the nature of a soldier will "abhor a vacuum" as much as any other, and it is clear to any one who understands the "weight of bodies" that the lightest troops will make all the heavier charge for having individually half a plum-pudding or so inside them. The presence of the mince-meat, too, will doubtless inspire them to make it of the enemy; while without rendering them pot-valiant, the porter will contribute much to their stout-heartedness.

In fine we cannot but feel that reinforcements such as these will materially strengthen our chances of success, and while improving more than anything the condition of our troops, will certainly enable them to carry on the war to the knife—and fork.

The Czar in Pewter.

"NEVER shall I forget his cold, pewtery look," writes POLEZHACO, the Russian Poet (ingenious reader, you of course know POLEZHACO?) of the CZAR. What next? NICHOLAS has been praised for his mild eyes—his beautiful head. And here is a poet looking in the CZAR's face, who pronounces it to be a pewter mug!

A NEW ORDER—MILITARY AND DOMESTIC.—A new military order is about to be instituted for home-sick officers, so many of them having returned. It is to be called—The Order of the Hearth-Rug.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

WE have lately paid a visit to the Danube and the Pruth, which amid their various windings have found their way at last to the Adelphi, where they are causing something like a nightly overflow. It would be difficult to trace the windings of a plot which varies according to the windings of two rather eccentric rivers, set free from all other restraints than the rules of Burlesque, which are wide enough to extend to the utmost limits of extravagance.

If there is an extravagant plot, with rather extravagant humour, there is an extravagant outlay to complete the picture, or rather a series of pictures. Whatever may be said of the efficiency of the Fleet in the Baltic, there can be no doubt of the efficiency of the fleet at the Adelphi, where a sort of sea-fight takes place, by a contrivance which is one of the most novel, as it deserves to be one of the most successful of engagements. If the army wants "HEAD, HEAD, HEAD," there is assuredly no deficiency of that article in the conduct of the navy at the Adelphi, where every Man of War is managed by one of the best as well as the youngest heads that ever directed a nautical movement.

The Lords of the Admiralty might learn a lesson from the management of the Adelphi Fleet, the manœuvres of which are executed with a precision that would set the oldest Captain in the service dancing a naval hornpipe, with all the enthusiasm of that middle period of life when he has just emerged from his midship-manhood.

A BULLET-PROOF HERO.

ENGLAND once had—alas for the past tense!—an Iron Duke. France has an Iron Captain. The *Constitutionnel* quotes the following assertion, contained in the letter of a French officer in the Crimea describing the sack of a village, under fire:—

"I saw CAPTAIN DE MARIVAULT, of the Navy, carrying away, with the greatest precaution, a window, which he protected with infinite address, with his body, against the balls."

We should like to see some of those balls, which, doubtless, must have been flattened against the iron sides of the gallant officer. Let no one, for the sake of making a vile pun, term this an ironical observation. If CAPTAIN DE MARIVAULT is not literally made of iron, he is unquestionably a man of mettle.

WISEMAN, AN INDEX OF THE MIND.

WISEMAN—we are glad to hear that Rome agrees with him better than Golden Square—has been promoted to the post of member of the Sacred College of the Index! In other words he is to be another finger-post that points the flowery way to ignorance. He is to arraign the souls of all books, and to consign the wicked—by way of avant-couriers to the souls of the writers—to darkness! The question is, will WISEMAN be magnanimous? Remembering LORD JOHN's famous Durham letter, by which the Doctor's red stockings were so shamefully bespattered with political ink,—will WISEMAN place LORD JOHN's *Life of Moore* in the Index Expurgatorius? It is said he will do so; and further, still unrelenting, will add thereto his lordship's *Don Carlos*.

NICHOLAS' CROSSES.

"The Cross (so NICHOLAS tells us in his Manifesto) is in our hearts." Considering the number of crosses NICHOLAS's army has received in the Crimea, we can hardly be surprised if each Russian soldier has a "cross in his heart."

However, what "cross" is it, pray? Candidly speaking, we should say that the Russian in his nature was "a cross" between the Bear and the Tiger, combining the stupidity of the one with the ferocity of the other; and when we recollect the brutal atrocities committed on our disabled soldiers at Inkermann, we do not think we are guilty of any undue severity in our zoological definition.

The King of the Third Gender.

FOR neutrality, CLICQUOT such fame has acquired,
And for shirking and shuffling is so much admired,
That a by-word 'mong schoolboys his name has become,
And they quote him as "*Omnis quod exsit in (h)um.*"

AN EMINENT CAVALIER SEUL.

DO you know why CARDINAL WISEMAN may be supposed to be fond of dancing?—Because he is always figuring in the *Pastorale*.

THE RAILWAY AT BALAKLAVA.—A friend suggests that LORD ABERDEEN should be laid as the *first sleeper*.



THE LEARNED SERJEANT ENDEAVOURS TO GET HIS FOREIGN RECRUITS INTO SOMETHING LIKE ORDER.

*"Left! Right!! Izquierdo! Derecho!! Gauche! Droit!! Links! Rechts!!
Homkins! Fokinfo!!"*

A MOST DESIRABLE END.

It is the popular architectural fashion, when any great building is taken in hand, to call in PRINCE ALBERT to lay the first stone. Now, judging from the very long time that most of our public buildings take before they arrive at maturity, we think there is something wrong at the bottom of this custom, and that our charitable founders begin foolishly at the wrong end. Would it not be desirable to secure the services of our beloved Prince to lay, not the first, but the *last* stone? because the latter ceremonial, if well-advertised beforehand, might have a beneficial effect in hurrying on the works, and the chances are, that they would be finished within a reasonable time. As it is, any one anxious to wish PRINCE ALBERT a long life, could not express it more neatly than by saying:—"May your Highness live to see the completion of one half of the public buildings of which you have laid the first stone!"

A Crack Regiment.

It has been remarked by a despatch and atrocious buffoon, that if a light division of our home force is wanted abroad, the best troops to send will be the Cork militia.

A MODEL CORONER'S INQUEST.

A CORONER'S Inquest in the present day, would seem to be intended, not only to inquire into the cause of death, but into the circumstances, habits, and characters of the living. A Coroner's Jury feeling that the public appetite for scandal is somewhat sharp, and some of the jurymen having perhaps a little natural curiosity of their own to gratify, will frequently extend the scope of inquiry, so as to make it comprise, not only all matters relating to the deceased, but the private affairs of the relatives, and even of the witnesses.

At the Inquest on the person lately murdered in Foley Place, we have "an intelligent British Jurymen" asking,

"Was your brother a holder of Dutch Stock?"

A question which had about as much to do with the cause of death, as the inquiry whether he has ever worn a black satin stock, or, "Did he ever bake a potato in a Dutch oven?"

As reports of Inquests are, we believe, paid for by the line, we do not wonder that these irrelevancies are faithfully chronicled by the "Gentlemen of the Press," who see at least one slice of bread in every absurd interrogatory, and who may even get a bit of butter out of the epithets "intelligent," or "acute," as applied to the Jury, and "vigilant," "active," or "indefatigable," as used in reference to the beadle, the police, or the summoning officer.

We furnish a few specimen passages, as guides to reporters and jurymen engaged in assisting at Coroner's Inquests. In the following model for an opening paragraph, it will be seen that as words help to make lines, and length is the test of the value of a report, we have selected a style that the Gentlemen of the Press will duly appreciate. In order, however, to consult the interest of the reader as well as that of the writer, and to save the time of the former, while contributing to fill the pocket of the latter, we have placed between parentheses the words that may be omitted in the perusal of the ensuing paragraph.

"Yesterday (which our readers, by referring to the date of our paper of this day, will find to have been Tuesday, the ninth of January, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-five), MR. WAKLEY, the (highly respected and very able) coroner for (the metropolitan county of) Middlesex (who, it will be remembered, was formerly, for some years, the talented and popular representative of the large and important borough of Finsbury, in conjunction with the liberal and amiable THOMAS DUNCOMBE, Esquire, who, though at one time, it was generally feared, would have been reluctantly compelled, on account of the very indifferent state of his health, which has since been happily re-established, to relinquish the honourable seat he has so long filled,

with great credit to himself and to the perfect satisfaction of at least a very large majority of his constituents), proceeded to the Cloudeley Arms, Queen Street, John Street, to hold an inquest. He was accompanied by a (most intelligent and extremely respectable) jury (comprising some of the most active and enterprising tradesmen of the populous and flourishing borough of Marylebone, a parish which may be said to divide with St. Pancras the well-merited reputation of being, if not the most influential, at any rate the most noisy and notorious in the vast metropolis of the British Empire). The jury (which we have already described as most intelligent and respectable, and was ably presided over by MR. FUMAR FOOZLE, one of the well-known and much-beloved assistant relieving-officers of this most extensive district) having been sworn (with all the solemnity that is usual on similar occasions by the experienced clerk of the very able and highly respected coroner), the proceedings were commenced," &c. &c. &c.

We now proceed to give a few forms of questions for the use—or abuse—of Coroner's jurymen:—

You are the deceased's brother?
Had the deceased any Spanish Stock?
Have you any Spanish Stock?
What is the present price of Spanish Stock?
Was he fond of Spanish onions?
Had he a collection of Spanish pictures?
How did he get his living?
How do you get your living?
Was he in debt?
Are you in debt?
What is his wife's income?
Is any of it invested in Spanish Stock?
Had he any transactions in Irish butter?

The above questions, though they will perhaps appear impertinent to the general reader, will scarcely seem so after a perusal of the report of a recent inquest in the daily newspapers.

"A Novel Housebreaker."

SUCH has been the heading of a paragraph that has been running through the papers. Good gracious! We hope it is not another edition of Jack Sheppard.

THE MILITARY TRIPPO.—The noses of Oxford and Cambridge have been quite put out of joint by the men who have taken honours in the Crimea.

A SON OF THE TIMES.



can thank anybody for exertions "on behalf of those sufferings," except the *EMPEROR OF RUSSIA*, who rejoices in that behalf?

Writing to the Editor of the *Times*, a gallant gentleman says—

"Allow me to thank you, being the father of an officer in the 5th Dragoon Guards, for the great exertions you have made on behalf of the sufferings of those who are now on service in the East."

If the Editor of the *Times* is the father of an officer in the 5th Dragoon Guards, he does no more than his paternal duty in making all possible exertions for the removal of the sufferings in which his son participates; still it is but grateful on the part of that young man to return him thanks for them, and his correspondent, if his son, acts but rightly in doing so, although in the indirect form of words above quoted. But who

CHANCERY NOT TO BE DESPISED.

If we had not a great deal more moral courage than falls to the lot of ordinary mortals, we should be afraid to have another laugh as long as we live at the High Court of Chancery. A joke at the expense of that illustrious tribunal may, it seems, be no joke at all for anybody but the recipients of the various fees, which may form the crushing penalty of a little burst of humour. An unfortunate young gentleman excited, not long ago, the anger of the Court by attempting to pay his addresses to one of its wards: and, as Chancery allows no liberties with its young ladies, the would-be wooer was deprived of his own liberty, as a terrible example to those who allow their feelings to run away with them, and wish to entice wards in Chancery to run away with them also. The offence of the individual in question was "contempt of the Court of Chancery"—contempt of everything comprising the Court, from the mat at the door to the mace on the table. He was supposed to have figuratively "sneezed" at the whole concern, from the Chancellor downwards, and the imagination pictures him as hypothetically "taking a sight" at the trainbearer and turning up his nose at the tipstaff.

We should have thought it possible for a young man to attempt to pay his addresses—however unjustifiably and impudently—to a young lady, without its being imputed to him that he had conceived a thorough contempt for the court presided over by the highest judicial personage in the Kingdom. Nevertheless, it is assumed to be a "constructive" contempt,—a "constructive" taking of a "constructive" sight, a "constructive" turning-up of a "constructive" nose, and he must of course, therefore, take the consequences of his indiscretion. The delinquent having, by some process of submission, "purged" himself of the contempt, he is called on to swallow a tremendous dose in the shape of a draft, submitted to him as a bill of costs, amounting to £260 in round numbers. This sum had been reduced by the master to £154,—a tolerable sum for a "constructive" want of respect for the administration of equity; but an application is made to compel the taxing-master to restore the bill to its original dimensions. The application was made by two learned barristers, and resisted by two other learned barristers, who had of course been regularly "instructed" by two solicitors; all of whom would be entitled to their pickings from the bone—or bones—of contention.

The consequences of a contempt of the Court of Chancery would seem to be so tremendous that we should not be surprised to find the suitors entering the building with a salamm, and saluting even the bag-bearer with obeisances. There is certainly something very awful in the idea of Chancery, and the awe that it has created is likely to be enhanced by a knowledge of the fact that it cannot be even indirectly despised at a cost of less than £260, in addition to a period of imprisonment. We beg to finish these remarks by tendering our best bow to the Court in token of that intense respect which will we trust preserve us from the audacity of ever entering for one moment its formidable precincts.

The Czar's Compass.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has accepted the Four Points, has he? We are afraid, indeed, that he is prepared to accept nothing else. East, West, North, and South, we apprehend to be the only points which *NICHOLAS* thinks of accepting. Doesn't he wish he may get them?

THE

VOLUNTEER COUNTRYMAN'S QUESTION.

BY TUMMUS.

Last night at the Ram wi' a pipe and a pot,
Which I hope I may take without beun a sot,
Along wi' two 'Lishermen 'equintance o' mine,
They had a discourse about jinnu the Line.

"I say, DAN'L MATHER," sings out SIMON WAY,
"Bist minded at whom wi' the ridgment to stay?
Or into the Reglars 'oost thee volunteer,
To fight them there Rooschans in that are Crimeer?"

"Ah ZIMON!" says DAN'L "to tell thee my mind,
I sartainly feels summat that ways inclined,
Zo much that I think I should purty soon goo,
If fighting was all as I'd got to go droo."

"Ees," SIMON replied, "why, as var as I see,
The fightun but half o' the battle 'ood be,
The worst's them privations a private must bear,
Though officers likewise comes in for their share."

Said DAN'L, "The CZAR I defies, and his works,
And don't fear the Rooschans no more than the Turks,
What takes me aback is all that are distress,
Cold, wet, rage, and sickness, starvation, and mess."

"I think I could make up my mind not to vly,
And goo into action to conker or die,"
Says SIMON, "but this, howsomever, I feel,
'Tood beat me if I had to goo without meals."

Cries DAN'L, "The troops ha' bin livvun, poor souls,
Like rabbits in burreers and badgers in holes,
And poor drowned rats, wi' the rains and the flood,
Whereby they got everythink stuck in the mud."

"Then, leavun the wounded in mis'ry to lay,
Why even at Poachmouth they did, t'other day,"
Said SIMON, "what sart of attendance and care!
Shou'lt think we'd be like for to meet wi' out there?"

"Naw, drat it, for QUEEN and for Country I'll vight,"
Cries DAN'L, "but meak my pervisions all right,
For bread and for byasoon dwoan't let a chap lack;
Give un shoes to his veet, and a quoot to his back."

"Of they," answered SIMON, "if I was but sure,
The bullets and bagranets I could endure,
Wi' but one think besides I could stand the Crimeer;
But if I gooes there they must gie me my beer."

NEUTRAL BOTTOMS.

SINCE the war began there has been considerable question raised as to what are "Neutral Bottoms," and, as is usually the case, when anything unusual puzzles it, half the nation has been writing for our judgment on the subject. For several months past, our desk has been loaded with a perfect Alp of correspondence, and our opinion has been asked in all varieties of writing, from the hurried scratch of the "business man," to the easy flourish of the "constant reader." We have, however, little inclination to commit ourselves by venturing too hasty a decision in the matter, and we can therefore, only inform our correspondents for the present, that we consider the peculiar semi-gritty semi-glutinous sediment, which we discover at the bottom of our milk jug every morning, may in strictness, be regarded as a "Neutral bottom," since, as far at least as we can analyse it, we find it to be neither one thing nor another.

Prussian Russians.

THE fête-day of *NICHOLAS* was, absolutely, celebrated by KING CLIQUOT at Potsdam. We are told that "such of the Prussian generals as are proprietors of Russian regiments put on the Russian uniform for the occasion." Besides this, they carried the Russian Bear in their breasts, and the ineffaceable stains of Russian gold in their hands.



CURIOUS MODE OF CONDUCTING A RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT.

PREVENTION OF SHOPPING.

(By a man who is "very near.")

Ye tradesmen of London, how much do I owe
To some of you!—more than you probably know.
And the debt I allude to, I'm happy to say,
Is one which I've no obligation to pay.

I owe that agreeable species of debt,
To the state of the pavements, so muddy and wet,
Before your shop-windows—it saves me a lot
Of money; and money that's saved's money got.

In double-soled highlows I tramp through the slush,
While my tears are in gratitude ready to gush,
For your kindness in having omitted to sweep
From the fronts of your houses the mire ankle-deep.

For oh! but for that, every day of her life,
A shopping would go my extravagant wife,
In muilins, merinos, silks, crapes, bombasins,
Consuming my substance and spending my means.

She can't walk about in the mess and the squash,
Unless she puts on "that great clumsy galoche,"
So at home she remains, and the thoughtless desire
For a thing that she needs not, has time to expire.

Serene and complacent your tickets I view,
"Recherché," "Superior," "A Bargain," "Quite New,"
"Parisian," "Distingué," "Sylphide," "Very Chaste,"
Temptations to female profusion and waste.

Rejoicing I slip, and delighted I slide,
To my Club from my dwelling with pleasure I glide,
And congratulate every acquaintance I meet,
If a family man, on the state of the street.

Then do not, pray do not, let puddle and slop
Be cleared from the space in the front of your shop,
Let the dirt at your threshold be still a defence,
Saving many poor husbands enormous expense.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NEXT TO NOTHING.

It seems that there are held four times in the year some Quarter Sessions for the Borough of Southwark. These Sessions are opened with all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious law," but there is little or no business to transact, when the whole machinery of justice has been rather expensively got together. On a recent occasion, though there was a grand jury of forty-eight, and a petty jury of twenty-three, there was not a single case for trial. The swearing the coroner to his accounts was the only affair that had to be gone through: and this very trifling act was performed by what the managers in the good old days of puffing would have called "the whole strength of the company." Notwithstanding the immense disproportion between the means and the end, there was of course some official at hand to dilate on the extreme importance of keeping up a mass of idle forms, for the preservation of some precious privileges or other, which are supposed to be dear in one sense, and are certainly dear in another sense to some portion of the community.

What the forty-eight grands and twenty-three petties, who were dragged from their usual occupations to see a coroner take an oath, may have thought of the business, or rather of the no-business, before them, we can easily conceive; but we would suggest that some attempt should be made to render the matter interesting by setting the proceedings to music, and making the swearing of the coroner an affair like "The Blessing of the Poignards," or "The Oath" in *William Tell*, or any other great event in operatic history. With a jury consisting of seventy-one, each of them having more or less of a voice in the country, there might be a very efficient chorus to support the solos of the coroner or the concerted pieces between the high bailiff, the ushers, the alderman, and the other principal characters. Either the whole affair should be abolished as an idle and expensive extravagance, or an attempt should be made to derive entertainment from that which seems to have lost all its utility.

FLOGGING RETURNS.—We put it to the Lords of the Admiralty to consider this question—Whether BRITANNIA Rules the Waves by help of her cat, or in spite of that nine-tailed deformity?

THE CONTRIBUTIONS OF NICHOLAS TO THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

THERE is some hope that peace may be concluded before the opening of the Paris Great Exhibition. In that fortunate event, NICHOLAS will no doubt become a contributor to that Exposition of the Industry of all Nations, by sending specimens of Russian manufacture. It may be presumed that these will chiefly illustrate the arts and sciences which his Imperial Majesty is now encouraging, the arts of killing and destroying, and the sciences of delusion and priestcraft. Instead of malachite vases, he will despatch coffins of the same costly material. Anatomical wax models, explanatory of army surgery, and expressive of various forms of disease and death may be expected of him. In the chemical department he will perhaps exhibit a large crystal of widows' tears, preserved by his orders; if the building is big enough to contain one as large as he will be able to send. Articles of furniture, showing the effects of bombardment, specimens of the products of conflagration amongst human dwellings, and amid stores and crops, may also be added. The cross will, of course, figure largely in the collection, and likewise of course, will be formed of cross bones; together with these sacred symbols, there will be snuff-boxes constructed of fractured skulls inlaid with rubies, and flags of the same portion of the human skeleton entire, gilt and jewelled, with emeralds and carbuncles in their sockets. The assortment will be completed, most likely, with ecclesiastical inventions, in the shape of episcopal fabrications, beautifully printed (in vermillion), and spiritual articles of a similar utility in that of raki and rum.

Immaculate Gunpowder.

CARDINAL WISEMAN has written a great puff on the ceremony that celebrated the discovered and established fact of the Immaculate Conception. NOSES, the tailor with a poet, should engage him—if purchasable—he writes so daintily of articles of dress, "silver copes," and so forth. The "happy accomplishment" of the event was declared by the "voice of the cannon," a fact that made known to the world the greatest bounce that even Rome had ever uttered. It is quite right this new flam should be published from the gate Flam-inian.

DEPARTING GRANDEUR.



THE rumour of those changes about to be made in military attire, by stripping it, in a great measure, of lace and embroidery, has created an immense sensation among a class of officers who may be called civil—at least as regards their general demeanour towards their superiors.—The Beadles are apprehensive that a similar alteration will also be effected in their uniforms, inasmuch that alarm, almost amounting to panic, prevails among that important parochial body. Ceasing to blaze in blue, gold, and scarlet, they would, it is their unanimous belief, soon forfeit all that respect and reverence with which their glory has hitherto inspired the little boys. They consider too, that in the event of peace, the facilities for foreign travel will soon be so increased, that they will be occasionally enabled, during a leave of temporary absence from their official duties, to visit the Continent, where they would wish to appear in a species of costume which would invest them with a dignity likely to command attention.

THE UNMENTIONED BRAVE.

SONG BY A COMMANDING OFFICER.

Oh! no we never mention them,
Their names must not be heard,
My hand Routine forbids to trace
Of their exploits one word.
Most glorious though their deeds may be,
To say it I regret.
When they expect a word from me
They find that I forget.

You say that they are happy now,
The bravest of the brave,
A "special" pen recording how
Mere Grenadiers behave.
Of "special" pens I disapprove,
An inconvenient set,
Who oftentimes the veil remove,
And print what we forget.

The Aberdeen Bonnet.

THE *Globe* announces that it is the intention of HER MAJESTY to confer the vacant Blue Riband upon the EARL OF ABERDEEN. Of course the QUEEN means the noble GORDON to wear this favour in his bonnet; and HER MAJESTY's subjects should second their Sovereign's intention by presenting LORD ABERDEEN with a proper bonnet, to trim with the Royal present. That, obviously, would be a bonnet of the sort denominated "coalscuttle."

WOMAN AND HER MISTRESS AND THE STICK.

WOMAN, ordinarily so gentle to the ungentle sex is, at times—*Punch* says it with shame and sorrow—a little ungentle to her gentle sisterhood. Here is a parish servant, a small wench of fifteen, the handmaiden of one MRS. MARY CUMBER, who graced Clerkenwell police court, charged with beating the parish drudge aforesaid, one FRANCES THOMPSON. Now, there may exist a prejudice in the minds of some people of acknowledged respectability, that there is no harm whatever in beating, even with a rattan about the thickness of a man's little finger and a yard long, a parish maid-of-all work. And MRS. MARY CUMBER is very respectable; in fact, according to the report, the wife of a man of independent means. May she long make tea for him under their own fig-tree!

MRS. MARY CUMBER so chastised the girl for little household offences, that her "back and arms were covered with weals and discolorations." The drudge was moreover, even for a parish serf, over-drugged. Her enquiring mistress had further opened the girl's letters written by her sister; "letters to whom"—said the magistrate—"they were a great credit."

The girl swore that she had been beaten by the independent MRS. CUMBER about forty times. "She would strip me naked and beat me until I could not stand," swore FRANCES THOMPSON against MRS. MARY CUMBER; and further, in corroboration of the visits of the rattan, "the girl exposed her back." And the effect of such exposure? Why, we are told that "its appearance made every one shudder."

MR. TYRWHITT, the magistrate, having no doubt shuddered as deeply and as coldly as any other in court, proceeded to pass sentence upon MRS. CUMBER. The girl had been beaten forty times. Well, the magistrate "deciding that the assault arose out of a mere hasty display of temper, inflicted a fine of forty shillings." How nicely is the fine apportioned to the offence; it being exactly one shilling a beating!

The fine was immediately paid; for was not MRS. CUMBER the bone of bone and pocket-of-pocket of independent property? The lady left the court with the sweet assurance that property has, indeed, its household rights; namely, the right to beat and bruise a poor parish apprentice, if property can afford to pay twelvence for every beating laid on to the parochial naked flesh with "a rattan about the thickness of a man's finger, and about a yard long."

WANTED, A FEW SMART POLITICAL LADS, to sweep away the moss that's lying at Ministers' doors. It must be partially, if not totally, cleared away by the 29th, at which time a good opening is wanted. None but those accustomed to dirty work need apply. For terms, apply to LORD AD—AD—N, Downing Street.

CATCHING A BUMBLE.

BURGESS's sauce with herrings may be very good, but the HON. MR. NORTON does not seem to like it. That excellent magistrate, having had occasion to make some severe remarks upon the conduct of the Relieving-officer of Newington, was visited on Thursday by a brace of the Newington Guardians, and by their Clerk, and was exposed to the impertinent criticisms of the leash of "porochials," for having done his duty in reprimanding a negligent official. The Newington Guardians have upheld their officer, refused to believe anything against him, passed a resolution in his favour, and imagined that they could carry the whole affair through with a high hand, by sending down a deputation to bully Mr. NORTON. But the tables were signally turned; for, instead of submitting to their remonstrances, Mr. NORTON inflicted a severe castigation upon his visitors, told the Clerk that he was entirely mistaken, informed the Guardians that they were dictated to by their officer, who had made a false statement, and added that, as for their resolution, it contained untruth, and they might take it away. So the Clerk "restored it to a leathern case, and carried it off in apparent dudgeon."

Mr. *Punch* is much pleased with the issue of the affair, and with Mr. NORTON's summary and spirited way of dealing with Bumbleism. Scarcely a day passes in which some Relieving-officer or another is not charged with neglect or cruelty to the poor. In some of these cases the "porochials" support their official, in others they very properly punish him. The Newington Guardians think it proper to back an official who is stated to have refused relief to 27 applicants in one day, though many of them were in a starving state. Mr. NORTON's contemptuous dismissal of the impertinent Clerk and Guardians will probably do them good, and in explanation of Mr. *Punch's* preliminary facetiousness he will explain that the snubbed Clerk is called BURGESS, and the reprimanded official is named HERRING.

A DIALOGUE OVERHEARD.

LOCALITY:—Corner of St. James's Street. TIME:—Sunday Afternoon.
HOUR:—Four o'clock.

Red Coat (holding Nobleman's horse). I say, JACK, I can't stand it no longer. I'm blessed if I does't put my name up at that 'ere Carlton! Crossing Swooper. What the jence can you want with a Club?
Red Coat. Vy, stoopid, don't you know I can get Beer there all day long on a Sunday!

TWO SISTERS OF CHARITY.—The name of the Swedish Nightingale is JENNY LIND. Not a bad name for the English Nightingale in the East would be—"JENNY LINT."

THE SPIRIT OF YANKEE JOURNALISM.

(Distilled from an article on the War in the "New York Herald.")



O be sure, in ciphering on the upshot of the struggle now in progress between liberty and despotic power in Europe, our bosoms warm towards the champions of freedom and justice with genuine enthusiasm. But then we are located a long chalk from the battle-ground, and we estimate the quarrel is no affair of ours. Heaven forbid that we should not sympathize with our own flesh and blood, and that we should

obliviate our relations to the great Anglo Saxon family! But we calculate that the CZAR holds out to us the right hand of fellowship, and his friendship is very valuable. We should be unworthy of our glorious American institutions if we failed to do justice to the enduring courage of that noble race from which we, ourselves, have sprung. But we expect we owe it to those selves of ours to look to the main chance in the first place. It is very true that the triumph of the Russian Emperor would be the triumph of barbarism over civilization. But we opine that it is truer that, from the supremacy of Russia, we have much to expect. Unquestionably, the war which NICHOLAS has originated is productive of human misery to a considerable amount. But it has donated us the option of establishing with him a close commercial intercourse.

We do not sympathise with the despot, no, not one morsel. But we reckon he is going to construct 2,300 miles of railway, and he will be obligated to come to us for the needful iron. Far be it from us to wish to aid and abet him in his schemes of universal domination. But we compute that he will want a steam-navy, to be even with the Britishers, and he has no timber almost but pine; which will make him a good customer for American oak, and also necessitate him to employ our industry in building him screw-steamers. The interruption of commerce, which his ambition has led to, is very lamentable to those who are ruined by it. But at the same time we realize it opens out a field to our physicians, engineers, mechanics, and manufacturers. The war destroys an awful amount of property. But it does not touch our stores. It is attended with the waste of others' treasure, but the multiplication of our own dollars. The fact is melancholy, so it is, when you come to think of it, that so many thousands and thousands of gallant men should be mutilated and perish, that their hearths should be desolate, and that their bereaved relatives should be plunged into affliction and grief. But this dark picture has a remarkable bright contrast; the CZAR's lately annexed territory in Asia, which he is going to throw open to our trade.

The fields of battle lumbered with dying and wounded, are wicked ugly spectacles, we allow. But our view of the scrimmage is an everlasting pretty look out—the prospect of dealing with that splendid Asiatic tea-country. It is distressing to think of the unfortunate soldiers starving and dying in the Crimea of cold. But this very identical cogitation minds us of that fur-country of Kamchatka, which, as regards the advantages of the trade we shall now exclusively enjoy with it, stumps Japan. We repeat that NICHOLAS holds out to us the right hand of fellowship, and we guess that although it may be a trifle red and moist, we can't afford to reject it. We will grasp that hand though it is crimson and dripping, and though there are the knout and chains in the left. If NICHOLAS beats the Allies, we allot the result will be European slavery, which will be a pity, but won't be any incommodity to us. It is to our interest that Russia should preserve the entirety of her empire, and drive back her opponents, and therefore, though we regard their heroic struggles with the most generous sentiment, we religiously hope the Autocrat will flog them elegant. If he does, he will flog half creation. But the other half will be safe under the star-spangled banner, and the stripes which threaten none but niggers in the United States. He will chew up a considerable some of mankind. But the glorious and eternal remainder will be the citizens of this free and enlightened republic. May the CZAR, then whip

VICTORIA and LOUIS NAPOLEON: may he hide the French and Britishers: and notwithstanding their standard is the flag of freedom, may he lick all who fight under it into immortal smash!

A SHABBY LIBERAL UNIVERSITY.

WHILE Oxford and Cambridge are beginning to feel the influence of the liberality of the age, the new University of King's College, London, seems liable to lapse into the illiberality of a more antiquated era. The Professorship of English Literature is vacant, and is likely to remain so unless King's College in its abhorrence of a vacuum, should offer some more liberal terms than those now before us, for filling up the vacancy. In the first place, the duties are to be performed by "two single gentlemen rolled into one," for the Professor of the English Language is also to be the Lecturer on English Literature and Modern History. In looking over the printed instructions to Candidates, we perceive at once, that the Professorship of English Language must be vacant, and indeed the English Grammar of the University seems to have got completely out of repair, as we shall prove by a few specimens.

"As Professor," certain duties are assigned, and it is then stated that "as Lecturer," something must be done "under the general direction of the Professor." How a man is to put himself under his own general directions is rather a puzzle to us, and though self-control may be a practicable virtue, we cannot see how any one can so completely carry out the theory of the duality of mind as to establish a sort of duality of body, and make himself subordinate to himself in two separate characters.

The endowment of the chair is in fact *nil*, and indeed the office is a sort of eleemosynary professorship, for the "remuneration arises wholly from the Fees paid by the Students." The largest of these fees are derived from the students of the Department of Civil Service, but as these students amounted to only nine in the last term, the look out for the professor is rather a dreary one. After showing the vague and misty source of the emoluments, the Council indulges in a sanguine burst of anticipation, and ventures on the remark that—

"The appointment, it is hoped, will never be worth less than £100 per annum."

Hope has frequently told a flattering tale, but even supposing that the Professor and Lecturer should be enabled to pocket one hundred pounds, we think the occupant of the chair would scarcely find the means to supply a most frugal table.

Candidates are required to send in their testimonials just as our friend, the dustman, sends up his medal and his black-eyed dog, and his original bell, for his annual Christmas-box. The testimonials are not to be such as are suited to "any occasion that may chance to arise"—a provision that looks as if the Council felt that the Candidates must be of the class of persons who are always on the look out for anything that may turn up, and who carry their written characters about with them.

Among other liberal provisions

"The salaries are liable to a deduction of 2½ per cent. for the purpose of forming a reserve fund, to meet any excess of expenditure over income;"—

or, in other words, if the Council should get into debt, the Professors must pay for the Council's mismanagement. After reading these particulars, as to the Professorships of this liberal University, we are surprised that we do not find the outside of King's College, London, turned into a broker's shop, with a quantity of chairs constantly exposed for sale on the pavement.

Cobden after Clichequot.

WE agree with the *Times* that the policy which MR. COBDEN recommended at Leeds is precisely that which KING CLICQUOT has been pursuing. Although we consider this policy to be unwise and contemptible, we admit that there is one thing to be said in its favour. STERN, in *Tristram Shandy*, quotes the practice of the ancient Scythians, in their councils, of debating a question under two opposite conditions; first, in a state of intoxication, and secondly, in one of sobriety. MR. COBDEN is known to be almost a teetotaler; and certainly a policy, adopted by CLICQUOT, and approved by the Member for the West Riding, has, at least, had the advantage of a discussion equivalent to the ancient Scythian.

Victor Emmanuel!

MR. PUNCH offers his homage to the KING OF SARDINIA, and on account of his spirited conduct in siding with the Allies against the Tyrant, begs to congratulate him on having assumed in the political edifice of Europe, a position which is that of a Brick. Mr. Punch will take the liberty of adding, that he also considers VICTOR EMMANUEL to be the very Trump of War.

SUNDAY'S CRUEL FRIENDS.



SUPPOSE I were Sunday, any sober-minded person, with a turn for personification, might say, "I should not thank the teetotallers and Sabbatarians. Save me from my friends: such friends as those who met at Nottingham the other Tuesday, in the Exchange Rooms, to petition Parliament for an act to close public houses during the whole of that day."

One extreme of fanaticism provokes its opposite; and no wonder that, the object of the meeting having, after violent uproar, been put in the form of a resolution,

"A man, named HUTTON, then proposed, as an amendment, 'That all churches and chapels should be closed on Sunday.' The proposition was received with mingled cheers and hisses.

"The Chairman requested HUTTON to withhold his amendment, but the latter persisted in its being put.

"This being done, a burst of hands was held up.

"The original resolution was then put and lost amidst cheers and confusion.

"One of the total abstinents requested the Chairman to again put the amendment, which upon being done, was carried by an immense majority."

The *Morning Post*, whence the above is extracted, proceeds to state that a regular row ensued, the gas being turned off, and "the greatest confusion prevailing." These edifying proceedings took place in the "large hall," which "was crowded to excess with working men."

The Sabbatarians really make quite an idol of Sunday, and they are endeavouring to compel the rest of the community to conform to their worship. The consequence is, as above shown, that they excite hostility to all worship whatever,

except that of BACCHUS, which they so vehemently persecute; and persecution always tends to stimulate the zeal of its victims.

That New Zealander of MR. MACAULAY's will perhaps read in an elementary history of England a description of the idol adored by the Sabbatarians under the name of Sunday, couched, it may be in somewhat like the following terms:—

"This divinity was represented in rusty black clothes, with a stiffly starched, but dirty, white stock clasping the neck. The hair was long, lanky, and black, resembling in everything but colour a pound of candles. The whites of the eyes alone were visible, and the corners of the mouth were drawn down, the complexion was cadaverous and sallow, and the whole countenance wore an expression of sorrow and gloom. Sunday was figured with a tract in either hand, and a bottle peeping out of his coat-tail pocket to indicate that he was in the habit of indulging himself at home in the refreshment which he could not obtain during an excursion. Sunday is sometimes confounded with Genius of Spleen or Melancholy: a mistake occasioned by his strabillous appearance, which was meant to express the results of want of air and exercise."

Such is the aspect under which the Sabbatarian Teetotallers are now depicting Sunday, and thus presenting Sunday under an ugly form to the working classes.

On Inhospitable Thoughts In-tent.

THE *Quarterly Review* states that some of the tents sent out by our intelligent war officials for the poor soldiers in the Crimea, were old ones which had actually been used in the Peninsular War, and, of course, having rotted in store for half a century, were utterly useless. It must have been to this Ministerial feat that one of the slavering eulogists of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE referred, when alleging the other day that "the Government supplies to the troops would show better the more they were canvassed."

THE CROSS AND THE SWORD.

Sung in character by MR. NICHOLAS.

Or the Orthodox Faith the Defender I stand,
The Monarch of Cossack and Tartar;
With the Cross in my heart and the Sword in my hand,
In the style of a Saint and a Martyr.

The Cross to mankind proclaims peace and good will,
The Sword means my zeal to convert 'em,
No menace whatever to slaughter and kill;
No kind of intention to hurt 'em.

(Spoken.) Oh dear, no! The weapon is simply symbolical, my Christian friends; a mystical sword; a figurative sabre; a spiritual cut-and-thrust. It only serves me to smite heresy and schism, and to prick the conscience of unbelievers. I would not use it to stab a flea, beloved, or any other troublesome little enemy of Russia. Such revenge I leave to barbarians like BENJAMIN BOWLEBAR, the savage British tailor. I content myself with turning its edge against error, and opposing its point to false doctrine. For

Of the Orthodox Faith, &c.

Understand by the Cross that I'm merciful, meek,
Benevolent, chaste, pure, and holy;
(I couldn't sing thus with my tongue in my cheek)
'Tis as much as to say that I'm lowly.

'Tis a sign of long-suffering, patience, and love,
Which you know to be my disposition;
It declares that I've set my affections above,
And am dead to all worldly ambition.

(Spoken.) How about the sick man? To heal him, my brethren, that was my object—to heal the sick: the Christian's commission. Upon my honour! Bosh! Very true. Honour is bosh. It is all vanity. Upon my word, then: the word of a Russian gentleman. How about Sinope? A slight bleeding for the sick man, my friends; that was all. Poor fellow! It was necessary that he should lose a little blood. I hope he will recover. I trust he will. I pray that he may. I pray continually. I am always praying when I am not singing psalms. Would you like to hear *Te Deum*? I have practised that a good deal. They do say I am grand in *Non confunder*. But I fear they flatter. Yet we should not judge. Methinks I have a reasonable bass voice.

But it does not become me to glory. Pride was not made for man. Gammon? Very nice my friends—when not too fat. I could dine off it any day—that is any day but a fast day. Because, you see,

Of the Orthodox Faith, &c.

In my Sword you the symbol of justice may see
'Tis a virtue I carefully study,
I cannot conceive how some Sovereigns can be
So relentless and savage and bloody.

My heart by the Cross in 't is rendered so mild,
Is so softened by tender affection,
That offenders I treat as a parent his child
When he gives it a little correction.

(Spoken.) Who slaughtered the Poles? Who hanged PESTAL? Who had the poor student knouted to death? Who has sacrificed more than half a million of lives in twenty-eight years? One at a time, my friends, one at a time. I wish it were in my power to answer your questions. I assure you the party is a stranger to me. Who flogged the Nuns? The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, my Christian friends, out of spite to CARDINAL WISEMAN. Who oppressed the Jews? KING JOHN; my beloved: KING JOHN of England. Who persecuted the Roman Catholics? The English QUEEN ELIZABETH also: and now you behold her successor QUEEN VICTORIA encouraging the Mahometans to torture and kill our poor persecuted brethren of the orthodox faith. I trust she will be brought to a better mind. That is why I have drawn the Sword of Faith here—bearing the Cross of forbearance and resignation in my bleeding heart. Walker? Ah, yes. WALKER is an English name. Bless him! Bless the English! We ought to bless our enemies. My heart, having what it has in it, commands me to do so: and I make the utmost endeavours, with the means I hold in my hand, to fulfil the precept; since, my Christian brethren and indulgent hearers: since, as I have before observed,

Of the Orthodox Faith the Defender I stand,
The monarch of Cossack and Tartar,
With the Cross in my heart and the sword in my hand.
Don't I look like a Saint and a Martyr?

VALOUR'S REWARD.—LORD CARDIGAN has come home; and—says the *Chronicle*—now not the vulgarist demagogue would reproach him with the "black bottle." Very true. We forgive and forget his Lordship the black bottle, seeing how gallantly he has stood the grape.



DOING IT THOROUGHLY.

Old Gent. "I SAY, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU SHOULD ALWAYS HOLD YOUR PONY TOGETHER GOING UP HILL, AND OVER FLOUGHED LAND!"

Young Nimrod. "ALL RIGHT OLD COCK! DON'T YOU TEACH YOUR GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS! THERE'S MY MAN BY THE HAY-STACK WITH MY SECOND HORSE!"

THE PRESS AND THE MINISTERS.

WE hope the letter signed "H. ADDINGTON," and purporting to give notice to quit to "A Gentleman of the Press," who had been apparently engaged at a regular salary to support the Ministerial policy, we hope, we say, that this letter is a hoax on the public and a libel on the Government. We trust we are not in the hands of Statesmen who could be such fools—we cannot use a more roundabout form of speech—as to suppose, in the first place, that the press is to be bought, and in the next place, that if it could be bought it would be worth the purchase. Imagine the PREMIER entering into an arrangement with that fine old independent organ the *Manx Cat*, to give its feline support to the cause of order in the Isle of Man, at five pounds per quarter. Fancy the Treasury being in communication with that fusty old farrago of feebleness the *Somethingshire Independent*, to sell its independence for a guinea a week; or trying to check the biting of the *Flamborough British Lion* by stopping its tooth with the gold of an occasional sovereign.

We should like to catch the Minister who would dare to offer us even the most tempting douceur to moderate in the least degree one blow of our baton. If we were even offered a coronet we would "dash the bauble down," and spurn with our foot a whole pottle of strawberry leaves rather than relinquish one jot of that independence which has made us what it is not consistent with our modesty to mention.

An Unjust Comparison.

At the meeting of Middlesex Magistrates there was a motion for expense for militia colours and musical instruments, that could not be entertained. "Why not apply to the War-Office?" asked Mr. WILSON. "It has been done," was the reply of the Lieutenant-Colonel, "and it is of as much use as applying to a lamp-post." An unjust comparison this; for the lamp-post has, at least a greater part of its time, a light at the head of it. No coronet extinguishes that.

YELPING CURS.

SOME of the special pets of Clapham and Exeter Hall have been casting evangelical dirt at Miss NIGHTINGALE, and her companion labourers in the holy cause of mercy and charity. Bigotry, certainly, has not much to say in the matter; but it spits out that little with as much fury as if it were accusing Miss NIGHTINGALE of the seven deadly sins. Exeter Hall cannot find out that the lady belongs to any theological faction; but as she is a friend of Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, who is supposed to favour Puseyism, which is known to be akin to Popery, there is convincing evidence—according to the M'HOWL and O'MUGGINS' system of logic—to prove that Miss NIGHTINGALE is gone out to preach Romanism to the wounded soldiers. So she is duly denounced by the patent Christians of Clapham—the brawlers of the Hall of Exeter. We hope that in the approbation of HER SOVEREIGN, the affectionate gratitude of the army, and the regard of all true Englishmen, Miss NIGHTINGALE will be able to find some consolation for the dialike of sectarians who believe that no good deed can be done, except by a votary of M'HOWL and O'MUGGINS.

AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

FREDERICK THE GREAT—on the weighty authority of DOCTOR JOHNSON—exercised much genius in the matter of bottles. The faculty it is said, has descended to the present KING WILLIAM, otherwise KING CLICQUOT by the grace of grape. "The true strong and sound mind"—said the gigantic SAMUEL, as reported by BOSWELL—"is the mind that can embrace equally great things and small. Now I am told the KING OF PRUSSIA will say to a servant, 'Bring me a bottle of such a wine which came in such a year; it is in such a corner of the cellar.'" The present King inherits this extraordinary gift in so far as bottles go. The Royal mind can fill a cellar, but Prussia,—nay, even an eighth of Prussia—is a world too big for it.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN (WITH THE MILD EYES)
DRESSING FOR A MASQUERADE.



THE OLD LIBRARY WITH THE WALLS
DESIGNED FOR A MAGAZINE

SERIOUS OBJECTIONS TO MISS NIGHTINGALE.



THE ROBIN REDBREAST once did pious service to the Babes in the Wood. A NIGHTINGALE is performing a service yet more pious to the wounded at Scutari. Yet the piety of this NIGHTINGALE is questioned. She is condemned as not being a psalm-singing NIGHTINGALE: denounced as not up to the *Standard*: for in the journal bearing that name, a letter-writer observes that—

"The fact that Miss NIGHTINGALE is so variously reported—by some as a Roman Catholic, by others as a Unitarian, and by Miss

HERBERT as rather Low Church—is a pretty good proof that her creed is not very distinct."

The creed of Miss NIGHTINGALE appears to be about as distinct, and about as indistinct, as that same creed was eighteen hundred years, odd, ago. That Creed had then not yet had the benefit of the lucid exposition of ATHANASUS. The question had not been raised whether a real man could hold himself in his own hands in the form of a cake. No controversy had occurred similar to the GORHAM, and there is every reason to believe that the most learned of the Churchmen had never heard of "prevenient grace." There was no ARCHDEACON DENISON to educe light from smoke, nor any Court of Arches to adjudicate on his perspicuous propositions. Metaphysically that Creed was very indistinct, by all accounts.

That metaphysically indistinct Creed, however, was distinct and plain enough in certain practical points. One of these was the duty of ministering to the sick. Miss NIGHTINGALE evidently believes this: and we should not be surprised to learn that she believes every other doctrine the belief of which was declared necessary by the same authority.

Theological gentlemen who insist upon distinctness of creed, and sneer at a Christian lady for the supposed want of it, might consider whether their own creed is any clearer than that which they attribute to her; whether their ideas of faith are quite as distinct as their declarations? Perhaps were they to analyse the belief which they hold, they would find it to consist in simply believing just so much of their religion as they cannot understand, and no more. These gentlemen are generally so very "serious," that we are afraid we shall shock them by referring them to *Hamlet*, and begging them to ponder what *Laertes* says to a certain "churlish priest" about "a ministering angel." We will therefore advise them to consult a work of another inspiration than SHAKESPEARE'S, wherein something very like that saying is applied to those whose profession is so much more distinct, but whose practice is so much less faithful, than Miss NIGHTINGALE'S.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATION QUESTION.

Examiner. Your answers have been most highly satisfactory. Now Sir, one question more, and I have done with you. What countryman are you, pray?

Candidate. I am proud to say I am an Englishman.

Examiner (with astonishment.) Did you say an Englishman?

Candidate. Yes, Sir, an Englishman.

Examiner. Dear me! that alters the matter entirely. Your qualifications are undeniable—you are in every requisite, worthy to fill the important office in question—but the fact of your being an Englishman inevitably excludes you from it. I was in hopes, after the great talent you had displayed, that you were a foreigner—but, as it is, I do not see any chance for you. It is a pity, for the emoluments attached to the office exceed £2,000 a year, and I have no doubt that, but for the defect you have mentioned, I should have had to congratulate you on your election to it. I feel for your misfortune, Sir, and can only condole with you that you are not a German, or an Italian, or a Russian even, anything but an Englishman.

(Politely bows him out.)

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENT.

It is said that LORD ABERDEEN is to have the vacant Garter. About as fitting a present as knee-buckles to a Highlander. Seeing that the PREMIER has not a leg to stand upon, what will he do with a Garter?

TOAST FOR ALL PARTIES.—To Miss NIGHTINGALE, and all the Ladies in the Crimea—except Miss Management.

WELL DONE, LADIES OF LEEDS!

QUITE mutely, but very nobly and practically, have the Ladies of Leeds protested against Manchester peace-work in the person of RICHARD CORDEN. (*Oh, Richard, Oh, mon roi, why hast thou abdicated?*) These gracious women have protested by the eloquent word of mouth of good works. Let the articles speak for themselves, and every article tell its own tale of womanly assiduity and womanly tenderness. The ladies, toiling in many cases from nine in the morning till eleven at night, have collected, for the Crimea,—

"1,254 linen and cotton shirts, 300 pairs woollen drawers, 2,028 pairs gloves, 276 linen sheets, 408 towels, 504 flannel shirts, half a ton old linen, 130 down pillows, 553 pocket handkerchiefs, 9 bundles lint, 8 sacks of bandages, 91 dozens Amontillado sherry, 10,000 needles, thimbles, thread, lanterns, 5 cwt. cotton for pillows and rests, an innumerable collection of cuffs, gaiters, mitts, caps, dressing-gowns, hair-mattresses, blankets, slings, and many other necessary articles."

When JOHN BRIGHT, in the quietude of his study, read the above, we learn—from our familiar—that the ink, with which he wrote his famous letter for the early closing of the breeches-pocket in the matter of subscriptions, turned scarlet as a soldier's coat: that the steel pen with which he put down the iron words split itself to the top with a screech, and not with a "melodious twang."

A worse matter happened to RICHARD CORDEN. He read the list, and was so possessed by the circumstances that all the above-named articles visited him at night in the horrid way of nightmare. He thought that he was suddenly enveloped in the 1,254 shirts, and made a mountain of fleecy hosiery—well nigh big as a Welch mountain—by the 300 pair of woollen drawers. At the same time his nose was pressed by invisible fingers with, singly, the 553 pocket-handkerchiefs! Needles and thread went through and through, penetrating even the shirts and drawers, and inflicting on the Member for the West Riding the most frightful stitches in the side. The ton of old linen smothered him; and he believed he was going out in darkness when, fortunately, one of the lanterns appeared, he thought, in his head, and another in his stomach. By the first, he was compelled to observe and confess to himself that his brains were in a sad tangle; but by the second, that at least his heart was in the right place. With this, there is yet hope of RICHARD.

In the meanwhile, *Punch* shouts again and again—"Well done, ladies of Leeds."

APOLOGY FOR LORD JOHN.

MR. CORDEN finds fault with the present as compared with the former language of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, respecting the CZAR. He quotes the following passage from a letter of LORD JOHN'S, while Foreign Minister, to SIR H. SEYMOUR, then Ambassador at St. Petersburg:—

"Upon the whole, HER MAJESTY'S Government are persuaded that no course of policy can be adopted more wise, more disinterested, more beneficial to Europe, than that which his Imperial Majesty has so long followed, and which will render his name more illustrious than that of the most famous sovereigns who have sought immortality by unprovoked conquest and ephemeral glory."

Well; we may consider this as a little politic butter; which events have turned rancid; or diplomatic gammon now rusty with sufficient cause. Or we may perhaps be permitted to regard it in the light of soft soap, which LORD JOHN having once applied to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, now very, consistently gives that dirty potentate a wipe.

Woman it is!

A WORK has been recently advertised under the title of *Woman: in Eight Chapters*. We should like to know whether the author includes Old Women in Cathedral Chapters, among the subjects of his book. We are afraid that enough is not made of the material, for woman is suggestive to our minds of a much larger variety than can be comprehended within ordinary limits, and it seems really unwarrantable to reduce Woman to such a very mean allowance as Eight Chaps. Surely we have seen Woman under at least twenty different heads—or under twenty different bonnets, which is much the same thing—during the last few years.

Prize Poem. By an Oxford Man.

With martial fire when Frenchmen's bosoms glow,
They name with fitting pride the brave ARNAUD.
And when the parlour fire is bright and hot,
An Englishman applauds the wise ARNOTT.

JOKE FOR THE AMERICAN JOURNALS.—What can we care for the woes of Europe when our minds are engrossed with our own dollars?

TWO SORTS OF POLICE.—The Detective—and the Defective.



DISTRESSING RESULT OF EATING TURKEY DAY AFTER DAY.

THE POOR OLD PARTY HAS COME OUT ALL OVER FEATHERS.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"THE DUKE OF HIGGLEDY and MR. SIDNEY PIGGLEDY transacted business at the War Department."

SCENE.—Office of the Secretary for War, Whitehall Gardens.

Present—THE DUKE OF HIGGLEDY, MR. SIDNEY PIGGLEDY, and the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The Duke (throwing down a copy of the "Times"). It's really too bad! If they can find men abler and more willing to work, why don't they? I wish my successor joy of his berth whoever he may be.

Mr. Sidney P. Upon my word its enough to tempt one to throw up one's office. How is a man to do better than his best? Hampered as we are too—by a set of old—(he checks himself.)

The Commander-in-Chief. I only wish Raglan had the fellow who wrote that, in camp for a week or two—I know the DUKE made short work of it, with some of those writing fellows who came out to the Peninsula. It was just after Victoria—eh—no—let me see—Victoria was it—no Badajoz—yes—Badajoz I think—there was a fellow came from the Times—that is—it was not the Times you know, then—but the Public Ledger—or the St. James's Chronicle—no—that's an evening paper—at any rate he was a newspaper fellow—and by the way—now I think of it—it must have been after we occupied the Lines of Torres Vedras—and I think it was PICTON—eh—PICTON? wasn't he dead then—

The Duke (who has been fidgetting a good deal, abruptly). But about those Spanish mules, PIGGLEDY—

Mr. Sidney P. No—no—not a chance of getting them. Haven't I told you that HOWDEN writes that the French have bought up everything saleable—down to the Borricos.

The Duke. That's precisely what I can't understand. What can CAPTAIN OVERALL have been about. He must have been out there by May—and he seemed an active fellow. He ought to have got the whip-hand of the French, eh—my Lord? (To the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.)

The Commander-in-Chief (waking from a close examination of the time-piece over the fireplace). Eh—bad movement that pendule of yours. Who did you say?

The Duke (impatiently). You remember CAPTAIN OVERALL—the man who suggested our buying up mules in Spain. Last April I sent his letter to you, with my approval minuted.

The Commander-in-Chief (whose mind is evidently running on the time-piece). Nobody like BARWICK—eh—OVERALL—yes—I remember—the man about the ovens—wasn't he?—or the tea, was it?

The Duke. No, no; the old 17th man who was with Evans in Spain.

He who volunteered to go out and buy mules—and we agreed he was to go. Don't you remember?

The Commander-in-Chief. Eh—well, I think—now you mention it;—but I confess I haven't a clear recollection. I suppose the letter went to the Ordnance. Eh—no—it would be the Commissariat,—mules—you know. I suppose it wasn't for ordnance transport he wanted them—obstinate brutes—I was kicked by one in Elvas.

Mr. Sidney P. (ringing the bell). Hadn't we better send for the letter, and see what has been done on it. (He writes.)

[Seals note and rings the bell: Enter a Messenger, who takes note and exit.]

Commander-in-Chief. By the way—talking of mules, there's that man at Gibraltar. He's got a lot together, 2 or 3 or 400—I don't remember exactly—and 'gad he wrote to beg we'd lose no time in shipping 'em, as he couldn't get any forage to keep the poor brutes alive.

[Enter Second Messenger, gives despatch-box to the Duke and exit.]

The Duke (opening box, taking out and reading note—looks mortified). Now, what on earth? My dear PIGGLEDY! Confound those fellows at Scutari or Balaklava—or wherever the hitch is. Here's that cargo of barley and hay we shipped at Besika Bay by the William Harrison, has never been landed at Balaklava.

Mr. Sidney P. Is it possible!

The Duke. Here's the COMMISSARY-GENERAL FIDDLER complaining that the transport, after arriving there, with her cargo on board, was ordered off without unloading, and that somehow or other, she seems to have sailed to England, with condemned stores.

Mr. Sidney P. And our poor horses eating each other's tails off before Sebastopol!

[Enter First Messenger with a mass of papers tied up in red tape which he gives to COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and exit.]

Commander-in-Chief (looking nervously at the papers, and trying to stop the messenger). Holloa—my man! Eh—What's this?

Duke of H. (testily). Good Heavens—don't you see?—CAPTAIN OVERALL's letter, with the draft of the correspondence on it. Why, what can all this be about? [Reads Draft.]

Mr. Sidney P. Read the last, first.

The Duke (reads). "January 5, 1855. Sir,—I am directed by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th of April last, which has been referred, in the regular course, to the Field-Train Department of the Ordnance Office, and by them to the Medical Departments of the Ordnance and of the War Office, and to the Commissariat Department, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF being of opinion (from the practice which appears to have hitherto prevailed, judging by the precedents in the office), that the mules which you propose to purchase, are better adapted for the conveyance of Medical or Commissariat than of Ordnance Stores, properly so called. From the correspondence between these different departments (of which see copies annexed numbered, consecutively, 1 to 32 inclusive), you will perceive that the Lords Commissioners of HER MAJESTY'S Treasury, as well as the Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, the Officer at the head of the Field-Train Department, and the Director-General of the Medical Departments, on careful consideration, are pleased to concur in the opinion of the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF on this point. I am therefore to request that you will, in the first instance, address your proposition to HER MAJESTY'S Secretary of State for the War Department, in order that he may move their Lordships, who will consider the expediency of placing at the disposal of the proper authority the funds necessary to enable that authority to act upon your suggestion, should that authority, on mature consideration, be of opinion that the interests of the service will be advanced by so doing.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"J. FITZQUILL,
"Military Secretary."

Mr. Sidney P. (sarcastically). Suggestion and offer made April 10, 1854: answer received January 10, 1855: and 32 letters on the subject! Nothing like a practical way of doing business!

Commander-in-Chief. Eh, eh! Yes! Careful fellows at my office—slow, but sure—uncommonly sure. Well—Eh—I suppose then, BOTHERALL had better write to me, or to you, or to you, DUKE—eh? in the regular way; he ought to know the rule of the service.

The Duke. Why! Good gracious! Didn't PIGGLEDY tell you our Ambassador has written to say the French bought up all the mules six months ago, except a few about Ronda, which he recommends should be purchased, if possible, and brought down to Gibraltar.

The Commander-in-Chief. Ah, sharp fellows, the French—got 'em a deuced deal cheaper than this PETHERAL—ROTHERHAL—what's his name—would have done.

The Duke. While we've been bandying the man's letter from office to office—for nine months or so.

Mr. Sidney P. (goking the fire violently). And then these scribblers out of doors abuse us.

The Duke. But about the cargo of forage that has miscarried?

Mr. Sidney P. Write at once to the transport agent, or the harbour

master of Balaklava, or whoever it is; we must have somebody dismissed—the right man, I mean, of course, if we can get at him.

The Duke. Oh, no, I must refer that part of the business to the Commissariat authorities out there, before doing anything. But *en attendant*, I'll see PENGUILLIAN at once about it. They must dismiss somebody: they shall dismiss somebody; I won't stand this sort of thing any longer. It's intolerable.

[Enter Third Messenger with dispatch-box, which he hands to COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, and exit.

Commander-in-Chief (rummaging among the papers). Eh—I've mislaid my spectacles—you read, PIGGLEDY, will you, there's a good fellow.

Mr. Sidney P. (reads). Forwarded from the Ordnance Office. Signed JOE STRUGGLES (Major Quartermaster-General's Department), dated Gibraltar.

Commander-in-Chief. STRUGGLES! STRUGGLES—can't recall the man! What's it about—what's he doing at Gibraltar?

Mr. Sidney P. (reads rapidly). He informs the Master-General that, by the lucky arrival of the transport *William Harrison* with a shipload of forage from Besika Bay, which had arrived in Gibraltar—how, or why, he does not exactly know, and has been unable to ascertain—he has been able to feed and ship off the 400 mules he had collected with forage for the voyage to the Crimea.

The Duke. "It's an ill wind blows nobody good." That must have been the cargo that ought to have been landed at Balaklava.

The Commander-in-Chief. Capital joke! meant for Balaklava and comes to Gibraltar—uncommonly lucky, though, for STRUGGLES and the mules.

The Duke. H'm—yes—but I shall insist on the transport-agent being reprimanded.

Mr. Sidney P. Do. We shall get blackguarded in the *Times*, you may depend on it.

The Duke. Yes. (Sighs.)

[Enter Fourth Messenger, lays a damp "Globe" on the table, and exit.

The Duke (takes it up and reads; a slight blush appears on his ingenuous countenance). By Jove, though, that is cool!

Mr. Sidney P. What is it? No bad news?

The Duke. Listen to this.

[Reads.

"Our readers, whose minds have been poisoned by the repeated accusations of our great morning contemporary, of a total want of forethought in providing means of transport for the stores and ammunition (so necessary for the comfort and safety of our gallant army before Sebastopol, no less than for the successful prosecution of the siege operations), will be surprised to learn that among the dispatches just arrived from the Mediterranean, is one from that energetic veteran, MAJOR STRUGGLES (of the Quartermaster-General's Department at Gibraltar), announcing the successful shipment—without an accident—of 400 magnificent Spanish mules, collected by him from the mountainous country round the Rock. It may equally surprise our readers to learn that the provident care of the military authorities had despatched to Gibraltar a shipload of forage for the use of these noble and useful animals, which arrived in perfect order, on board the transport *William Harrison*, just at the time when the resources of the neighbourhood for feeding so large a number of beasts were becoming scanty."

"Such an example of nicely calculated arrangement speaks volumes for the harmonious and effective working of our different military departments, the objects of such fierce and incessant attacks from venal and unscrupulous party-writers—insensible to any consideration higher than personal vanity or advantage, and smarting under the mortification of the well merited contempt, which they have incurred alike from the country and the Government."

Mr. Sidney P. Well! that fellow earns his money, at any rate!

Commander-in-Chief. Eh—ah—sensible paragraph. A thing of that kind does a great deal of good out of doors, eh? Don't you think so? I say, DUKE (with a wishful glance at the pendule), you really ought to employ BARWISE for your timepieces.

[The DUKE leans his head on his hand despairingly, MR. SIDNEY P. pokes the fire with vigour, biting his lip. SCENE closes.

ANOTHER PERVERT.

We trust that the indignant champions who shake their fists in the columns of the *Standard* at the perverted motives of MISS NIGHTINGALE, will well note and "improve" upon the alarming fact that our British grown, British-built frigate has passed, by incorporation, into the Austrian navy, and christened the *Radetzky*. But the mischief is to come: mass was performed on the quarter-deck, and the bishop "finally gave the frigate his benediction!" A British protestant steam-frigate perverted to Austrian popish craft! After a time, the perversion will pervade the whole British fleet, and Britannia will rule the waves in a scarlet petticoat. That ever English heart-of-oak should become knee-timber at the foot of a popish bishop! Will not MR. SPOONER kindly inquire into the matter?

The Fine Arts.

MR. WILSON PATTEN is studying the art of "Pewter-Pot-ichomanie." His principal study is to see whether he cannot efface the "Sunday Beer Bill," that was stamped upon the pewter pots last session, with a view of replacing it with some design of a less offensive character.

THE MONKEY OF THE ALMA.



HE writer of the "Campaign in the Crimea"—the glowing, graphic pen is self-evident—in the *Quarterly* tells an odd anecdote of a Zouave. He was a serjeant, and raised the French flag on the octagon tower that crowned the height: he fell covered with wounds, bequeathing a legacy to the regiment:

"It is a curious characteristic of these brave but eccentric troops, that the Zouave had a monkey upon his shoulder, which, dying, he bequeathed to his company, and which has since shared all their dangers."

Something ought to be done for this monkey. Some tribute paid to his experience. The monkey,

having seen so much of the war, must be a practical, knowing monkey. Why not offer him a subordinate place—a humble stool—at the War-Office? His knowledge could not, at the present time, be otherwise than acceptable. Or on the other hand, and still to pay a compliment to our gallant allies, say that the Monkey be of the kind called a green monkey,—why that fact should not bar his admission to place. In fact for the War-Office, we should say the greener the monkey, the better the chance.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

MR. CHARLES RIDINGS, of Manchester, at a late Beer-Act meeting, informed his hearers "that Sunday-school children were trained to watch public-houses on the Sunday." We presume that, according to the Solomons of Manchester, this is in obedience to the injunction,— "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Any way the training has already brought forth most remarkable effects. We are enabled by the kindness of persons—the trainers—too modest to allow their names to appear—to give a couple of the reports of these ingenuous, simple-minded children,—these young lambs, trained to watch the wolves of bitter beer, and the equivocating foxes of half-and-half. The experience of the children is written; and, we must say, the style and penmanship do great credit to the Sunday-school trainers of the Sabbath spies.

MATILDA PEEFWIT, of *St. Margery's*.

"Was at the Punch-Bowl—least ways at the corner—all the time I was out of school and church. Saw a good many women go into the Punch-Bowl. MRS. DAVIS, MARY TOMKINS, JULIA CLOOGS above any others. All had a look of drink when they went in, and all redder when they come out. A man asked me what I did there, when I told him I was waiting for my father. Father's been dead these three year. Thought it was MARIA SNEEF that went into the Bowl; but wasn't sure. Went in making believe to ask what was o'clock. Saw it was MARIA: she see me and stooped to speak to me. Smelt of rum, I'm sure; and—no doubt on it—is a confirmed drunkard. Which is shocking for any one that loves her neighbour as herself."

NEHEMIAH WIGGLES, of *St. Juniper's*.

"Went last Sunday after church and stood opposite the Spoon-and-Nutmeg-grater. Took dinner in my pocket that, as I was bid, I might give my heart and soul to the good work. Hadn't been where I was ten minutes when I saw JEM BLOWFLY, the butcher's man, come out with his mouth *very wet*: all froth and such like. Could lay my hand upon my heart and say it was beer. JEM looked at me, but I wouldn't see him. In half-an-hour JEM comes again with a bottle. He went into the house, and come out again, with the bottle tucked in his breast, but with the neck of it looking out, like the neck of a serpent."

"Wisdom"—says the poet—"is found with children at her knees." But there is a sort of Manchester wisdom that sends forth children as spies and eavesdroppers!

Metaphysics for Murphy.

AN Irish Mesmerist defines the prophetic clairvoyance, or second sight, said to be occasionally manifested in magnetic somnambulism, as the memory of circumstances which have not yet happened.



First Young Lady. "OH DEAR! HOW DULL THE OLD TOWN IS, NOW ALL THE OFFICERS ARE GONE ABROAD!"

Second Ditto (a trifle older). "H'M!—FOR MY PART I'M VERY GLAD THEY'RE GONE, FOR THEY WERE ALWAYS FOLLOWING ONE ABOUT!"

THE PUBLIC WARRIOR.

THE word Private, as applied to a Soldier in the ranks, is beginning to seem inappropriate—perhaps because it so continually occurs in the papers, prefixed to each name in a long column, which is a list of the killed and wounded. Some one has said that there is a fitness in the word, as expressive of the condition of a private soldier, who is *privatus*, bereft, or deprived of almost all his rights as a citizen, and enjoyments as a man. In this sense, the soldier in the Crimea is certainly in a condition of strict privacy. But no one can be less private, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, than the common soldier, for he is seldom ever alone for more than five minutes, except when posted sentry: and then he performs a public duty. Privacy, to most people, means solitude, such as that of a library, or of a secluded mansion, embosomed in trees, and surrounded by a high wall, through which access is afforded by a pair of great solid wooden gates, with spikes on the top of them. A private gentleman may monopolize his shrubbery: but a soldier must generally share his laurels with his comrades. The so called Private Soldier, as contradistinguished from the Officer, has seldom any private property, and so far is he from being private in any way, that it would be better to call him just the reverse.

Sworn Brothers.

DAMON (with the mild eyes) has had the Garter a long time, and now PYTHIAS is to have it. ABERDEEN cannot bear that his friend of forty years should have a distinction unshared by himself. So they are now to be linked by oath in the bonds of brotherhood, and tied together by the Blue Ribbon. One might have thought that an Englishman, at such a moment, would have refused to enter the order, unless the spurs of NICHOLAS were stricken from his proxy's heels by the cleaver of the Windsor Castle cook. But ABERDEEN evidently does not see the branding satire of the gift. Did PALMERSTON recommend it?

A HUMBUG, AND SOMETHING MORE.—A BARNUM-BUG.

A TASTE OF ELLIOTT'S ENTIRE.

At a meeting of the Law Amendment Society the other day, a Mr. ELLIOTT (not the worthy Magistrate we hope) insisted on the necessity for "going back to the ancient pious!! healthy!! and Christian!!! principle of vengeance." The principle is certainly an ancient, and may possibly be a pious one—according to some of the piety of the present day—but to call it either healthy or Christian is to show an ignorance or a misapprehension of the rules applicable to health, and of the doctrine of Christianity.

Happily in these days it is not necessary to argue the point with Mr. ELLIOTT, who will find few sympathisers with his avowedly retrogressive sentiments. If we are to punish a criminal on the principle of vengeance, we should strip every garment from the back of him who robbed us of our coat, and we should repay with interest a blow on the cheek, a mode of proceeding which would be obviously at variance with a well known precept of Christianity. We hope that the Law Amendment Society will not think of trying to amend the law by importing into it the principle of revenge, which it has been the humane policy of modern legislation to ignore as much as possible.

Inscription for the Portrait of Lord Aberdeen, K.G.

(Founded on the Nursery Legend of Miss CARTER.)

THIS blessed Martyr
Got his Garter
In VICTORIA's reign;
But in disgrace
He lost his place
Which he'll never get again.

A Russian Cross.

NICHOLAS, in his Manifesto, says "the Cross is in our hearts." If it is for bayonetting our wounded soldiers, we are glad of it, since it may be intended as a sign of repentance, or as a confession of guilt, for we know it is the custom abroad to erect a Cross wherever a murder has been committed.

THE DOG THAT BIT YOU.—Why is a parlour dog like KING CLICQUOT?—Because he is always getting under the table.

A BIT OF BARNUM-ISM.



THE American papers are full of little paragraphs headed "MARIO'S ADMIRER," and containing anecdotes of the pertinacity with which a certain—or, perhaps, we ought to say a rather doubtful—lady is following MARIO wherever he goes, and giving fabulous prices for the best places to witness his performances. We can well understand that the great tenor has numerous admirers, both male and female; and we are rather surprised that it should

be found necessary to resort to any kind of "dodge" to enhance his attraction. It is not very complimentary to MARIO to be continually speaking of his "admirer" in the singular number,—a state of things with reference to a public performer, that reminds us of the manager who, seeing only one unhappy individual in the barn that served for a theatre, went forward to "dismiss" the house, and commenced with the word "SIR" his address to the audience. We are inclined to believe that the stories in circulation relative to MARIO's admirer are mere BARNUM-ISMS, set afloat for the purpose of humbugging that most gullible of nations—the Americans.



THE THAW.

"GOT THE HINFLUENZA, HAVE YER? HA! YOU SHOULD WEAR HINGYRUBBER GOLOSHES AS I DOER."

THE POLITICAL "CROSS."

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

SCENE:—One of the Libraries in the House of Commons.

TIME:—Before the Meeting of the House on Tuesday.

PERSONS:—VISCOUNT JAUNTY, LORD JOHN SHALL, MR. BUCKRAM.

Mr. Buckram (impatiently). Now, my Lords, I want to know, once for all, whether I am to give this notice or not. Bless my soul! Why don't you make up your minds? Good gracious me! Here's three o'clock! All the world knows I dine at three. Will you give me an answer? What do you want me to do?

Lord John. My dear Mr. BUCKRAM, will you oblige us by going into that recess, and amusing yourself for five minutes with HANNAARD, or something? I want to say two words to LORD JAUNTY, and then you shall have our answer.

Mr. Buckram (petulantly). There's no amusement in HANNAARD, or instruction either, except in my Speeches, and those I know by heart. And I shan't go into the recess, but go and stand by the fire. *[Goes.]*

Lord John. As you please. Now, my dear Viscount, what do you think about it? Shall we bring things to an end. If we decide that he shall give the notice for a select committee, I resign directly, and then, as the French say, *à bas vient votre maison.*

Viscount. Do they. I didn't know. *N'importe.* Well, the question is rather one for yourself than for me.

Lord John. Shall I offend you if I say that I scarcely recognise your habitual clear-sightedness in that observation.

Viscount. Offend me, my dear fellow! The friendship I have for you can be affected by nothing, past, present, or future. But you needn't come any humbug.

Lord John. Well, to come to the point. We have one object—to clear out these Peelites at once.

Viscount. Again I say, no humbug. It is your object. It is not much to me whether they are cleared out immediately or not. I can wait. Nothing can prevent a smash, sooner or later, and then, without any effort on my part, I am certain of any position which I—in which I may think my humble talents can be useful to my sovereign.

Lord John. With whom you are such a favourite, and also with her Illustrious—

Viscount. Never mind all that.

Lord John. I don't. But permit me, my dear friend, to submit to you one contingency. If the Coalition falls, in consequence of this move of mine, we look to a reconstruction, on a liberal basis.

Viscount. You do—I tell you I wish you would mind your pronouns.

Lord John. If you don't, I can't comprehend your assenting to my present course. For if LORD DERBY comes in—*(is silent—horried at his own supposition.)*

Viscount (apparently not horried at all). LORD DERBY is a very clever man. I had much pleasure in acting with him when we were colleagues, and he was Mr. STANLEY, and an ultra-reformer. Also he

runs very good horses, and as I myself have a liking for the turf, we should have at least two feelings in common, which is more than can be said of most couples in the present Cabinet.

Lord John (aghast). Do you mean that you would take office with the Tories?

Viscount. Would it be for the first time?

Lord John. Why no, not exactly. But times are changed.

Viscount. So are Tories. In fact there are no politics now. But *(smiling)* I am free to confess, my dear JOHN, that there might be insuperable difficulties in the way of my joining an administration in which DERBY, DISRAELI, and PAKINGTON were the chiefs.

Lord John (relieved). I should say so.

Mr. Buckram (coming up angrily). You said five minutes. It's ten. Am I to have an answer? I'll go home to dinner. All the world knows I hate to be kept waiting for my dinner. Now then.

Viscount (winningly). My dear BUCKRAM, I am sure you are not the man to let your dinner come between you and the interests of your country.

Mr. Buckram (somewhat appeased). Well, I don't know that I am. Anyhow, I'll wait a little longer. *(Goes back to fire.)*

Viscount. I would—there's a good time coming. Now, JOHN, nonsense apart, we understand one another. At least, I venture to believe that I understand you. You would like to see any re-arrangement of the Cabinet that should include all the old Whigs, with yourself at their head, and that should exclude the humble individual who addresses you from the office of Prime Minister.

Lord John (rather awkwardly). My dear Viscount—don't put it in that way. Independently of my friendship for you, which is as intense—

Viscount. As mine for you, my dear fellow—we have settled all that. Go on.

Lord John. Well then, independently of that, I assure you that I recognise your commanding talents—

Viscount. As we often recognise folks we don't care to bow to, eh?

Lord John. Pooh, pooh. But the fact is, I feel that your special genius at this moment might be so much better exercised in trampling down official conventionalities, re-organising our system of Military Administration, stimulating the country by your manly Saxon eloquence, and generally doing—

Viscount. First class work from a second class place. Well, I have said that I will take my chance with you. Comprehend the sacrifice, however. These fellows must fall, and I might come in either as Premier with a new coalition, or else very high with the Derbyites, and the country blessing me for the patriotism that would not let party considerations withhold my aid in the hour of need.

Lord John. I appreciate your self-denial most fully, my dear Viscount, and I think that a few weeks will see us more firmly united than ever. That little man is very uncomfortable—shall we give him his cue.

Viscount. If this little man likes.

Lord John. Don't be rude. BUCKRAM.

Mr. Buckram (ungraciously). Well.

Lord John. Give your notice.

Mr. Buckram. Why couldn't you have said so an hour ago. *[Exit.]*

Viscount. By the way, you'll have to explain to the House—but you understand all that, ha! ha!

Lord John. Ha! ha! I think we have both had some practice at that work. I shall put it as damagingly as I can for the Government, and praise you enormously, not only because it's a pleasure, but because—

Viscount. All right. And I shall declare that I admire you beyond all measure, not only because—as aforesaid—but because the more illustrious the witness the more damaging his testimony against us. I shall just rebuke you for going out at such a time, because that strengthens the case—we must be very bad for you to leave us so abruptly.

Lord John. Just so. *(The SPEAKER is announced to be at prayers.)* Four o'clock, eh? I will be off. Adieu, Mr. Secretary of State for the Whole War Department.

Viscount. Adieu, Mr. Expectant Head of HER MAJESTY'S Government.

[Exeunt.]

[PROTEST.—*Mr. Punch* is so disgusted at the uncharitable suspicions manifested by the party who could "imagine" the above "conversation," that he publishes it for the purpose of shaming, if possible, an individual who forms so unworthy an idea of British patriots, statesmen, and members of the Imperial Parliament.]

A Mull by Professor Muller.

A LEARNED professor at Oxford (DR. MAX MULLER) is about to give a lecture on the Origin of the Alphabet. When the Alphabet has undergone the mystifying process of a lecture at one of our Universities, it will no longer be possible to say "as plain as A. B. C."

NICHOLAS WARNED.—The CZAR is tearing the Polish Jews from their homes to fight his battles. Let him take an enemy's advice and not vex the Children of Israel. HOLOFERNES may find his JUDITH.

OUT! JOHN? OUT! JOHN?

A Favorite and Popular Song, as Sung at the St. Stephen's Theatre, by the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G.

OUT! JOHN? Out! JOHN?
What are you about, JOHN?
If I were my friend NICHOLAS,
I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.
Going out at such a time,
What will people say?
Is it not declaring, JOHN,
We're all unfit to stay?
ROEBUCK rises, vows to pitch
Into DUKE and SIDNEY,
DUDMOND follows, so does NORTH,
With others of the kidney.
All assert we've muddled the war,
Cannons, clothes, and diet.
Out you go, implying, JOHN,
That you can't deny it.
Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?
What are you about, JOHN?
If I were my friend NICHOLAS,
I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.

What's the mighty grievance, JOHN,
That makes you act so ill,
Was it that the Peclites

Burked your little bill?
The little bill of mild Reform,
Finality's last finish.
I couldn't have believed, JOHN,
That you were so thin-skinnish.
Bring it in again, JOHN,
Make your own condition.
Don't let such a trifle
Smash a Coalition.
Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?
What are you about, JOHN?
If I were my friend NICHOLAS,
I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.

Was it that you held a place
Lower than was fair?
Well, you kicked off GRANVILLE,
And got into his chair.
Was it that you hated PAM,
Feared his jaunty joke—
Well, we set him down to deal
With Breaks, and sewers, and smoke.
Didn't GLADSTONE, to oblige,
Yield about the Jews—

What in reason, gentle JOHN,
Did your friends sense?
Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?
What are you about, JOHN?
If I were my friend NICHOLAS,
I'd treat you to the knout, JOHN.

Very much I fear, JOHN,
You've took and been and done it—
If DERBY enters for the race
By Easter he'll have won it.
Then, my fine reforming JOHN,
Where are all your glories—
Giving up the Government
To the harried Tories?
I was one for forty years,
So I ought to know 'em—
Come, my JOHNNY, let's shake hands,
And fight the Tories, blow 'em.
Out! JOHN? Out! JOHN?
What are you about JOHN?
Ruin my Government,
And, as it seems, for none, JOHN.

WAR COMPANIES WANTED.



RAY tell us where are all the Army Contractors? Are there none of them possessed of capital and spirit enough to combine in a firm, or start a company, for the purpose of contracting with the nation to do the Army?—not as the Army is done by the Government, by which it has been so shamefully done as almost to be done for, but as the Army ought to be done by. Somebody must lead the van of military reform, and if MESSAS. PICKFORD had been employed for that purpose, we should not have had our brave soldiers before Sebastopol in a state which may be compared to that of starvation on Hampstead Heath, with shiploads of food and clothing off Hungerford Pier.

As far as the conduct of the war is concerned, it is to be feared that any

Ministers we are likely to have will resemble the fountains in Trafalgar Square, which are inconsiderably ornamental, quite useless, and do nothing but spout, though the fountains only spout a little, and the members of the Cabinet will probably spout much. The operation of Governments, for many years, has mainly consisted in withstanding the demands of the nation as long as possible, and giving them ultimately a bungling effect. Fancy what a job, in every sense of the word, either ABERDEEN and Co., or DERBY and Co., would have made of the Crystal Palace. How many breaks down would have occurred by this time? and perhaps at the present moment the building would be a heap of ruins, having tumbled to pieces yesterday for the tenth time, and buried all the workmen. Private energy, evidently, is alone to be depended on for the prosecution of any great enterprise; and if this war is to be brought to a successful termination, it must be taken up by capitalists, and carried on by the agency of speculative bodies, such as a "Sebastopol Capture Company," a "Crimean Investment Association," or a "Cronstadt Reduction and St. Petersburg Occupation Society."

As Parliament must do something, it had better immediately pass an Act encouraging the formation of Joint Stock Anti-NICHOLAS Companies, with limited liability, for the purpose of doing the business of the Government by abating the Russian nuisance.

In the meanwhile, we do not demand that any heads should be brought to the block for the mismanagement that has entailed such loss and suffering on our army. Between the head and the block, in the case of the culprits, there is already too fatal a connexion. Transportation, however, we do think, is a penalty richly deserved by the guilty parties, and the proper way of inflicting it would be to send them to the Crimea, and assign them to a "Balaclava Conveyance Company," to be harnessed to carts filled with provisions and clothing, or hitched on to wooden butts, and compelled to drag these loads to LORD RAGLAN's forces up hill. This would be causing them to repair,

in their own persons, the neglect of not having provided draught horses, and then we are sure public opinion will bear us out in the remark, that those who were so stupid as to make that omission, afforded the best substitutes for the horse that could be found—next to the mule.

"LOOK ON DISS PICTURE."

Negro Hamlet.

LORD CAMPBELL has been coming down with some force upon the Eastern Union Railway Company. It appears that the Directors of that Company, in order to crush certain competition, carry people from Colchester to Norwich, a distance of 60 miles, for five shillings. But on the road is a place called Diss, which is a distance of only 40 miles, but as there is no competition in the conveyance to this place, the Company charge seven shillings for taking you two thirds of the journey, the whole of which they will take you for five.

A gentleman living at Diss, takes a Norwich ticket, paying the lower sum, and as the train stops at Diss, he gets out there, and tenders his ticket. The Company cannot bear to part with him so soon, unless he will hand over the extra two shillings, and as he refuses this, they get some Colchester justices to display a little of the usual wisdom of country justices, and convict him in a penalty under an inapplicable by-law. Appeal is made from Colchester justice to the shp where a better article is to be had, and the decision of the Colchester natives is upset. LORD CAMPBELL said that the traveller had bought his ticket for Norwich, and had paid all that was demanded, and that he had a right to get out at any intermediate place where the train stopped.

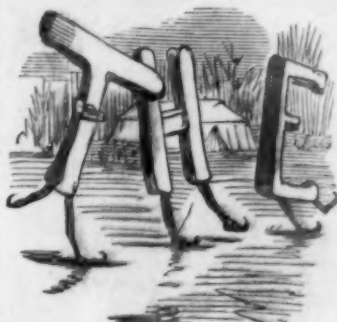
It certainly appears to Mr. Punch that the shabbiness of the Company, in lowering its fares in order to crush rivalry, and refusing the benefit of the selfish manoeuvre to a traveller because it is supposed he can't help himself, is only equalled by its assurance in claiming a right to imprison an un-offending party in a railway carriage during the time it pleases the management to take in going 20 miles. He hopes other Companies will take warning by the moral lesson which, unluckily for the Eastern Union,

"By Gloomy Diss was gathered."

OURSELVES RUSSIAN SPIES.

How much do the spies of NICHOLAS cost him in England? A very few coopecks probably would exceed the figure. Why should he spend any money on spies when he gets all the information with which they could furnish him, and more, in the Parliamentary debates, and the newspapers? We make him a present of disclosures, such that, for supplying us with anything corresponding to the least important of them, he would certainly cause any subject of his own to be knouted to jelly. What a pity it is that we can't hold our tongues, and restrain our pens a little—which we might do, perhaps, if our affairs were in the hands of administrators to whom we could trust them. But it is better to cry out and let the CZAR hear us than to be quiet and go to the deuce.

SHOCKING SHIFTS OF BARRISTERS.



OTHER day an old woman was charged with pawning the shirts of a barrister. We use the word "shirts" advisedly in the plural number, for if we are to believe the statement of the pawnbroker, the fact of a barrister having more than one shirt to his back is not always to be taken for granted. Some remark having been made on the carelessness of the pawnbroker in taking into pledge the linen of a member of the English Bar, it was urged in excuse that the barristers are always pawning their shirts, and other items of their wardrobe. We know that business has been bad in Westminster Hall, but we will not believe for one moment the monstrous assertion that the English Bar is partially supported by advances of an avuncular character. We have reason to know that even BRIEFLESS would rather shed his last halfpenny than unbosom himself by tearing off his shirt, and placing it in the hands of a pawnbroker.

According to the unfair statement at Bow Street it would seem that the chief practice of the Bar is derived from the practice of pledging its body linen. We recommend a public meeting of the profession to hurl this calumny back at the head of anybody and everybody who dares to give it currency, and we would propose that every barrister should not only be served with notice to produce at least half-a-dozen shirts, but should also be called upon to pledge his honour that he is not in the habit of pledging his wearing apparel.

CULINARY ENLISTMENT.

JUDGING from the letters which have recently been published, and which may, doubtless, be received as letters of credit, we should think that "good plain cooks" were never in so much demand as they are before Sebastopol just at present. For want of proper knowledge and appliances, it seems our raw recruits have been reduced to eat their rations in a similar condition, while the oldest campaigner has found it rather difficult to dress a dinner for one without making a mess of it. Indeed, one of "our own correspondents" last week, tells us:—

"I shall scarcely exaggerate, I think, in saying that with the exception of their biscuits, the men have been for weeks entirely living upon uncooked viands. Through scarcity of fuel, and perfect ignorance of cooking, to say nothing of the absence of all culinary apparatus, the beef and pork is swallowed usually, just as it is served out, and in many cases, I have known even the coffee has been eaten, without so much as being roasted."

"Every man his own cook" has, we know, been long the rule of the Service, but we think it is high time for us to take exception to it. Its effect is simply to make many do the work of one, which, to say the least, is bad economy of labour, and indeed in culinary matters is proverbial for ill success. We own we have not placed much faith, as yet, in the Foreign Enlistment, but we believe the Service would do well to enlist a few French Cooks into it. Let M. SOYER be empowered at once to raise a Legion of them, and proceed forthwith to the Crimea with his culinary corps. We are sure our Army would be much more strengthened by getting, regularly, well-cooked food to eat, than by having any number of fresh forces sent them, to become, in short time, as they now do, weaknoses. By having their dinners well-dressed, our troops will doubtless be the better able to extend that process to the enemy, and if we really mean to carry on the "war to the knife" (and fork), we question if a better plan than this could be devised for doing so.

A PRESENT FOR THE CRIMEA.

We have sent out presents and hampers in profusion for our brave Army, and it is time, we think, to consider what is the best hamper we can send out to the Russian Army. If we had the packing of this hamper, we would have it to consist of—1st, the very best Commander-in-Chief, that could be found in the kingdom; 2nd, of the very best Staff, that could be selected out of our military schools; 3rd, of the very best Commissariat, that could be formed upon the French plan; and 4th, of the very best troops, that could be spared out of the country. That is the kind of hamper we should like to give the Russian Army, and we would warrant that its contents would give every Cossack, the moment they attacked it, such a jolly good bellyful, that they would never forget it as long as they lived—that is to say, if they happened to survive it at all.

A Teetotal Waistcoat.

A TAILOR somewhere in the north is trying to tack himself on to the teetotal interest by advertising what he calls his "alliance vest," which he says is "particularly adapted for ministers and lecturers." We cannot imagine any peculiar cut in a waistcoat to adapt it to a teetotaler, and as to the quality of the article, its best recommendation would consist in its being waterproof—an attribute that the bosom of a Teetotaler would revolt against.

WATERLOO AVENGED.

"GENERAL CAUVOURET has placed at the disposal of LORD RAGLAN 10,000 capotes, for the use of the English army in the Crimea. Ten thousand British soldiers now wear the French uniform."

Correspondence from the Camp.

LONG we had owned them noble foes,
Late we have owned them friends,
Knit by the brunt of equal blows,
Joint perils, common ends:
At Alma's field of desperate fight,
On Inkermann's blood-sodden height,
Twin laurels Victory blends—
No name so high on either side,
But France and England share the pride.

And if at length each English heart
With sudden shame is wrung—
If to each cheek the blushes start,
The curse to every tongue—

'Tis not to France we owe the shame,
The name we curse is no French name—
By our own sting we're stung:
Our own hands forged the untrusty sword,
That now in peril fails its Lord.

To bless French aid what man was slow
In counsel or in fray?
Debts of the sword brave souls may owe,
For such debts they can pay.

But oh, the shame in England's heart,
That she should play the beggar's part,
For pauper dole should pray—
From France's liberal hand should crave,
Raiment to shield her shivering brave!

And this, while proffering all her gold,
Opening her world-wide store;
Ready to lavish sums untold,
And these gone, to give more:
The means, that they who have fought and bled
May be well housed and clothed and fed,

She hath given—o'er and o'er:
But wits to plan and heads to guide
She lacks—and what is all beside?

One memory, it hath been said,
Ranks each French heart through,
As of a debt that must be paid—
The thought of Waterloo!
Brood o'er that debt—oh France—no more:
Wipe out at length that bloody score:
'Tis paid—and nobly too.

Paid by the charity that runs
To clothe shamed England's starving sons!

Arouse,—Oh England!—rouse for shame—
That this wrong may not be:
Enough of spoken, written blame—
Act, as befits the free!

Sweep hence this impotence of deed,
This helplessness, in direst need,
On either side the sea:
Or here—or there—raise up the man
Who knows, and, knowing, WILL and CAN.

Enough of Lords in name—find out
Him who is Lord in Act,
Clear brains, and undistraught with doubt,
Eyes to sift sham from fact.
Pluck forth thy hand from red-tape gyves,
To save thine honour, and their lives,
With cold and hunger racked.
Down with Routine, her modes and men—
That England be herself again!



WHY, INDEED?

Perceptive Child. "MAMMA, DEAR! WHY DO THOSE GENTLEMEN DRESS THEMSELVES LIKE THE FUNNY LITTLE MEN IN MY NOAH'S ARK?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



That worthy man will have cause for much uneasiness between this and Easter, and though it is sought to "let him down gently" by means of a riband, it is apprehended that he will finally descend with a severe plump.

Coals will be carried to NEWCASTLE, but they will be the coals of fire which unkind persons desire to heap on their enemies' heads. The CLARENDON Press will not be able successfully to defend its patron, and whoever "blesseth the good DUKE OF ARGYLL," it will not be JOHN BULL, when he comes to the scratch. GRANVILLE, were he both GRANVILLE SHARP and GRANVILLE PENN, would not find his pen sharp enough to protect him, and that eminent lawyer, irreverently called CRANNY, will be glad to retire into himself, or any other cranny he can find.

Neither in the Nether House will there be more consolation. The Leader of the coach has bolted, and may be called the off-leader, but he is not out of the reach of the "whip," and HATTEY is no longer a lover of his policy. PALMY must not expect palmy days, unless an early Date marks his separation from helpless colleagues, and even those who are prepared to vote that black is white, hesitate when their vote is asked for GREY. PUNCH classically marked the day with a white stone when GLADSTONE came into office, and will always be ready to back that Bill, but fears that its days of grace are numbered. WOOD will be cut up, despite his good-natured smiles, and GRAHAM will have few more Read-Letter-days. SIDNEY will not go to the Scaffold, nor even to Sydney Cove, but he will have to go to another cove

who thirsteth for office, and say (with the other SIDNEY) "thy necessity is greater than mine."

With these melancholy anticipations, by way of prologue, *Mr. Punch* proceeds to narrate that on Tuesday the 23rd the Houses met. Divers threats were held out as to the wonderful things which Members intended to do, but the solemnest warning came from the stern ROXBURGH, who announced in the Commons that on the next night but one he would arraign the Government for their mismanagement of the army in the Crimea.

One act of justice was done that night. The brave old DUKE OF RICHMOND (generally a bore) extracted from Government a promise that the heroes of the battle of Balaklava should not be denied the medal which is to be conferred upon those of Alma and Inkerman. In trembling terror, "lest he should be blamed by the military authorities," the strong-minded minister announced this concession to the popular demand. *Mr. Punch* has a notion that the next War Minister will have to make a few more concessions.

SIR BENJAMIN HALL introduced into the Commons two bills for amending the public health, and removing public nuisances. As they have the Hall-mark, it is to be hoped they will be found of sterling value.

Wednesday.—Nothing particular, except the reading of a letter of thanks, from LORD RAGLAN, for the complimentary vote of the House of Commons. His lordship's note was not specially grammatical, (though the SOMERSETS are not in the habit of neglecting their relatives) but what is written under canvas should not be over-cavassed.

Thursday.—Terror and dismay. The *Globe*



THE DIRTY DOORSTEP.

P—m—r—n (an active lad). "WELL! THIS IS THE GREATEST MESS I EVER SAW AT ANYBODY'S DOOR."

Little Jack R—n—ll. "AH! I LIVED THERE ONCE—BUT I WAS OBLIGED TO LEAVE—IT WAS SUCH A VERY IRREGULAR FAMILY."

having announced LORD JOHN RUSSELL's resignation, the Legislature rushed frantically to Westminster to hear his reasons. But so awful and solemn an event was not to be prematurely explained, and an agitated universe was left in trembling uncertainty for twenty-four hours longer. This, by the way, turned out to have been LORD ABERDEEN's postponement. It was just like him. Both houses dispersed without doing further mischief.

Friday.—The portentous revelations were made. In the Lords, ABERDEEN read a letter from LORD JOHN, in which he explained that any Ministry of pluck must fight MR. ROEBUCK, but that as he, LORD JOHN, felt that the present Ministry had no defence, his conscience told him to walk. ABERDEEN added, that he was sorry to lose JOHN, but should certainly fight ROEBUCK. LORD BERNERS then made some nonsensical complaint about an Irish priestly procession, and NEWCASTLE answered, characteristically, that he was not quite sure the affair was illegal, but that if so, it would not be wise to cause the law to be obeyed. WINCHELSEA then, premising that he had been brought up virtuously, and taught to do his duty, bellowed most frightfully against the press, especially the *Times*, for publishing reports from the Crimea; and he also complained that the nation was being ruined by the immense quantities of food consumed by MR. RUSSELL, the *Times* Correspondent at the Seat of War. NEWCASTLE said, that he had warned the papers not to tell anything which should not be told, but they never minded him one bit. He promised to cut off MR. RUSSELL's pork and biscuit, which, next day, the *Times* undertook should be paid for, though the Government owe MR. MACDONALD (another *Times* Correspondent) money, for clothing a whole regiment, left destitute by the War Department.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, getting several rows behind his colleagues, for fear of accidents from the Peelites (who are abolitionist men), made his explanation. It was to the same effect as his letter, but he added details. It had suddenly "struck" him, while he was shaving one morning in October, that a better administration of the war was required. So he wrote to ABERDEEN, telling him, that PALMERSTON ought to be made the head of the whole war department. He explained to ABERDEEN that NEWCASTLE was a muf, but that as it would be unbecomingly to say so, he might be turned out on pretext of a change of official arrangements. ABERDEEN had admitted the mufship, and that had they to choose anew, NEWCASTLE would not be made War Minister, but urged that it would annoy him so much to turn him out now, that common politeness required that the war should continue to be mismanaged, and the army ruined. LORD JOHN allowed that there was much in this, and after consulting his "intimate friends," who are all highly polite men, they agreed that he must "not press the matter further." Last Saturday the Cabinet determined to do something to improve the system of war administration, but it was so incomplete and ineffectual a measure (the proposal was that an extra boy should be laid on to carry the DUKE's notes to SIDNEY HERBERT, so that the regular porter might be promoted to the putting coals on the office fires), that LORD JOHN felt it would not do. So he determined to resign. He then said that ABERDEEN was a very respectable man, that Austria was our earnest friend, so was France, as he had ascertained on his late visit (having inquired of several garçons, a *soubrette*, and a *limonadier* on the subject, who had all said

"Bono JOHNNY"), and above all, the old Whigs were the greatest and wisest men in the whole world, and would continue to watch over and preserve the country.

PALMERSTON then rose, swore eternal friendship for RUSSELL, which "nothing past, present, or future, should affect," and then pretended to be vexed with him for timing his resignation as he had done. Government would meet the motion—"the future depended upon its results." This his lordship's organ explains to mean that he consents to be War Minister if the Government weather the present storm.

MR. ROEBUCK then began his accusation, but was too feeble to go on with it, and SIDNEY HERBERT, in consideration, made his defence still more feeble. HENRY DRUMMOND blamed NEWCASTLE and ABERDEEN; COLONEL NORTH growled at the press; MR. MONTGOMERY MILNES (of course) echoed PALMERSTON; LORD GRANBY defended NICHOLAS, who, he declared, had had "no designs whatever on Turkey;" LATARD gave it to Ministers right and left; SIR GEORGE GREY was evidently in a rage at the laudation of PALMERSTON, and also abused some of the Ministers for going out of town to shoot, instead of helping poor NEWCASTLE; WALPOLE supported ROEBUCK; and SIBTHORP asserted that fine words buttered no parsnips, and that he was anxious to hear when the QUEEN would get rid of the "loose, indolent, weak set, called her Ministers." Some more talk, and the debate was adjourned until Monday.



THE PRUSSIAN'S SWORD.

My Sword, what ails thy splendour,
When Liberty's defender,
First in the foremost line
Of battle thou shouldst shine,
Ha ha?

Chagrined at heart, and bitter,
Upon thy sullied glitter
I cast a look of shame,
And thou return'st the same.
Ha ha!

With indignation parching,
I see the Cossacks marching
On Europe; and my sword
Flames not to stem their horde.
Ha ha!

Oh! is it not disgusting
In scabbard to be rusting,
Instead of glancing bright
For Fatherland and Right,
Ha ha?

Against the Tyrant's lances
Gleam England's sword, and France's,
The Austrian sparkles now;
But dull as lead art thou,
Ha ha!

Sardinia's true steel flashes
Of brute force, chains, and lashes,
Raised to bear back the way:
Thou sheddest not a ray,
Ha ha!

Heaven! how my cheek is burning
For thee, contempt thus earning!
But thank our King; thank him,
My Sword, that thou art dim,
Ha ha!

Domestic ends by seeking,
From Royal duty sneaking,
Lack-lustre Sword, 'tis he
Whose breath has tarnished thee,
Ha ha!

To rob thee of thy splendour
Soft heart and head more tender
In that poltroon combine,
Dishonoured Sword of mine.
Ha ha!

A GOOD THING FOR EARLY RISING.

AN excellent thing for the above desirable purpose is a good smoky chimney—a chimney that will not be cured of its evil practices. It will require, of course, constant sweeping, constant repairs, and constant alterations, and as chimney-sweepers and bricklayers generally come the first thing in the morning, and are rather clever than otherwise in making a deal of noise over their avocations, you will find it exceedingly difficult to get a wink of sleep after five or six o'clock.

The beauty, too, of a good smoky chimney is, that the more it is cured the more confirmed it usually becomes in its depraved habits, so that you may rely upon being favoured at least once or twice a week with the above strong inducements for early rising. Profit by them.

A CABINET VIRTUE.—When a Minister can stand no longer, he meets his fate with resignation.



CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

BIG BOY. "How do you make out Threepence is Threepence a-piece? There's a Penny for my Broom and a Penny for my Shovel—that's CAPITAL; and a Halfpenny for you and a Halfpenny for me—and that's LABOUR."

AN ORDER FOR JOHN BULL.

A GENTLE lady at the chivalrous court of KING WILLIAM OF THE BOTTLE OF PRUSSIA, seeing about her so many bearers of Eagles, Black and Red, Oak-Leaves, Knots, Laurels-in-Ring, and other insignia,—observed "persons without decorations look so cold and naked—it is quite indecent." All this is very natural, because so very feminine. We question if, in the eyes of EVE, Father ADAM himself would not have had a more redeeming look, even after the fall, if he had instituted, as he had the best and dearest right to do, the Order of the Golden Pippin, decorating himself with, as Master of the Order, the very biggest and brightest apple.

And there can be no doubt of the profound truth that a day or two since fell, like a pearl of price, from the Prussian lady. There is a great deal of poor human nature that thinks itself in the shame of primitive nakedness if it have not at least an inch or two of riband to keep the cold away. For instance, how much nakedness is clothed by a bit of riband of geranium hue! Not merely clothed, but buttoned up to the chin, with an undercovering of warmest woollen; covered like a sheep from the throat to the toes, and only by means of that magical snip of riband that, as though it held some fairy flame within it, warms the arterial blood of the wearer, and makes his heart beat like a drum. Twitch that bit of riband from the holder, and the man would on the instant be naked as a worm. At least, so would he look in certain courtly eyes, that beholding man as first made, behold him unfinished because undecorated. It was very well for ADAM, in his character of godfather to give a name to the elephant; but surely the courtier of the court of Denmark, who carries the Elephant on his breast, or in his button-hole, is—according to the Prussian lady—far more decent than the nude sponsor.

We, mere Englishmen—of course we speak of the mob, people; the red clay ware of the world; and not of the elect and porcelain painted—we have of late been counselled to become decent folks: to clothe our social nudity with at least an inch of riband of some sort. It is neither self-respectful, nor decent in the rigorous eyes of nations that we, moral Englishmen, should so to speak,—live and die as we came into the world,—naked. For what is the under garment of flax or cotton, what the outer covering of wool—if the soul, the divine part of the man, be left shivering and bare with not a particle

of silk to cover it? Every day the question is put to the nude and destitute—shall this nudity, this destitution continue? We have even fallen off from our illustrious and illustrated forefathers; men, who in their very rudeness, somewhat obeyed the instincts of a high nature by painting their own imaginary orders on their own bodies.

And then great events have suddenly made us aware, and we hope ashamed, of our state of nakedness. We have embraced the French people: British millions have taken Gallic millions to their arms, and the first dozen or two fraternal hugs given and received, JOHN CRAPAUD has looked with an eye of wonder—a look in a moment sweetly tempered by his characteristic delicacy—at the utter indecency of JOHN BULL. Why, he is all but stark naked; for he has not a bit of riband in any one of his twenty button-holes: not a filament of silk redeems JOHN from stark staring nakedness!

The face of BULL, on the other side, reflecting the geranium riband in the button-hole of CRAPAUD, BULL is ready to believe his new friend the very pink of chivalry, and the very best dressed gentleman. BULL never looked at geranium ribands before; or, if indeed, he saw them, it was with an uncontrollable curl of his national nose; with an unmannered grunt, which he can no longer utter—it has been pressed for good and all out of him—since he embraced his dear friend. It is, however, plain to BULL that a bit of riband may have "magic in the web of it:" that with only a few filaments of silk, a man, otherwise naked, may be wrapped up in measureless content.

Whereupon, JOHN BULL inclines his ears—and at full length, too—to the crowd that cries—"BULL, be decent and clothe yourself with an Order. Hit upon something that shall cover your social nudity. Be one of a multitude most multitudinous rather than of nothing notable, noted. The Cloud of Locusts.—The Legion of Ants.—The Swarm of Bees.—The Shoal of Herrings. Be of something. Sport your riband of honourable brotherhood with something, and no longer in the scandalised faces of the nations walk abroad naked. As our Prussian lady says—"it is quite indecent."

We fear, however the stiff-neckedness of JOHN BULL—common JOHN BULL. We hardly know what sort of order he would take kindly to; inasmuch as we doubt whether his plain, dogged common sense can ever become sufficiently spiritualised as to care for any snip of any sort of silkworm's-work at present portable by so many decorated thousands. A Frenchman is lifted clean off his legs, and treads the air, by the very power and buoyancy inevitably bestowed upon him by that immortal bit of riband woven by Fame herself, and kissed into colour by her lips. We fear JOHN BULL is not to be raised even to tiptoe by any such beatific influence. No: the animal is too burly, too self-willed to be led in ribands.

As, however, Mr Punch neither expects, nor yearns for any Order of any sort soever—being warm and cosy far beyond the help or aid of ribands—he may be allowed to express his dissatisfaction that the Eagles should be allowed to carry honour all their own way, no other bird of the air having so much as an honoured feather to fly with. Here are a couple of birds, the Black and the Red Eagle of Prussia! What are they, in fact, but jackdaws and magpies in aquiline feathers? Consider the peonies upon whose breasts they sprawl, and what, to the moralizing eye, are the birds other than obscene owls, nailed to the wooden bosoms of their bearers?

There was once an Order of the Swan—long since lapsed; the Swan, we presume, in its snowy whiteness not enduring the frequent touch of political hands. The Swan, having floated far down the stream of time, we might have, at least, the Order of the Goose. What bird has more sagacity; yet what bird so malignant? Alive, he gaggles for the protection of the Capitol; and dead, he bequeathes the weapons that dipped in honest ink, may still best defend it.

Now, we ask what could better mark the retirement of LORD ABERDEEN than the institution of the Order of the Goose—the Gray Goose? And this thought brings to our memory a matter that curiously illustrates the fitness of such an institution at such a time, and for such a man as our northern Premier; who—he doubtless knows the work,—will, if he consult MARTIN'S *Western Islands of Scotland*, page 383—find a curious story about a goose nest, a red coat and a sun-dial—"The steward of St. Kilda told me that they had found a red coat in a nest, a brass sun-dial and an arrow." How curiously this incident, of some century and a half ago, illustrates the watchful sagacity of our ABERDEEN in his conduct of the present war! The red coat and the sun-dial in the nest of St. Kilda's wild goose beautifully foreshadow how scrupulously the exact time would be considered and kept by the Capitol goose of 1854-5 in the supply of red coats and arms to the men in need of them at Balaclava.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MISS NIGHTINGALE AND HER DETRACTORS.—With the latter, the practice is to make wounds—with the former, to heal them.

THE GREATEST HAMPER THE BRITISH ARMY HAS YET HAD.—The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE!—and the sooner the hamper's packed off, the better.

THE HAY(ES) FEVER IN AUSTRALIA.



It was for some time thought that Australia was destined to escape some of our principal maladies, but after having been attacked by our measles and other minor complaints, the Colony has at last suffered under an acute form of the JENNY LIND fever, which has burst forth at the Antipodes. This evil, which by its mode of bringing crowds together in a high state of perspiration, may be compared to the sweating sickness, has been introduced among the Colonists through the medium of an alleged Irish Swan, just as the LIND fever was produced by a so called Swedish Nightingale.

The CATHERINE HAYES' fever at Sydney seems to have even exceeded in intensity the JENNY LIND fever in London, for at New South Wales we find the Chief Justice taking the chair at a meeting for a testimonial at the Chambers of the Attorney General. We wonder the business of the Supreme Court was not suspended in order that the Attorney General

might move for CATHERINE HAYES's rule to be made absolute. We should not have been surprised to hear that all writs of execution by the Sheriff had been ordered to be superseded by the execution of CATHERINE HAYES, whose Sol Fa should be paramount to every Fi Fa in the Colony.

The judicial and legal staff of New South Wales, would seem to be what is rather oddly called "purely Irish," for the Chief Justice and the Attorney General both declared themselves "proud to claim CATHERINE HAYES for a countrywoman." The official force of Sydney has evidently a good deal of Irish blood in its veins, and, indeed, to read the report of the meeting, one would think that the cry of Ireland for the Irish could never be complied with, in consequence of the idea of New South Wales for the Irish, or, at all events, the Irish for New South Wales having been realised. We cannot say much for the eloquence of the Sydney Bench, notwithstanding the testimony of the Attorney General, who said that,

"As he was obliged to leave the meeting to attend Council, he could not, he thought, do better than by reading an inscription for the testimonial from the eloquent pen of the Chief Justice:—

PRESENTED TO CATHERINE HAYES,

By the Ladies and Gentlemen of Sydney, as a *souvenir*, by which she may be enabled sometimes to recall its inhabitants to her recollection, and as a token of the personal respect entertained for her by them, and the admiration which her extraordinary vocal powers, and unsurpassed artistic talents, have inspired."

We hope our readers will properly appreciate the beauties of this "eloquent" passage, and will observe the adroitness with which the rich resources of the French language are drawn upon by the introduction of the word "*souvenir*" at an early stage of the inscription. We should look for a collection of the works of the Chief Justice of New South Wales with peculiar interest if we thought they all belonged to the class of which this inscription is a specimen.

Strong Probability.

We fully anticipate that one more great mistake will be made in managing matters in the Crimea. We are in daily expectation of hearing that all the plum-puddings which have been sent out there for the troops, have been fired away under the idea that they were round shot.

COOKERY FOR THE CRIMEA.

THE mess in the Crimea appears to be owing to divided responsibility, the work being distributed over a number of departments among too many cooks, who spoil the broth, and whose performances result only in a wretched hash.

NEWS AND NUISANCE.

We wish there were some authority to deal with those hoarse disturbers of the public and private peace, who startle our old women at their tea-tables, and drag our nursemaids to our nursery windows at nightfall by fearful shouts of "Seek-and Edition!" and shrieks of "Brilliant Victory." A few evenings ago we were raised to a pitch of high excitement by hearing "an old familiar voice," which has long been identified in our ears with "sprats," "mackerel," and "mudlins," we say we were excited by hearing this well known street basso bellying out the words "Glorious Intelligence" with the same gusto as he displays when his mouth is occupied with the humble articles we have specified. We once heard of a lady whose curiosity carried her so far as to induce her to pay a shilling for the purchase of one of these "Seek-and Editions," which turned out to be an old number of a deceased weekly paper. We were about to treat the other evening with one of these noisy newsvenders, when we recognised the voice of our dustman, and declined the bargain.

AMMUNITION FOR THE CRIMEA.

THE enormous disproportion between the number of bomb-shells thrown into Sebastopol by our besieging army, and the damage which has been done to that city, must have astonished everybody. The Russians, indeed, are said to have bantered their English prisoners on the innocence of these missiles. We think we can fully account for the inefficiency of our shells. At first we thought that treachery had stuffed them with sawdust instead of gunpowder, but now it is our opinion that blundering incapacity has caused them to be charged with that gunpowder which was intended for the troops and—the teapot.

"REST, WARRIOR, REST!"



DEPUTATION of Aldermen and others at Folkestone has rushed with excusable haste on SIR DE LACY EVANS, to welcome the gallant soldier home; but we do not quite approve of the gift that has been presented by way of acknowledgment of his services. The good people of Folkestone have dashed at SIR DE LACY LITERALLY sword in hand;—a sword having been the gift chosen for a veteran who has just sheathed his own weapon, and has come to enjoy the Warrior's Rest on a bed of laurel, copiously supplied from a

parterre of his own cultivation. It is a well meant but a rather clumsy compliment to a hero like SIR DE LACY EVANS to suppose that a sword is to him a thing rather for ornament than for use, and as he can no longer be expected, after a life of brilliant service to take the sword again in hand, it is far from flattering to ask his acceptance of an idle appendage to a soldier's dress, after his final retirement from a soldier's duty.

If the Folkestone deputation had presented the gallant General with a magnificent sheath, in which his well used sword might henceforth repose, we should have acknowledged the taste with which the gift had been selected.

Antiquities on the Shortest Notice.

SCENE.—A Celebrated Curiosity-Shop in Wardour Street.

Antiquarian. What's the price of that mummy?

Old Curiosity Man. That mummy, Sir,—two thousand years old—why, Sir, the very lowest we could take for that mummy, Sir, is a five pun' note.

Antiquarian. Oh, nonsense. I'll give you two pounds ten for it.

Old Curiosity Man. Very sorry, Sir, but can assure you, Sir, it never was made for the money!

Delicate Compliment.

IN testimony to the extreme stagnation into which everything official has subsided under the influence of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE and MR. SIDNEY HERBERT, it has been determined to consolidate the War Departments of Government under one common title, "HER MAJESTY'S Stationary Office."



THE EFFECTS OF A HEARTY DINNER AFTER VISITING THE ANTRDILUVIAN DEPARTMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES AT ASTLEY'S.

It is satisfactory to find that the Guards have not all perished in the Crimea; but that some of them are still at home occupying the care of "the military authorities." The following advertisement lets us into the secret that our resources are not yet exhausted, and considering the official mode in which it has been customary to prepare our soldiers for a campaign, we cannot be angry at some of them being sent to the somewhat preparatory School of War referred to in the following advertisement:—

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Great National Military Demonstration.—THE BATTLE OF THE ALMA at the LAST MORNING PERFORMANCE, Monday, January 29.—MR. WILLIAM COOK is happy to announce he has succeeded in prevailing on the military authorities to permit the soldiers of the Grenadier Guards to appear on this special occasion, which will enable him to present this chef-d'œuvre of spectacular display in all the terrible magnificence which marks its nightly triumphant career.

After the experience we have had of the official "Conduct of the War," we can only hope that the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, by an assiduous attendance at Astley's, may profit by some of the arrangements of that establishment, where at all events they have a knack of bringing everything to a glorious termination. We can scarcely be surprised, after the repeated failures we have recently seen in the heads of our

departments, that the authorities should at last have put themselves in communication with the conductors of Astley's in order to find out the secret of making the British arms always triumphant.

At Astley's the ammunition is always up in time, the bivouac is always comfortable and complete, the Commander-in-Chief is always prancing about making pretty speeches to the men, while the Russians at Astley's know their place so well that they invariably give way on the advance of the British.

We fear that some of the official managers of our war have been conducting it on Astleian ideas, without recollecting that we have not Astleian fortresses to attack, or Astleian Cossacks, with an Astleian MENSHIKOFF to grapple with. If our War Minister has seen—and accepted—the Astleian version of the Battle of Waterloo, where the enemy gave way before a handful of supernumeraries and a gallipot full of red fire, we cannot be surprised at the present war having been carried on by our officials in the pasteboard and pastepot style which has prevailed—or rather failed—at Sebastopol.

Case of Double Vision.

KING CHICQUOT cannot be brought to see that the points demanded by the Allies of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA are only four. He will insist that he perceives eight.



TOO BAD.

Rude Boy. "Ah! HERE'S THE P'LEECE A-COMIN'. WON'T YOU CATCH IT FOR SLIDING ON THE PAVEMENT!"

ETIQUETTE FOR MOURNERS.

WE have had books of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen who have felt that they did not know how to behave themselves, but there is a novelty in attempting to regulate the mode of being miserable by a Book of Etiquette for Mourners, which has lately been published by one of the Mourning Establishments. The proprietors of these concerns are at liberty to trade on private grief, and to keep up a staff of melancholy looking young men and women to serve afflicted customers, but it is carrying trickery of trade a little too far to publish a book of Etiquette for Mourners.

The first chapter is devoted to the *Widow*, the depth of whose sorrow is to be marked by the depth of her crape, while a cousin is allowed to show her mitigated sorrow in barege with flounces, and an option of grey or black in her gloves, parasol, and bonnet.

There is a short chapter on "Complimentary Mourning," which requires the solemnity of at least a gray dress, but allows the spirits to revive in the parasol, which may be of "Fancy" colours. The grief which exists in the dress, but perishes in the parasol, can scarcely be said to merit the epithet of "complimentary," and indeed any grief that requires a Book of Etiquette for its direction, might as well be altogether dispensed with.

A Word to War Ministers.

BRITANNIA, for her ARMY's frightful state, Exclaims aloud "*Peccavi*;" Mind that she has not next to make as great An outcry for her NAVY.

MARRIAGE IN VERY MEDIOCRE LIFE.

LAST week the quiet monotony of the old Park of Whetstone—with its adjacent rookery—was disturbed by the marriage of the young and noisy HUMPHREY DE HUMPHREYS with the lovely and fascinating BLANCHE DE BLANCHESURE—the last of a long line—we may almost say a long clothes line—of laundresses, who have "hung out" for some years in the neighbourhood we have mentioned. The HUMPHREYS are a family of very great antiquity. The Grandfather, familiarly known as "the Old Un," came over from his own parish at the time of the Union, of which he is now an inmate. The young woman is allied to the ancient race of MANGLES, and her family ties are among the first in-new-rope.

When it was known that the marriage was to take place, much interest was excited in every one of the Seven Dials, where both the families are much respected, and every lamp-post in the immediate neighbourhood was, at an early hour, occupied. At Little Turnstile a very gay party had assembled at the residence of the venerable and highly esteemed Turncock, the uncle of the bride, who wore his official glazed hat on the occasion.

Breakfast was served at several adjacent coffee-stalls, and though the principal eatable was the ordinary loaf, imagination might have turned it into fancy bread, for "a tremendous twist of his own" was supplied by each of the company.

The room in which the company assembled was panelled with coloured deal, and hung with a tapestry composed of the washing of several families. The bridesmaids—two in number—were attired in rich prints, of a middle age, or mediæval character, for they were neither quite new, or decidedly old; and one wore a white shawl, the other a blue, thus sharing between them the colours of the willow-pattern plate—that rare old specimen of modern-antique crockery. The bride's costume was of the very richest description—indeed so "rich" as to excite the mirth of the bystanders, some of whom declared it was the richest thing of the kind they had ever witnessed.

The mother of the bride was most picturesquely attired. Her dress was also a print of the fastest colours, and the cope or cape which was also washable, was suspended from each shoulder by a terrifically large *epingle* with a head of the clearest *noir de perle*, which very much heightened the effect of uncommon richness.

The marriage was solemnised at the adjacent chapel, built by JONES the bricklayer, some twelve years since and in which ten boys and ten girls are instructed in the usual rudiments. The path from the Park

(of Whetstone) was covered with a layer of straw which an attached neighbourhood, occupying the same mews with the family of the bride had lavishly contributed. The procession passed under a sort of canopy of banners, for it being fortunately "drying-day," the whole washing of several families with all the costly handkerchiefs of gorgeous Indian patterns, were suspended from side to side of the avenue. The bridal party was received by the titular bandle, and the happy pair with their equally happy "parents" were loudly cheered by the assembled juveniles.

After the ceremony, the company returned to Whetstone Park, and in order that all classes might share in the festivities, a neighbouring fountain of ginger-beer had been allowed to run to the extent of six bottles, to enable the six first comers to drink the health of the bride and bridegroom.

Whetstone Park, the lodging of MRS. WASHERWOMAN HUBBARD, the present wife of the bride's uncle is, *par excellence*, one of the most remarkable residences in England. What it lacks in breadth, it has in length, and what it wants in gilding, it possesses in whitewash. The interior of the room was stencilled by the late lamented EDWARDS, who died on the scaffold, or rather, who was killed by tumbling off it. From the ceiling hung a branch of mistletoe, and the floor is of deal, but the window bears away the palm, for it looks on a row of flower pots. Over the fire-place may be seen a figure of NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE, holding in his hand a card containing the name and address of MRS. WASHINGTON HUBBARD with her "list of prices." The room has long been in the occupation of the family at a weekly rental, under an agreement in writing, the original of which is faithfully preserved in the family pocket-book.

In the evening there was a ball at the Dog and Duck, which was only interrupted by the attendance of the sweeps, who had come to sweep the kitchen chimney. The happy pair left Whetstone Park for their seat, which had been taken expressly for them in the dress boxes at the Victoria.

An Absurd Idea.

WE have no authority for stating, that a note has been addressed by the Manager of Astley's Amphitheatre to the Commander-in-Chief, inviting the latter to take an active part in the Military Spectacle now being performed, with a view to his profiting by being an eye witness of the conduct of the war, which is being so successfully carried on at that establishment.



Street Boy. "I SAY COOKEY! THEY JUST ARE A FININ' OF 'EM ALL ROUND THE SKVARE—GIVE US A SHILLIN' AND I'LL SWEEP YOUR DOOR AFORE THE PLEECERMAN COMES."

"THE SMASH IN THE FAMILY,"

OR, "THE VIRTUOUS FOOTMAN."

(SCENES FROM A DOMESTIC DRAMA OF SERIOUS INTEREST—AS RECENTLY PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.)

JAUNTY (a Gentleman's gentleman) . . . L-D P-LH-EST-N.
JOHN SMALL (Groom of the Chambers) . . . L-D J-S R-SS-L.
BRASS (a Footman) . . . MR. B-EX-L ODD-EST.
Butliffe, Creditors, &c.

The Action passes in the spacious mansion of LORD MAC FOZZLE, in Whitehall.
TIME:—Last week.

SCENE I.—The Butler's Pantry.

JAUNTY and BRASS discovered over a bottle of Twenty Claret.

BRASS. And so you really think, MR. JAUNTY, the fam'ly must come to grief.

JAUNTY (breaking a biscuit). Case of smash, BRASS.

BRASS. Well, my wages is paid.

JAUNTY. And you've had a goodish place of it, while it did last.

BRASS. Yes, tol-lol; in fact, between ourselves, MR. JAUNTY, I don't care 'ow soon I gits another as good, especially the winds.

JAUNTY. "Wines," BRASS, not "winds."

BRASS. Well, wines, then. I ain't particular. But I thought what it would come to up-stairs, considerin' how we've been a-goin' it down 'ere this two year.

JAUNTY. Speak for yourself, BRASS. The steward's room ain't answerable for the servants' all.

BRASS. In course not. Every man in his place—that's my motter. Though I wish you'd 'a-come among us a little freer, MR. JAUNTY. We've had werry pleasant times, I can tell you, at the second table. My songs 'as been admired, and though I say it, there ain't many chaps as can top me at a recitation or a bit of chaff. (Pours out a glass of wine.) Well, here's to our next merry meetin'.

JAUNTY (sips his claret thoughtfully). H'm.

BRASS (anxiously). I s'pose, though, it is a case of Queer Street?

(Pointing over his left shoulder.)

JAUNTY. Execution put in to-morrow, I hear.

BRASS. No; the governor can't settle it this time, no-how?

JAUNTY. No; the creditors are tired out.

BRASS. Ah, well, we've 'ad jolly times, any way. I suppose you've given warning, MR. JAUNTY?

JAUNTY. No.

BRASS. No—Eh? You don't say so.

JAUNTY. I means to stand by the fam'ly, for the present.

BRASS. Do you, though? (Aside.) Then they can't be done for, yet.

JAUNTY. You see, BRASS, I've seen a good deal of this sort of thing, and I've never found that sticking by a fam'ly in difficulties stood in a man's way to a new place—that is, when he couldn't do better.

BRASS. Well—but such a desperate, rack-ruin, stick-at-nothin' fam'ly as this 'ere? Don't you think it'd look better if a feller was to wash his 'ands of 'em—come the virtuous dodge—afore the creditors, you know.

JAUNTY. You can do as you like—I've taken their money, and eat their entrées, and drunk their wines, and I mean to see 'em through it. But I've to make up my books. You can finish the bottle.

(Exit JAUNTY, cheerfully.)

BRASS. Thank you, MR. JAUNTY (drinks, and reflects). Now, that's a long 'eaded chap, and knows the world. He's a coming on the attached dependant lay, he is—feelin' for the fam'ly—and such like. P'raps I'd better come that game after all. I think I could gam-mon 'em.

Enter JOHN SMALL.

BRASS. Well, MR. SMALL,

SMALL. Ah, BRASS! would you oblige me by stepping out for a cab, while I fetch down my boxes.

BRASS. Your boxes! What, you arn't goin'. Are you?

SMALL. Yes.

BRASS. Have you given warnin'?

SMALL. Under the distressing circumstances to which my Lord has been reduced—by his own imprudence, I am afraid that warning from me would be thrown away. But, in fact, I have given warning—as far back as last November. I told my Lord that if things was allowed to go on as they was a goin', I couldn't stop.

BRASS. Well—but you didn't go.

SMALL. No. I changed my mind and stopped. But little WENOM puts in execution to-morrow, and my regard for my own character wont allow me to be mixed up with that sort of thing. I'm a domestic man, BRASS, I've lived in steady families.

BRASS. But MR. JAUNTY's a goin' to see 'em through it.

SMALL. MR. JAUNTY is a giddy young man, and he can do as he likes. I must consider my future prospects, and keep clear of such messes. Besides—(he pauses)

BRASS. Well (curiously).

SMALL. Between ourselves, I can't abide the 'ouse steward—

BRASS. What, MR. MERRYFEBLES. I 'ates him: he's a serious cove—he is.

SMALL. It's not that I dislike seriousness. But I can't abear intrigue—and if I'd been in his shoes—

BRASS. You'd a kept things straight, eh?

SMALL. It's not for me to boast; but I remember in my great grandfather's time, when the great LORD CHATHAM—

BRASS. Oh—stow that—I don't know anythink about 'istory; take a glass of wind. (Pushes the bottle to him.)

SMALL. I never drink. But about that cab.

BRASS. I'll tell the porter to call one.

(Going.)

SMALL. By the way, BRASS, you needn't mention to any of the servants that I'm going.

BRASS. All right. I'm fly. (Aside). Don't want his boxes overhauled, I'll bet a pound.

(Exit BRASS.)

SMALL. Yes—there's that great city man, MR. BULL, wants a Butler. He's one of my Lord's chief creditors, and if he hears that I left my Lord's because I couldn't stand the goin's on in this 'ouse, he'll think all the better o' me when I apply for the situation. JAUNTY's got an eye on it, I know, and if I can only steal a march on him—and then my character's all I have to depend on.

Re-enter BRASS.

BRASS. All right! Cab's at the area-gate, and there's nobody in the front kitchen. You can slip out unbeknown.

SMALL. You won't peach?

BRASS. Oh, honour bright! You done me a good turn when I applied for this 'ere place; and then I'm like you, I can't abear that 'ere MERRYFEBLES—a sanctified, argufying beggar.

SMALL. Good-bye, BRASS. If you'll take my advice, you'll out this too, before the row comes.

BRASS. Thank you, MR. SMALL. But I've my dodge, too. Only you wait till to-morrow. But you'll want a hand with your boxes. You ain't werry strong in the back, you know.

SMALL. Thank you—if you would be so kind. They're outside. (Exit BRASS.) How astonished they'll be to-morrow, when they find I'm gone. The best thing is not to get into a mess. But, when you are in, the next best thing's to get quietly out of it, and leave other folks to shift for themselves.

Re-enter BRASS, with a box.

BRASS. My eyes, this is a back-breaker. (Cautiously.) I say, it ain't the plate, is it?

Small (indignantly). Sir! It's books—the History of England since the Peace of Utrecht.

Brass. Well, it's precious 'eavy. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Hall of LORD MAC FOZZLE'S mansion. Furniture in confusion. Broker's men in possession. Indignant Creditors. MR. BRASS slightly elevated.*

Ruthless Creditor. A pretty state of things—waste, carelessness—no accounts—no money—no nothing.

Brass (groans). Ah, you may say that.

Simple-minded Creditor. Unlimited port and sherry at the servants' table.

Brass (groans). Port and sherry! 'Ock and champagne, bless you!

Simple-minded Creditor. Is it possible!

Brass. Lor! The things I've seen in this family! Why, no later than last night, there was servants a drinkin' twenty claret in the butler's pantry!

Ruthless Creditor. And their wine account running for three years!

Brass. And the wine, too! Oh, the goin' on 'ere 'as been enough to blow the roof off.

Simple-minded Creditor. There—you see—even their own servants cry shame on 'em.

Brass. Ah, but I'm a man o' good principles, I am; and allays brought up virtuous (*hiccup*). My 'eart's bled, it 'as, often and often, at the riotin's, and the profane swearin', and loose singin', and such like, in the servants' hall. But what's a poor young man to do?

Simple-minded Creditor. Ah, what indeed (*to the other Creditors*)! This is the way the aristocracy ruin the humbler classes, to whom they ought to be an example.

Brass. Yes—they've tried 'ard to ruin me. But they couldn't. And I washes my 'ands o' 'em—now and always. And if any gent 'ere 'ad a situation for a poor young chap, as is ready to make himself generally agreeable—that is—I mean useful, and understands an 'oss, and can wait at table. I aint above a light porter's place—where there's another kept.

Simple-minded Creditor. I feel it would be a Christian act to help one whose principles do him so much credit. I've advertised for a young man, of pious character—

Knowing Creditor. Then this chap won't suit you. For the last time I saw him was in a very how-come-you-so state at the Cider Cellars.

Brass. Blowed if I ever was—

Knowing Creditor (sternly). Take care, MR. BRASS, I know you (*to SIMPLE-MINDED CREDITOR*), and perhaps when I tell you (*whispering to him*).

[*The eye-brows of the SIMPLE-MINDED CREDITOR keep gradually rising. MR. BRASS'S countenance falls in the same proportion.*]

Simple-minded Creditor. Good gracious! Is it possible?

Knowing Creditor. So much for "the virtuous footman!"

OUR STATUE OF MARS.

THE MARS of old time was a myth. It appears that the modern British MARS—the Commander-in-Chief—is little better. Speaking of that Genius of our country's warfare, LORD GREY is reported to have said:—

"He sits in his office at the Horse Guards, and upon him there devolves the duty of organising and superintending the British army all over the world."

Here is a notion for a statue—and the image would be about as useful as the original. For our MARS, the noble HANN, further declares, is

"Shorn of a great part of his proper power and authority. He is Minister of War, with very little power over the artillery, with no authority in matters of expenses, and with scarcely any as regards the provisioning, clothing, and arming of the troops."

Surely a marble MARS would answer every purpose of this one, or we might transfer his waxen effigy to the Horse Guards from TUSHAUD'S. The same report makes VISCOUNT HARDING himself say:—

"With reference to the duties of the Commander-in-Chief, I beg to state, that in time of war he has little to do with the army; for as soon as war breaks out, the Secretary of State for War takes upon himself the important duty of the management of the army."

Just when our MARS is in the greatest request, he has nothing to do. He sits in his own temple a mere dummy. The Commander-in-Chief is so called because he is nothing of the sort; *lucus a non*. It comes to this; that the British MARS is a superannuated veteran, and the Chief Commander of our Army is no Chief at all, nor fit to be any Chief at all, except, we may say, Chief-Pensioner of Chelsea Hospital.

"Arrows in the Strong Man's Hand."

It is not always safe to believe what you read in the papers. Trusting to a report which appeared in the morning journals, we have done an injustice to MR. BENNETT, the relieving officer of Shoreditch; and an article under the above title, which appeared in a recent number of *Punch*, must be considered to go for nothing.

GEORGE ROBINS REDIVIVUS.



THE genius that once shook the rostrum in Covent Garden, appears to have revived in the country town of Stokesley, whence we have just received the following burst of auctioneering eloquence. An advertisement of a sale of horses and agricultural implements, thus concludes:—

"The Auctioneers consider it would be committing a dereliction towards their worthy employers if they passed this a dry catalogue; and, also, injustice to the Public were they (without puffing) not to state that the Horses are in prime condition, good workers, with great powers; and form a useful solving link in the chain of the great Agricultural Improvement Problem."

The Aged Mares need no comment, of these noble animals. The Black Filly (gentle in harness) may in due course challenge spirited rivalry; and the day is not far distant when she will be added to the stud of Chargers now in the possession of the 'Heroes' of the 'Crimes'. Purchasers are solicited to attend this Sale. From this 'Blooming' little 'Herd' may be obtained pure blood, rich colour, fine symmetry; combining superior dairy and grazing qualities, which all patriotic farmers ought to have an 'eye' to. The Implements are what they ought to be: 'useful'. The Household Furniture is modern, in a good state of preservation, and will be found well worth the attention of purchasers."

We feel some reluctance in testing this emanation of genius by the ordinary rules of grammar and common sense, but, nevertheless, we cannot help asking a few questions. In the first place we would inquire what is the meaning of a "dry catalogue." No catalogue can be dry as long as the ink employed in penning it is wet; but, on the other hand, no catalogue, unless left in soak, can long retain its moisture.

We give up in despair any inquiry as to the horses forming "a useful solving link in the chain of the great Agricultural Improvement Problem," for we do not see how any animal can form a link, unless by a straining of orthography the Lynx itself might be said to supply the desired union. There is a rather bold defiance of Logic in the allegation that "the Aged Mares need no comment as (that is to say because) the Brown Filly (gentle in harness) will be found, &c." We cannot venture to contradict the prophecy as to the future destination of the "Brown Filly," but we do not as yet see any ground for the prediction, that "the day is not far distant when she will be added to the stud of chargers now in the possession of the Heroes of the Crimes." We can only hope, that if the "Filly" is of any value she may be spared the wretched fate that the Auctioneers contemplate, for it would be a mercy to walk her off at once to the Knackers, if there were any prospect of her being destined to starve and rot as part of the "stud" at the Crimes. Perhaps the greatest puzzle of all is the announcement of the "superior dairy and grazing qualities," which the horses about to be sold are said to combine with "pure blood, rich colour and fine symmetry." As the mysterious is a source of the sublime, the poetical Auctioneer has probably made use of the passage in question as a means of ascending to the very Mont Blanc of puffery.

ENGLAND'S CHANCE OF A MATCH.

ATTENTION is sometimes due to a *canard*; for instance, to the following, extracted from the Paris news of the *Post*:—

"It was reported to-day, on the Exchange, that Russian agents had set fire to the dockyard at Woolwich. The funds fell."

Because the Baltic is frozen, and because even if it were not we should still be protected by our wooden walls, we flatter ourselves that we are safe from the Russian shot. However that may be, we are not safe from the Russian fire. It should be remembered that fire is peculiarly the Russian's element. Those who are so apt to burn their own cities merely that they may incommode an enemy, would naturally rather use every endeavour to carry fire into the enemy's country. There is no small danger of their ability to smuggle it into this. Let a sharp look out be kept by experienced eyes, such as those which flank the nose of the keenest detective. In this context with NICHOLAS it is sometimes said, we may meet with our match. Yes: and that match may be a LUCIFER.

A True Republican.

AN American bankrupt recently pleaded, in excuse for the insufficient way his books were kept, that he was far too fierce a democrat to condescend to the menial act of carrying anything to a Count. He was instantly discharged.



THE WEATHER IN PICCADILLY.

Omnibus Driver. "BILL! JIST BREAK THIS 'ERE HICICLE ONY MY NOSE WITH YER WHIP, THAT'S A GOOD FELLER! IT TAKES BOTH MY HANDS TO KEEP THESE 'OSSES ON THEIR LEGS."

Berlin-Wool Gathering.

THE French have an expressive Proverb (which, we suspect, must have been invented by VOLTAIRE)—*Travailler pour le Roi de Prusse*, which means that, work as you will, you are likely to have your labour only for your pains. We are afraid that the Western Powers, in inducing FREDERICK WILLIAM to join the Alliance, have already found out the truth of this Proverb, for depend upon it their laborious diplomacy has been but so much useless work thrown away upon the KING OF PRUSSIA. When will their eyes be open to the folly, as unprofitable as it is hopeless, of persevering any longer in any such losing, mad, childish game as *Travailler pour le Roi de Prusse*!

TIT FOR TAT!

It is true that the Russians have killed our wounded; but then we, that is our surgeons, have given theirs a good dressing.

THE MARTYRS IN THE EAST.

WHY must the maw of war be with our best and bravest fed,
Wherefore have England's noblest men their precious blood to shed?
Should we not find more fitting hands for slaughter's trade than they;
Tools in that miserable work to break and cast away?

Grim famine, and the cruel cold, and wretched soaking rain,
The life of bitter hardship, and the death of lingering pain,
The abominable lazaret-house, the mutilated limb,
Such things, if there 's an honest man, ought they to fall on him?

Are there among us no vile hearts, that we must needs afford
The loyal and the true to be by savage lances goled?
Hard labour to endure, forsooth, our scoundrels we condemn,
No harder if our soldiers toiled 'twere easy toil for them!

They who have done the country wrong should be constrained, by right,
To suffer for their country's good: send out the rogues to fight.
How to dispose of criminals our wisdom knoweth not:
Send them to the Crimea: let our rubbish there be shot.

If any man should risk an arm 'tis that man who is prone
To stretch the member forth and take the thing that's not his own;
Of all men's legs that merit to be hazarded, the chief
Are those that serve the highwayman, the burglar, and the thief.

Light is the base assassin's to the gallant warrior's lot,
The happy wretch is hanged at once, not doomed alive to rot.
Why should he die an idle death who usefully might fall
And bridge a gap for others doomed to storm the Russian wall?

Alas! there is one fatal bar, forbidding us to save
The just, in war by using up the villain and the knave:
Could we but get a rascal to his duty firm to stand!
But when the heart's of honour void we cannot trust the hand.

Ah! surely when the soldier quits his quarters in the clay,
His sacrifice promotion waits, and permanent full pay.
Then for his grievous wounds he gets a pension not to cease,
In the Martyrs' noble Army, when there comes the final peace.

VULGAR QUESTION AND VICIOUS ANSWER.

WHAT'S the Odds as long as you're happy?—Fifty to one that it doesn't last.

A THEATRICAL LONG RANGE.



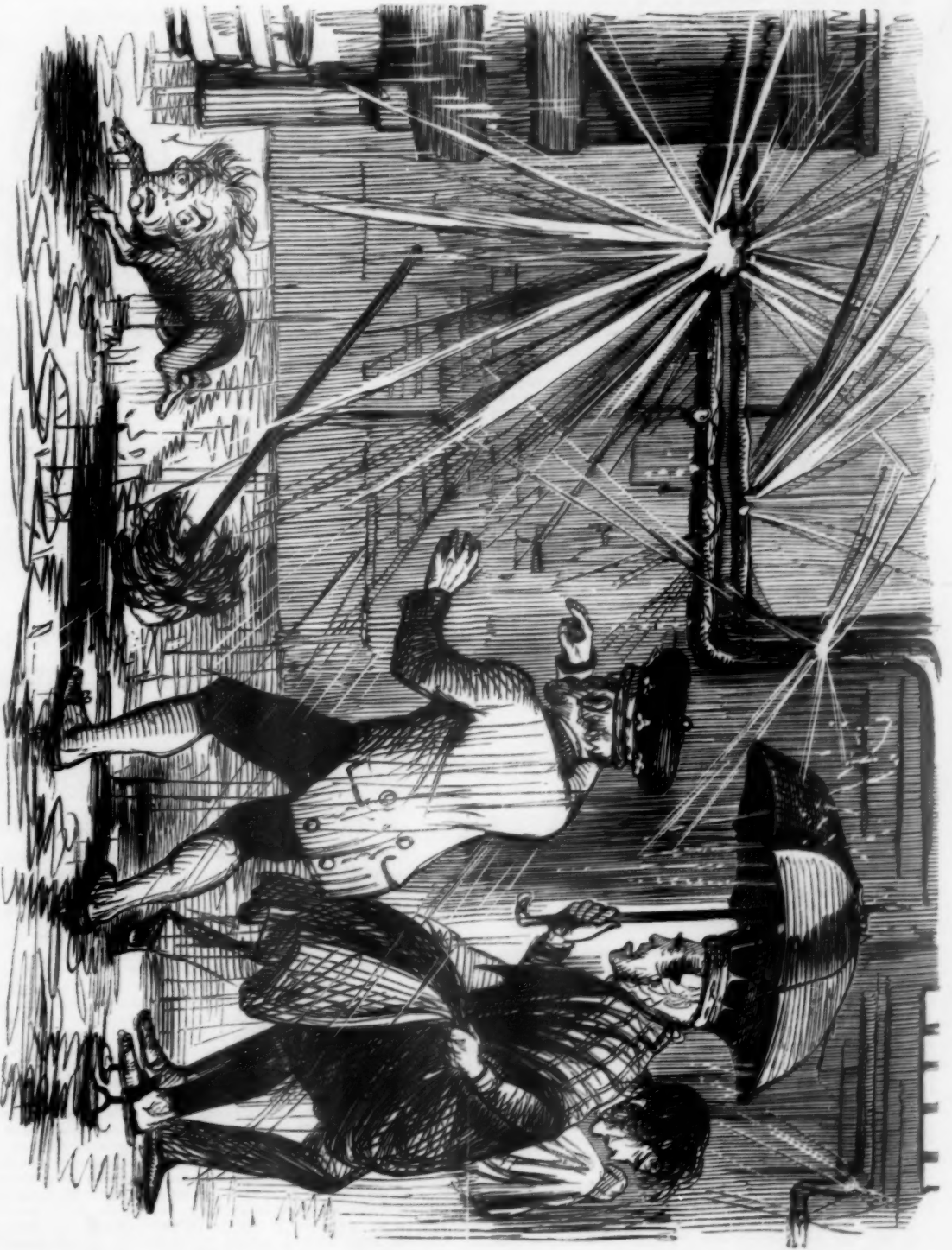
IT is to be regretted that the annexed advertisement did not make its appearance before the annual publication of that popular pennyworth, familiarly known as "Nuts to Crack for Christmas." Of all the nuts that ever baffled the most determined of crackers, we never met with anything to equal the "nuts" the gentleman must be on himself who is continually inserting the following in the *Times* newspaper:—

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—MR. RANGER begins to announce that he will shortly have the honour of presenting an entirely new and original drama in two acts, written expressly for him, entitled **BROTHERLY ALLIANCE**; or *The American in England*. The character of *Benjamin Franklin West* (an American) by MR. RANGER.

The puzzle commences at once in the very first words, for we "challenge the world" to say what meaning can be collected from such a heading as "England and America" to the announcement that follows. Are we to imply that the relations between the two countries will be affected by the intention of MR. RANGER, to present "an entirely new and original drama, entitled *Brotherly Alliance*, or the American in England?" Another mysterious feature of the announcement is the absence of any *locus in quo* for the threatened presentation. Is it to take place at the advertiser's private residence, or at some theatre or concert room? After reading MR. RANGER's announcement we literally do not know where we are to have him.

Peto's Shield.

MR. PETO, it appears, offered his services to the late Government—which had never thought of demanding them. The *Herald's* Office should give him a new coat of arms, in which navvies might be quartered with spades, both proper, in the normal way. As the aid of MR. PETO was unsought, his motto might be "PETO NON PETITUR."



BURSTING OF THE MINISTERIAL PIPES.

Old Lady of the House. "DEAR! OH DEAR! WE MIGHT HAVE EXPECTED THIS CHANGE OF WEATHER, AND OUGHT TO HAVE PROVIDED FOR IT."

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ODE TO BACCHUS.

(Under another Name.)



O! CHICQUOT, what a grievous weight,
Must be the crown upon thy pate.
Does that, if nothing else, not make
Thy poor head very often ache?
Surely thy lot would be more sweet,
Wert thou from grandeur to retreat;
And leave that golden load of care
For one of stronger brain to wear.
That metal diadem resign,
For one constructed of the vine,
With ivy and blue clusters twined,
And let this crown thy temples bind.

Thy throne exchanging for a cask,
Thy globe and sceptre for a flask,
And thyrsus, sit, and so bestride
Thy steed as long as thou can'st ride.

Able to keep thy seat no more,
Recline, in slumber blest, and pour
The rich bass music of repose
Through thy trombone of copper nose.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, January 20.—In the Lords, EARL GREY explained to their Lordships that the whole administration of the army was conducted on wrong principles. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE said that he had sent three officers to Paris to find out how the French managed such things. LADY —we beg pardon—LORD HARDINGE said it was a great shame to speak of the French as if they were so much cleverer than ourselves; and she would let their Lordships into a grand secret. The real reason why the French system was, perhaps, a little better than ours, as it certainly saved the soldiers' lives, and kept them housed and fed, while ours did neither, was that France had Algiers. These two speeches so completely satisfied EARL GREY that he withdrew the proposition he had made.

In the Commons the ROEBUCK battle was renewed. AUGUSTUS STAFFORD exposed the abominable mismanagement at Scutari Hospital, and a variety of gentlemen, very important in their own eyes, but rather insignificant in those of the country, delivered speeches of greater or less dullness. The author of *Pelham* let off some smart epigrams at the Government, and Mr. GLADSTONE inflicted a very cutting castigation upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL, in the neatest form of Parliamentary double entendre. The author of *Vision Grey* delivered a speech, in which hard language did duty for hard thinking, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL made an ineffectual attempt to convince the House that he had not behaved shabbily. PALMERSTON then spoke, not because he had anything to say or wanted to say anything, but because, as a leading member of the Government, it was necessary for him to wind up the debate. It would therefore be unfair to take any notice of what he said. The house took none, but soon afterwards divided, and finished off the ABERDEEN ministry, for good and all, by 306 to 145, majority 157, of whom 99 were Ministerialists. The Opposition refrained from cheering, because little bits of paper, desiring the rank and file not to make a row, were handed to them by their chiefs.

Tuesday.—People expected to hear the Ministers state that they held their places only until their successors should be appointed. But, about two hundred years ago, OLIVER CROMWELL cut off the head of CHARLES STUART. This rendered it quite impossible for the House of Lords to sit upon this Tuesday, and by a parity of reasoning, as an explanation could not be offered to the Lords, it was impossible for one to be given to the assembled Commons, who were therefore sent about their business by LORD PALMERSTON.

Wednesday.—Neither House sat. But the Members kept passing in and out of Clubs all day, exchanging significant looks, and such words as "DERBY," "QUEEN," "PALMERSTON," "NO GO," "PRINCE

ALBERT," "LANSDOWNE," "CLARENDON," "ANOTHER COALITION," &c. A great many gentlemen took immense pains to leave word exactly where they were to be found at any moment of the day, in case an energetic-looking dark man, aged about fifty-seven, or a large gray-haired, jaunty-looking man, aged about seventy-one, should be looking for them, but the precaution, though praiseworthy, proved unnecessary.

Thursday.—The Coalition announced its decease. In the Lords, ABERDEEN coolly said, that he did not wonder that the state of the army exasperated the nation, or that it naturally pounced on the Government as a victim. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, having got the QUEEN'S leave to tell secrets, gave such an exposure of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S insincere conduct, as made their Lordships stare. He also said that he had done all he could for the army, and, in fact, often lay awake all night thinking about it. LORD DENBY stated that the QUEEN had told him that he might make a Ministry if he could, but that he couldn't. His party are in great wrath at this "hastiness" on the part of the Earl, as a number of them wanted to come into office, and to trust to the chance of keeping it. But LORD DENBY himself knew better than to come in only to be turned out, besides which, he has business of his own to attend to.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON merely told the House what everybody knew, and that SIR DE LACY EVANS was coming down next day.

Friday.—Which he did, in full uniform, and looking remarkably well. Everybody rose up as he entered, and he was tremendously cheered. The SPEAKER addressed him in a very appropriate speech, and SIR DE LACY, to everybody's astonishment, instead of confining himself to returning thanks, proceeded to pitch into that unfortunate JOHNNY RUSSELL for the "theatrical" and "incorrect" way in which he had described the battle of the Alma, when moving the vote of thanks. He pointed out three blunders in JOHN'S narrative of the war, one, the omitting mention of the Second Division, in speaking of the Alma; next, the omitting mention of the successful action of the 26th of October; and, thirdly, the omitting reference to the exploits of the Second Division at Inkermann, where it had to fight 20,000 men, and beat them. Some people thought that the pointing out these errors on the part of the self-sufficient ex-leader of the House was "bad taste," but Mr. Punch thinks that, to make thanks worth anything, they must be founded on information as to the service rendered, and therefore (as he told EVANS in the House) the gallant old fellow did perfectly right. PALMERSTON and WALPOLE then thanked the SPEAKER for speaking so properly, and the speech and the answer, omitting the record of RUSSELL'S omissions, were ordered to be printed. It was hoped that LORD JOHN would have come down and abused the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, but as he did not, people got away by five o'clock.

CAST OF THE NEW MINISTRY.

VARIOUS lists of the new Cabinet have been handed about, but up to the time of Mr. Punch's going to press he has not seen one which is correct, except the following, which has just been transmitted to him from Windsor Castle. He begs at once to announce that he gives in his adhesion to the new administration, on the ground that it will be a good Acting Government:—

PREMIER	MR. KEELBY.
LORD CHANCELLOR	MR. BECKSTONE.
PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL	MR. WRIGHT.
PRIVY SEAL	MR. ROBSON.
HOME SECRETARY (because always at home in every thing)	MR. WEBSTER.
FOREIGN SECRETARY (from his superior French accent)	MR. WIGAN.
COLONIAL SECRETARY (for no particular reason, which is why Colonial Secretaries are always appointed)	MR. HANLEY.
WAR SECRETARY and SECRETARY-AT-WAR (with extraordinary action)	MR. CHARLES KEAN.
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER (evidently)	MR. CHARLES MATTHEWS.
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY (with double hornpipe)	MR. T. P. COOKE.
PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF CONTROL	MR. WALTER LACY.
ATTORNEY GENERAL	MR. PAUL BEDFORD.
SOLICITOR GENERAL	MR. TOM MATTHEWS.
WITHOUT OFFICE	MR. PUNCH.

Sacrilege in the Crimea.

MENSCHIKOFF, writing to his master, declares with pious horror that the Allies did not even spare the old Church of the Chersonesus, but destroyed it, for the sake of its timber, which they wanted for fuel. This sacrilege doubtless shocked the man of mild eyes, and yet, on reflection, it should have appeared to him, but a slight impiety. To desecrate a Christian temple is nothing when you are used to it, as the Czar ought to be by this time. How many temples of Christianity does he not desecrate daily, in causing the destruction of the bodies of Christian men?



THE NOSE COMFORTER.

Sensible Man (who despises conventionality). "HAH! THE WORLD MAY SMILE, BUT IT'S VERY WARM AND COMFORTABLE."

FOUR AND FIVE THOUSAND POUNDERS.

At a time like the present every mind ought to be fixed on one idea. That is of course the war. Our anxiety concerning that is not sufficient if it is merely intense. It ought to be frantic. The topic should be all absorbing: we have no business to think of anything else: base is the slave who pays the least attention to other affairs.

Yet here is the *Globe*, at a time when the British Public, aghast at the millions melting away in the Crimea, is naturally heedless, reckless, of all the petty little hands that are busy about its pocket, and has, or ought to have, its purse and its handkerchief abstracted in a state of abstraction: here is the *Globe*, actually inviting the notice of this pre-occupied public to a subject so trivial, so insignificant, so utterly unworthy of a moment's consideration, as a case of the alleged abuse of Church patronage. Patronage! who cares about any patronage, well bestowed or ill, but the patronage of the Army, Church! What is the Church now to us? Who is there capable of conceiving, for a moment, the existence of such a thing as the Church, to say nothing of troubling his head about its proper management or the reverse. Administration of the Church, indeed! What should we care at this crisis if Mr. GORHAM were nominated to the See of Exeter, or if Dr. PUSEY were made Archbishop of Canterbury?

However, the case adverted to by the *Globe*—really it is too ridiculous—the case of clerical maladministration—is thus stated. We quote it merely because the serious treatment of such an affair at this time is laughable.

"By the death of the REV. C. PERBONAL, the vicarage of Ellingham, in the county of Northumberland, lately became vacant. The benefice is worth £600 a year, is situated within a few miles of Bamborough Castle, the summer residence of the trustees of the great Crews charity, and is in the gift of the dean and chapter. On its vacancy it was, in accordance with the practice of caputular bodies, proposed by DEAN WADDINGTON, that a clergyman, who had, for a long series of years, been a minor canon, should be presented to a living. The proposition was resisted by a majority of the Chapter, who, setting aside time-honoured practice, and the reasonable proposition of their Dean, presented thereto the young and uninformed son of one of themselves."

Well, suppose they did; what then? They showed themselves clever fellows, like the unjust steward. They improved the shining hour, like

ULTRA-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

HITHERTO the severest penalty known to the law of England, since the abolition of drawing and quartering, has been death by simple suspension. It now, however, seems probable that assassination will be visited with a severer punishment, and that too, without constitutional trial. The verdict of a Coroner's Jury will, at least in the County of Middlesex, be followed by instant execution. As soon as it has been delivered, the Inspector of Police in attendance will collar the prisoner. The Foreman of the Jury, acting under the Coroner's orders, will collar him on the other side. They will then pull for the possession of his body, and by so doing will tear his clothes from his back. The culprit, thus stripped, will again be seized by his two executioners, one of them grasping his right arm, and the other his left. The Inspector, with the aid of his subordinate constables, and the Foreman assisted by his brother jurors, will then tug at the unfortunate man's arms until they have torn them off; after which, taking him by the leg on either side, they will pull away his lower extremities in the same manner. If the poor wretch is not dead by this time, the belligerents will scramble for his trunk, and the stronger party will take it and bear it away, to breathe the miserable remainder of its life out at the gaol or the station-house, as victory shall determine.

Between MR. WAKLEY and INSPECTOR DARGAN, with their respective partisans, it appears that an execution, similar to the above, was very nearly taking place one day last week in front of the Middlesex Hospital. We rejoice that the scene of horror was not consummated, for the dreadful spectacle would have disgraced our civilisation, and perhaps have inflicted a fatal shock on the nerves of some of the hospital patients who may have been looking out of window. The sternest advocates for the retention of Capital Punishment will deprecate the repetition, in the nineteenth century, in the case of even the worst criminal, of the atrocities which were inflicted on RAVAILLAC and DAMIENS.

Venal Swords.

THERE is generally felt an objection to the employment of mercenaries in our army; yet the system of obtaining commissions by purchase involves the necessity that almost all our officers must be soldiers of fortune.

the bee. They took the opportunity of war-time, as many other chapters will take it, but without opposition on the part of their deans. These are fine days for caputular bodies and all other corporations. Of course they will make the most of them. Poor prebendaries have now some chance of a few jobs; and it may be expected that they will be proportionally industrious.

The *Globe* proceeds to mention some further particulars, which are more reasonable; for whilst, on the one hand, we are agonised by the spectacle of so much heart-rending misery, it is a relief on the other, to contemplate at least one picture of human happiness, such as the following:—

"The father of the fortunate youth is the REV. CANON THORPE, who unites in his own person:—1. The rectory of Epton. 2. The archdeaconry of Durham. 3. A canonry of Durham Cathedral. 4. A canonry in St. David's Cathedral; and 5. The wardenship of Durham University—preferments worth between £4,000 and £5,000 a year. In addition, this divine is one of the trustees of the Crews charities, with a share in an expenditure, unappropriated by the specific trusts of LORD CREWE'S will, of about £8,000 a year, and in this capacity he has already secured for his son the perpetual curacy of Blanchland, with some £300 a year, and the shooting over Blanchland moors which belong to the Crews trust, and are preserved at its cost for the incumbent of Blanchland."

If the lot of the private in the trenches is bitter, sweet is that of the pluralist in his pleasant places—so many of them and so rich. We lament the wretchedness of the soldier's pay; let us rejoice in the blessedness of the churchman's income. O the felicity of between four and five thousand a year! Money is not happiness? No, you goose; neither is money turtle-soup. Not that the happiness of Canon THORPE consists in anything of that sort; but only fancy the luxury of doing good which he may, and doubtless does, indulge in with nearly £5,000 per annum. The wants of an English canon are few and simple: a little beef, a little pudding, a small quantity of port-wine, for the stomach's sake; they make but a slight hole in one thousand pounds, and there are almost four thousand remaining, with which the REVEREND Mr. THORPE can delight himself in imparting bliss. Then he is also blest in a son who takes after his father, taking his £300 a year for one piece of preferment, and his £600 for another: withal bagging the game of the Blanchland moors. Thus the son is provided for already,

though the father will cut up well. He will cut up into five distinct clergymen; but this will be a matter for consideration some other day, if the war does not last as long as the world: in the meantime we are too intent on the bore of Lancaster guns to plague ourselves with that of expensive cathedral canons.

NICHOLAS'S HAMPER.



Ye are informed that the following are the contents of the enormous hamper that was forwarded by the Emperor from St. Petersburg to Berlin on New Year's Day:—"Six Dozen of the best French Cognac; Six Dozen of the finest pine-apple Ram; Six Dozen of the strongest Schiedam; Two Dozen of Maraschino, the same of Curacao, and the same of the new liqueur La Chartreuse; Twenty-four Dozen of the best Clicquot Champagne; besides Thirty-six Dozen of the best double aerated Soda Water, the latter purposely fabricated in St. Petersburg for the royal use." Neither gin nor whiskey were included in

the contents of the hamper, as NICHOLAS was naturally anxious not to put anything English into his brother-in-law's head. Of course we need not state that the hamper was intended as a New Year's Gift to the KING OF PRUSSIA, and was accompanied with an autograph letter from the CZAR, in which the "hope was humbly expressed that the gift, trifling as it was, might have the effect of inducing the august Monarch of Prussia to adhere as firmly as ever to his former principles."

COMMON THINGS FOR THE COMMISSARIAT.

It has been judiciously suggested that everybody's education should include the knowledge of common things. A little of this science would have saved the lives of many brave men in the Crimea. What a pity it is that the War Office authorities and the Commissariat should never have been taught any of it, as they evidently have not! Had they possessed the slightest knowledge of common things amongst them, would the troops in the Crimea ever have had served out to them rations so irrational as green coffee? Wheat or beans in the crude state the human grinders may deal with, the human stomach being very empty, and nothing better at hand to fill the void. But green-coffee berries for an article of food, and no means of utilizing them but jaw teeth!—What did the Commissariat and the War Office imagine that the molar would do with such materials! Wise teeth indeed it would take to dispose of diet of that sort. That this mistake may not again occur, and by way of example to matrons, housewives, and others capable of instructing Downing Street and the Horse Guards in the knowledge of the things above alluded to, a few remarks may be offered with respect to one of those things, namely, that same common thing,

COFFEE.

Coffee is not produced by nature in the form in which it occurs to us at the breakfast table. It is not found in a liquid state. It is a berry, that is to say, a quantity of berries, the fruit of a plant cultivated in Arabia and the West Indies, and in the Conservatory at Kew Gardens. Plenty of Coffee may be seen in every grocer's shop in London and the United Kingdom. Heaps of it are piled in the shop windows; and the berries of which these heaps of coffee consist are some of them brown and others green.

Green coffee differs from green tea. Green tea is fit to make the beverage called tea, but green coffee is not fit to make that denominated coffee. Green tea is not simply the verdure of the tea plant, unmanufactured. But green coffee is merely raw coffee; it is coffee unprepared for use. When prepared for use, coffee is brown. It is prepared for use by being roasted. The roasting is not performed with a spit, or by means of a jack. The green coffee berries are put into iron cylinders which are turned by steam engines over a fire. By this operation they are browned. The roasting of coffee is a business of itself, requiring large premises, and much labour. It might indeed, at a pinch, and after a fashion, be managed in a frying-pan. In the absence of any

frying-pan, a fire-shovel, perhaps, would serve. But without steam-engine, without cylinder, without frying-pan, without fire-shovel, it would hardly be possible to roast coffee anyhow, and without fire, certainly, coffee could be roasted nowhere. Coffee, therefore, should be issued to troops ready roasted, and not green, as they are always unprovided with steam-engines and cylinders, and generally almost as badly off for frying-pans and fire-shovels.

When coffee, by the process of roasting, has been changed from green to brown, it has to undergo another operation, before it can be employed in concocting the drink which bears its name. Those Ministers and Commanding and Commissariat Officers, whose breakfast-rooms are not too highly elevated above their kitchens, may sometimes, of a morning, have remarked a rambling sound ascending from the culinary regions. This is occasioned by the manoeuvre of grinding the coffee, which is effected with a hand-mill. Hand-mills also not abounding in armies, and coffee-grinding being essential to coffee-making, mere coffee-berries, though roasted and not green, afford the soldier a nearly insoluble problem, even when he can get enough hot water for the solution of his coffee: which is not always the case. The pestle and mortar may present a substitute for the mill, but in yielding them to a mess, the surgeon runs the risk of getting himself into a scrape. Nutmeg-graters would answer better; but where there are no nutmegs the graters must needs be few. Coffee, therefore, should be supplied to soldiers not only ready roasted, but ready ground: if issued whole, it should be accompanied with a sufficiency of graters; and if issued green, as well as whole, there should likewise be an equally liberal distribution of fire-shovels or frying-pans, as well as plenty of coke or charcoal.

Here some account of that common thing, the making of coffee, might be added; but the knowledge of this is not necessary to the authorities, who are not encamped before Sebastopol; for them it will suffice to know what are the conditions indispensable for that purpose. Let them only give the soldier the possibility of making his coffee, and the soldier will make it well enough, no doubt.

LINES DRAWN IN A CIRCLE.

BY A SHAKSPEARIAN CLOWN.

MATRIMONY is a Circus. Many noble creatures enter it, run round and round, and kick up a fine dust, but how few get properly trained and broken into it!

Lovers' vows at an evening party are but paper-hoops—held up one moment, and broken through the next.

Compliments are the blue fire that lights up life's dingy scenery.

Ministers are as difficult to keep together as the six or seven horses which are ridden by the Courier of St. Petersburg. One refractory horse will put out all the others, and floor the Courier; so one restive minister will disturb the rest, and throw the Premier completely on his back.

A Beauty in curl-papers is a Clown without paint.

A woman may be beaten, but she will rarely own to it—like the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, who, instead of acknowledging a defeat, chaunts a *Te Deum* for each one.

The bread that is made of saw-dust is perhaps the driest of all.

Be considerate to all fools. Many a Clown, who tumbles in public to make you laugh aches bitterly for it, perhaps, in private.

I call Charity "lowering a difficulty—as we lower a scarf in the Circle—when you see a person hasn't the strength to leap over it."

The true aim of satire should be, like that of our guns—making a good report, but wounding no one.

Small talk is the chaff that leads a young lady from Flat to Flat, in the same way that a horse is led across the stage by a sieve of fictitious oats.

Perseverance is failing nineteen times, and succeeding the twentieth—but when you do succeed, good gracious me! how the applause does come down!

The Stage has two sides, like its "banners,"—the one brilliant, and the other dull,—and the public judges of it by seeing only the brilliant side.

I have observed many tumbles through life, but I have invariably noticed that it is the man who mounts the high horse, that receives the least pity when he falls.

Genius, like the mantle of GRIMALDI, is claimed by every fool, but possessed by scarcely one!

The only Ring in which the whip should not be used is the wedding-ring; whenever it is used, you may put it down as a badly managed circle, that is a disgrace to the Ring!

Life may be compared to one of the golden goblets that flash at our banquets upon the stage; it looks very splendid, and you fancy it is full of the most intoxicating draughts, but put it to your lips, and you will find there is nothing in it!—nothing but hollowness, mockery, and disappointment!!!



HOW DISAGREEABLE THE BOYS ARE.

Boy. "MY EYE, TOMMY! THERE'S THE HELEPHANT FROM THE S'LOGICAL GARDINGS GOING A SKATING!"

A TERRIBLE BLOW FOR JUSTICE.

JUSTICE has lately received a terrible blow in the very Hall of Westminster. The following extract from a report of the proceedings in the Court of Exchequer will explain our meaning:—

"INCONVENIENCE OF THE COURT.

"In the course of the day, notwithstanding the want of public interest in the above case, the limited space in the Court was crammed with auditors. The consequence was that the Court became insufferably close—so much so as at times to produce an occasional sensation of approaching suffocation. At length MR. BARON PLATT ordered one of the Ushers of the Court to open a window. This order was no sooner carried into execution than down poured a stream of cold air. About a quarter of an hour afterwards, MR. QUAIN, one of the counsel engaged in the cause, requested the Usher to close the window, when he was informed that the admission of fresh air had been ordered by the learned Judge. Of course the learned Counsel, in this state of things, felt himself bound to submit to the sacrifice of his own personal comfort to the convenience of the learned Baron, and the window remained open. Much further time however was not permitted to elapse for the continuance of the evil, for a complaint was made by the Jury that they were suffering much inconvenience from the draught of wind that reached them from the window in question.

"MR. BARON PLATT.—Gentlemen, this is a horrible Court, I ordered the window to be opened in order that we might all might be relieved as far as possible from the dreadfully oppressive sensation which was produced by its closeness; but, as it is inconvenient to you, it shall be again closed.

"The window was thereupon shut, and the exertion of struggling against annoying stench and threatened suffocation once more commenced."

Justice may well be not only blind with influenza, but deaf with a cold, and dumb with hoarseness, if the Judge is compelled to play the part of a weathercock, exposed to all the winds that blow in upon him from every point of the compass. It is right that justice should be administered with open doors, but it surely should not be exposed to the inconvenience of open windows.

If there exists "an ill wind that blows nobody good," it must be the wind that poured into the Court to the inconvenience of the Bench, the Bar, and the Jury. The thorough draft was very nearly the cause of a breeze between the Judge and the Counsel, for the former had ordered the Usher to open a window, which the latter desired should be closed, and at length the open question was decided by the Jury,

"OFFICIAL ROUTINE."

(A New Song to an Old Tune, as sung in the War Office.)

AIR.—"The Ivy Green."

On a dainty growth is Official Routine,
That crawlith o'er systems old:
With red-tape tendrils clasping keen,
And choking where they fold!
What stores have rotted, what ships decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim!
How he fettereth hand, and blindeth head,
So terrible and so trim!
For knaves and fools a sheltering screen,
Oh a glorious growth is Official Routine.

He worketh his way, with men and things,
Alike by land and sea;
And the weaker his root, the tighter he clings
By the *vis inertiae*.
You may see him trailing along the ground,
O'er an army's new-made graves;
Or barring their way that stand around
To save wrecked stores from waves.
At Balaklava all serene—
A flourishing growth is Official Routine!

Let men and ministers have their day,
And be as they had not been,
Official Routine still holdeth sway,
In its mingled gray and green.
The brave old creeper, in these our days,
Still fattens, as in the past,
And the noblest host a nation could raise,
Hath fallen, its prey at last!
Creeping still where life has been—
A terrible plant is Official Routine!

Glory at the Fireside.

"TALK of the bar of public opinion"—cried young FITZBLANKFEATHER who had been exchanged, and was at home, with his legs on the family hob—"talk of the bar of public opinion: fiddle-de-dee for such a bar! Give me the bars of the fireplace!"

who declared that they could no longer sit to be so undeservedly blown upon. The shutting of the window led to a struggle between Suitors, Witnesses, Counsel, and Spectators, all of whom were anxious to get out of what had been suddenly turned into a close tribunal.

OLD CLO' AND THE ARMY.

BIGOTRY alone would deprive any person of his political rights on account of his religious opinions. But the necessities of war are stern, and these, unfortunately, demand a certain present exception to the general rule of toleration which would admit the Jews into all places, and spheres of action, which are open to the people at large. The *Morning Post*, in describing the embarkation of the 18th Royal Irish, at Portsmouth, for the Crimea, after mentioning certain irregularities in the conduct of the men, thus proceeds:—

"Other disgraceful results were, however, displayed this morning. On receiving their winter boots, some of the 18th, fancying that they would be of no further use to them, readily sold those they ordinarily wore for a mere trifle to some Jewish dealers, who were not slow in suggesting the traffic, and who never ought to have been allowed in the dockyard or on board the ship."

Admit a duly elected Jewish gentleman to the House of Commons, by all means; but exclude all not equally well authorised gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion from the dockyards, and the QUEEN'S ships. A too fastidious liberality must not induce us to expose our soldiers to the temptation of selling their clothes and their kit,—for the want of which they will by-and-by rot—to ABRAHAM, ISAACS, and JACOBS. Let the officials who guard the access to the men-of-war and the dockyards, be directed to keep a sharp look out for all suspicious rogues.

CLICQUOT'S MEASURE.

CLICQUOT has the credit of possessing some capacity. So has a quart bottle. How many quarts will CLICQUOT hold? There is something in CLICQUOT, doubtless; but it is not solid.



Navy. "Ah, Bill! it shows the FORWARD MARCH OF THE AGE. FIRST, THE BRUTE FORCE, SUCH AS 'IM; AND THEN THE LIKES OF US TO DO IT SCIENTIFIC, AND SHOW THE MIGHT OF INTELLECT."

THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

WHEN the history of the present crisis comes to be written, we trust that its proper position will be given to that very remarkable chapter described by the Court Newsmen as the "Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter." With the country in a state of painful anxiety for want of a Government, and the remains of the army perishing in the Crimea, the tragic interest of the scene is suddenly broken in upon by a chapter which seems to belong rather to a Comic history than to a serious record of the events that are keeping the whole nation in a state of the most painful anxiety. When the weightiest business is being left undone for want of the men to do it, and when the absence of men is attributed to the enervating influence of idle form and senseless ceremony, there seems to be a dash of mockery in the burlesque, for we cannot conscientiously call it anything else, that was enacted the other day at Windsor.

We exempt from censure the principal performer, who is compelled, by position, to take a part in a pageantry got up for the purpose of gratifying the silly pride of those who, having failed in statesmanship, hope to hide their failure in the gaudy frippery of gold lace, and the other flimsy externals of their "order." Garters and bits of ribbon are the highest of all the distinctions which our aristocracy can attain, and such rewards are perhaps well worthy of the spirit of man-millinery and red-tapeism which prevails in our highest official circles. The sort of merit that is sometimes rewarded by the Garter may be inferred from the fact that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA enjoys the distinction which his friend LORD ABERDEEN has just received, and when we look at these two Garters, we see at once that there is a precious pair of them.

We will suppose the Garter, or, by way of variety, a gold Hat-Band, to be the summit of ambition in every other branch of the public service, and we will give an outline of the Investiture of MR. SUPERINTENDENT EVERGREEN on his retirement, or rather his dismissal—for it must be the latter to make it a case in point—from the police force. Taking the report from the Court Circular as a model, the following would be the description of the ceremony we have taken the liberty of imagining:—

The Commissioner held a Chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Gold Hat-Band this afternoon at the Station.

SCUTARI.

AMID the clouds of grief and wrath,
That o'er the heart of England brood,
One bright star holds its blessed path,
Unswerving, unsubdued.

A steady radiance: breathing balm
To throbbing limb, and wand'ring brain;
Investing death with hallowed calm,
Taking the sting from pain.

Through miles of pallets, thickly laid
With sickness in its foulest guise,
And pain, in forms to have dismayed,
Man's science-hardened eyes.

A woman, fragile, pale, and tall,
Upon her saintly work doth move.
Fair or not fair, who knows? But all
Follow her face with love.

Lady—thy very name so sweet,
Speaks of full songs through darkness heard,
And fancy findeth likeness meet
Between thee and the bird,

Whose music cheers the glooming wold,
As thy low voice the anguish dim,
That through these sad rooms lieth cold
On brain and heart and limb.

God guard thee, noble woman; still
Wear the saint's glory round thy brow,
Let bigots call thee as they will,
What Christ preached, doest thou.

Superiority of British Labour,

As a proof that the English are quicker and better workmen than the French, we may mention the fact, that whereas it will take three Frenchmen a week to write a farce, one Englishman will translate it in a day.

The Jolly Night's Companions having been robed in their capes of dark oilskin, and wearing their clean collars, were by order of the Commissioner called over by Garter, Inspector of Legs in the lobby when several answered.

In attendance were the Cabmen of the Order, the Watermen of the Order, and the Conductor of the Order, who wore their chains and badges.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, Mr. Punch, was in attendance with one of his blackest rods, which had been kept in pickle expressly for the occasion.

The Commissioner was conducted to the Hat-Band room, in which the Chapter was held, by the Upper Steward and the Under Butler. The Commissioner wore the cape of the order, and a collar rather out of order.

By command of the Commissioner the Jolly Night's Companions were conducted to the Hat-Band room by the Grand Cross Conductors; Charing Cross Conductor being on the right, and King's Cross Conductor on the left of the Commissioner.

The Jolly Night's Companions then took their seats according to their seniority.

The Watermen of the Order signified to the Chaps constituting the Chapter, the Commissioner's pleasure that the vacant Hat-Band should be appropriately filled up by an equally vacant head, and as none but a Jolly Night's Companion could be elected, MR. SUPERINTENDENT EVERGREEN was introduced by Garter, Inspector of Legs, and the Truncheon having been handed to the Commissioner, he was pleased to intimate his desire to make a night of it with MR. EX-SUPERINTENDENT EVERGREEN, who shook the Commissioner's hand, and retired.

The Jolly Night's Companions proceeded to the election, and the suffrages were collected by the Conductor—on the fare principle—and by him were presented to the Commissioner, who commanded the Conductor to declare that the Right and Left Honourable GEORGEY PONGEY EVERGREEN had been duly elected to the Most Noble Order of the Gold Lace Hat-Band.

By the Commissioner's Command the Ex-Superintendent was received at the door by the two youngest Chaps of the Chapter, and was conducted between them—one dragging him by one arm and the other by the other—to the Commissioner, preceded by Hat-Band bearing the buckle and other ensigns of the Order on a red velvet pincushion, and by Black Rod—just out of pickle, in the hands of Mr. Punch. The

Ex-Superintendent stooped near the 'Commissioner,' and held his head down while the Commissioner buckled the Hat-Band on the Ex-Superintendent's Hat, the Waterman pronouncing the usual admonition to be ready to "buckle to" on all occasions.

The Ex-Superintendent again shook the Commissioner's hand, and having been congratulated by all the other Chaps of the Chapter retired.

The Mistress of the Wardrobe, the Lady's Maid in Waiting, and the following flunkies of the Household were in attendance:—The Steward, the Groom of the Horse, the two or three Sad Sticks at Waiting who had been engaged as waiters, a Gentleman Usher of State, and a Blackguard Usher (from a neighbouring school) in a disgraceful state.

AGRICULTURE IN THE SUBURBS.



W E wish some great agricultural authority would enlighten us on the causes which create the enormous difference in the price of bread within and just around the metropolis. We should really like to be informed how it is that a four pound loaf can be sold in the Borough for eightpence, in Chelsea for ninepence, and in Brompton for tenpence, while in Kensington it is not to be produced—or at all events sold—for less than (tenpence-halfpenny. Is the Borough a better corn-growing district? Is the soil of Southwark more fertile? Is the air of Bermondsey more balmy than that of the other localities, where bread is sold at exorbitant prices? It would be a great boon to the

agricultural commission were to be appointed to inquire into the causes of these enormous differences in the prices of bread, which are quite beyond our comprehension; for though we admit that Kensington is not a corn-growing district, we believe that Southwark is equally destitute of food producing facilities.

Perhaps the investigation might comprise the subject of the causes that operate to keep bread at the same price, notwithstanding a fall in the cost of flour. Perhaps importation may be prohibited at the gates of Kensington, or possibly the Kensington farmers—if such a body should happen to exist somewhere in the back streets of the town—may be protected by a heavy duty. Whatever may be the cause, we are all familiar with the effect, which makes bread differ some twenty per cent. in price at places within three or four miles of each other. If there is no prohibition on importation, we should recommend some baker from the East to charter a cart two or three times a week for the West, where any amount of bread at a fair price would be eagerly purchased by the inhabitants.

A Coming Speech by a Gallant Colonel.

"SIR,—I rise to observe that the least said is the soonest mended. With respect to the detestable doctrines of Mr. BRIGHT, why, it is well known that what is one man's Quaker is another man's poison. If two blacks made a white there wouldn't be so many *Uncle Toms* on the Treasury Bench. Brag was a good dog, but he thought *Dou* was a better. It was cauld kail at Aberdeen; because as he (the Colonel) had said before, fine words buttered no parsnips, which proved to the confusion of the lot of rubbish just shot out, that with respect to the war, you could not bar the door of the country with a boiled carrot."

A New Family Time-Piece.

(Adapted for Kitchens, Servants' Halls, Lodgers, &c.)

In China, according to the missionary M. HUC, it seems to be the fashion to tell the time by looking at the eyes of the cat; and we have no doubt that in England, also, the mistress of an establishment, by descending occasionally into the kitchen, and watching a little the movements of that great "*Edas Berum*," the cat, would be all the better enabled to tell "What's o'clock?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 5th.—In the Lords, poor LORD ABERDEEN was obliged to get up, and with as amiable a face as he could assume (it would be cruel to be critical under the circumstances), to announce that the man who had branded him with the title of Antiquated Imbecility, had been sent for by HER MAJESTY, and made Premier of England. Their Lordships, who, with all their shortcomings, are kindly and humane gentlemen, instantly, and with the greatest commiseration, proposed to adjourn, in order not to detain LORD ABERDEEN at such a period of affliction. They received the Fisheries Bill and immediately booked it.

In the Commons, Ex-President of the Council LORD JOHN RUSSELL made a variety of complaints touching the castigation he had received from the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE. He declared he had never known that the Duke had offered to resign, and added that LORD ABERDEEN had behaved very rudely to himself in not telling him about it. Also he let out that (contrary to all his declarations for the last year) he had not considered ABERDEEN "by any means a vigorous and determined supporter of the war." It is as well to know this, because it is another illustration of the habitual sincerity of our rulers. The Duke would have done, he said, had ABERDEEN been energetic and warlike. He then went into some details, about which nobody cares, and admitted that his not resigning when he first discovered that the war was being mismanaged was an "error." He apologised for going out when he did, by saying, modestly, that had he stayed in, and so saved the Ministry against his conscience, his feelings would have been very painful. He then said that the QUEEN would have allowed him to make a Ministry, and that he tried, and found that people would not act with him. Finally, he expressed sorrow for the omissions for which GENERAL EVANS had attacked him, but remarked that LORD RAGLAN had done justice to the Second Division, with which rather curious excuse for his own *laches*, LORD JOHN RUSSELL finished himself off, and then Mr. GLADSTONE rose and argued, at some length, that great part of LORD JOHN's statement was erroneous, and that the rest was inconvenient.

Tuesday.—LORD ST. LEONARDS presented to his fellow peers a bill for the better protection of purchasers from judgments, but omitted to explain that it was not intended to protect them from the consequences of want of judgment, or to poke a hole in contracts whereby pigs in pokes are conveyed. A purchaser is to be bound by any registry of judgment made within five years of his purchase, and if he makes a foolish purchase such binding is to be considered calf.

In the Commons, a MR. BENTINCK, of all men in the world, took upon himself to think that the country ought not to be without a Government, as if he himself had not voted in the majority that turned the last out, or as if anybody cared for what he thought. SIR CHARLES WOOD desired him to hold his tongue. MR. WHITESIDE, the Irish lawyer (who is supposed to share with MR. RONSON, of the Olympic, the power of putting himself into a violent rage at the shortest notice, and on the smallest provocation), gave an Irish echo of BENTINCK. MR. SCOTT astonished the House by saying rather a sensible thing, namely, that the country had gone on for a week without a Government—as well as for two years with one, and MUSTZ was equally rational in observing, that the people were kept waiting while two or three aristocratic families were settling their differences. Poor MR. MALINS, who is an opposition barrister, and who has for a long time been talking about everything, at meretricious length, (*Mr. Punch* need not mention why Parliamentary barristers do such things), complained that his party had no voice in the Government. MR. MALINS must talk a little more—LORD DERRY not being yet in a position to appoint law-officers of the Crown. MR. ROEBUCK explained that he fully intended to have his Committee on the War, but wished to have the best men in the House, and as some of these might be about to take office, he must wait and see whom he could get. SIR GEORGE GREY (now the Home Secretary), announced that the veteran Bottle-holder was at last going to enter the ring on his own account, and that preliminaries were being adjusted.

Wednesday.—MR. WHIPPER-IN HAYTER moved now writs for Tiverton, and South Wilts, PALMERSTON and SIDNEY HERBERT having to go through the form of re-election. LORD PALMERSTON has addressed his constituency in a warlike epistle, and they have sent up "their compliments and he'll do, and needn't trouble himself to come down." MR. GLADSTONE, still, *Mr. Punch* is happy to say, Chancellor of the Exchequer, took a quiet million and odd on account of the estimates, and next day another and more odd, altogether £2,800,000, but Mr. *Punch* apologises for alluding to such a trifle. He also robbed MR. JOSEPH HUME of a phrase, the latter having once (it is said) observed that honourable members might laugh, but he was speaking *seriatim*. MR. GLADSTONE promised that the Navy Estimates should be so discussed. There was a good deal of complaint about the mismanagement of the war, but as MR. GLADSTONE and SIR CHARLES WOOD made it a particular request that members would drop the subject,—they did.

Thursday.—EARL GRANVILLE, the new President of the Council,

and Government leader in the Lords, made a spirited little speech on reporting himself to their lordships, and declared that the paramount object for Parliament and Government was the vigorous and active prosecution of the war. *Mr. Punch*, who was sitting on the steps of the throne, observed condescendingly, "Bravo! GRANNY," and upon LORD CRANWORTH looking round indignantly, was pleased to add, "I didn't say GRANNY." (*Shouts of Laughter.*)

LORD DERRY, encouraged by the good nature of the House, trespassed upon it most awfully by a long statement as to why the Conservatives had not brought in a motion of censure, and why he could not make a Government, and so forth. The points of his speech were these: 1st, That as the opposition muster only 290 men in the Commons, they are not a majority, and therefore can't keep office. Here he might as well have stopped, as his other explanations savoured of the nineteen reasons why the Governor did not fire a salute, the first being that he had no guns. However, he alleged, 2ndly, That if he had taken office LORD ELLENBOROUGH would have joined him. 3rdly, That SIR BULWER LYTTON would have done the same, notwithstanding MR. PAUL CLIFFORD's irreverent references to the above lord. 4thly, That LORD PALMERSTON was a very popular man. 5thly, That he had called upon LORD PALMERSTON, and offered to make a new Coalition with his lordship, GLADSTONE, and SIDNEY HERBERT, and promised that DISRAELI should be done out of the leadership of the Commons, (to which, if the Tories came in, he has an equitable and almost a legal title) if PALMERSTON would join. 6thly, That LORD PALMERSTON was very polite to him. 7thly, That LORD PALMERSTON agreed with him on certain points on which no two sensible men differ. 8thly, That LORD PALMERSTON and the other two gentlemen wrote to him that they really could not condescend. 9thly, That in his opinion the Conservative party should not rush and prematurely undertake the Government of the country. The rest of his speech was an apology to his own men for not running them into office against the feeling of the country which would have marched them out again in double quick time.

LORD LANSDOWNE said that he had advised the QUEEN to send in succession for DERRY, RUSSELL, and PALMERSTON. He also, very politely, entreated "that noble institution, the Public Press," to be cautious, at the present crisis.

LORD MALMESBURY next got up, and showed his extreme fitness for the office for which he is so eager, by prolonged and dreary blundering over one of the simplest matters in the world. *Mr. Punch*, and some other, and inferior journalists, have long argued that the aristocratic system of the army is an exceedingly bad one. Dull LORD MALMESBURY supposed that the complaint, instead of referring to the rank, wealth, and influence generally, which place the army in the hands of the upper classes, meant that nearly all the officers were sons, or nephews, or cousins of peers, and the stupid man had been getting an Army List, and a Peerage, and counting on his fingers, to disprove the supposed charge. As it was, he showed a great array of aristocratic names in the list, and *Mr. Punch* would be heartily glad of it (for the young nobility are very gallant fellows), if the owners of those names had made their way upwards by sheer merit, and that BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON could do the same. MALMESBURY also complimented the press by showing that it never stooped to his capacity. LORD PANMURE, the new War Minister, then made his initiatory speech, and promised to be valiant, as became an ex-officer of the 79th Highlanders, and also to employ nobody except those who merited employment. Their Lordships then adjourned for a week.

In the Commons, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, as a private member, brought in an Education Bill. Some members spoke of the condition of the army, and LORD JOHN proceeded to educate them rather severely. He declared that we had 28,000 men in the Crimea, though there were only 12,000 rank and file actually on duty. GLADSTONE had ventured on a similar statement. There is evident juggling with phrases and figures, but the subject is too solemn to be treated as *Mr. Punch* treats most Parliamentary nonsense. LORD JOHN then talked of the attacks of "a ribald press," but it would be unkind to an unfortunate little man, whose political character has been so miserably tarnished of late, to be hard upon him while smarting under complicated humiliation.

Friday.—ADMIRAL BEAKLEY explained that all that SIR CHARLES NAPIER had said at the Mansion House dinner was untrue, and that his old friend was a most indiscreet old man, which was probably the reason why he had been appointed to command the noblest fleet that ever left England.

The House adjourned for a week, to re-assemble when Tiverton has re-elected PALMERSTON, the People's Premier.

A Violin's Joke.

Now that we have got rid of the Scotch Fiddle, we hope we shall not have to complain of any more hitches in the Government. That a Scotch premier should have exhibited a reluctance to carry on the War with spirit, or at all events to come vigorously to the scratch, is rather remarkable.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.



R. SLAP, a retired Clown, on whom the mantle of GRAMSCI fell some years ago, contemplates the reading of *Mother Goose* and some other celebrated pantomimes. It is understood that Hungerford Hall will be taken for the occasion, and an orchestra will be engaged to accompany the vocal portions of the entertainment, which will include *Hot Codlins* and *Tippitywicket*. The score of the former has been long in the hands of an eminent maestro for revision, and *Tippitywicket* will be produced with a double brass band, strengthened by six additional ophi-

leides. If the reading of *Mother Goose* should answer the expectations that have been formed by the retired Clown, he will probably read the Drury Lane Pantomime, *Jack and Jill*, when the run is over.

"CURIOSITIES OF LONDON."

"MR. PUNCH,

"I am a citizen of the United States, located here in your bit of a metropolis, with no letters of introduction, which I don't need, for haven't I my own card, and here it is, which I send in by any aerf in livery—(*Uncle Toms* in plush and powder I guess)—whether I may determine to drop a call—

JONATHAN HICCOBYNUT,

MANKIND ARE MY BROTHERS,

AND MY HOME IS THE WORLD.

"Well, wishing to know everything—and to take no time in doing it—about your bit of a metropolis, I yesterday brought a spick-span-new book, just out, called *Curiosities of London*, by JOHN TIMMS, F.S.A. I'm bound to say it, the book is a good meaty book; thick and streaky with fat and lean, like a wedge of bacon,—but there's no use in hiding the fact; the book doesn't do what's right towards the United States.—And here it is.

"The Aztecs are American citizens. The citizen who brought 'em to England for the edification of the Britishers is—as he told me himself—under a bail-bond to the PRESIDENT at Washington, to the amount of one million of dollars, to return the critters to the soil of Colombia. Well, MR. TIMMS doesn't say a word about 'em in his new book, which I consider is an insult to the stars and stripes. But that's nothing to what's to follow. There's MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN—she's an American property, too, and of the right grit. Well, there isn't a letter of her name in MR. TIMMS's work, more than of the Aztecs. Now, is this the right thing to heaven-born American genius? When we supply the greatest curiosities to London, is it 'cutting the right line, and never missing into whose facts the chips fly' (as that sweet, honey-mouthed virgin, FANNY FERRIS, declares)—not to say a word about 'em in a book that should brim over with 'em?

"Still, *Mr. Punch*, I am no friend of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA—however good a customer he might be to us—and I've no wish to be hard upon MR. TIMMS. All I want of him, then, is this. Let him in his second edition do the right thing, and among his *Curiosities* in London, give a proper place to the Aztecs and MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN's *Romeo*. For ain't they all Curiosities, tho' which is the bigger it is not my determination to say. All I want is, justice to Colombia, and am yours,

"JONATHAN HICCOBYNUT."



"WELL, JACK! HERE'S GOOD NEWS FROM HOME. WE'RE TO HAVE A MEDAL."

"THAT'S VERY KIND. MAYBE ONE OF THESE DAYS WE'LL HAVE A COAT TO STICK IT ON?"

THE MANAGER IN DISTRESS.

THE Manager of a certain Theatre Royal has lately been considerably embarrassed by a division in the Company, which has led to the throwing up of their parts by several of the principal characters in the grand annual spectacle, which is got up at an enormous expense for the amusement of the public.

The Company had for some time been working rather uncomfortably together, when MR. JOHN FUSSELL, the "low man" of the establishment, who from the constant opportunity of doing the leading business in his line had become a favourite, wrote to the Stage-Manager, saying, that in consequence of a party having been made up for the purpose of "damning" a farce, in which he, FUSSELL, would have to take a part, he should throw up his situation and retire from the company. The Stage-Manager called the company together, when it was determined to risk the intended opposition, and the farce was played. The character of FUSSELL being "read" by another performer. FUSSELL himself did all he could to assist the opposition in an indirect way, by declaring he had always objected to the distribution of the parts, and the whole piece was such a dead failure, that the Stage-Manager on the next morning resigned his functions.

A new Manager was now to be found, or rather to be looked for, and MR. DABBY, who had hitherto represented the "country boys," a line of business that has become nearly extinct, was asked to undertake the office. DABBY immediately proceeded to the light comedy man of the concern—the bustling and energetic POMICESTONE, who having the knack of smoothing over any difficulties, and making almost anything go down with the public, is perhaps the most popular of "HER MAJESTY'S servants"—as the actors are allowed to call themselves. POMICESTONE in his usual off-hand and good-humoured way, expressed himself ready to act anything or everything so as the part happened to be the principal one in the piece, but as DABBY would probably be insisting on revivals of old worn out rubbish, for the sake of the "country boys," there would be no chance of there being anything to suit him, POMICESTONE, in the pieces produced under a DABBY management.

This scheme having failed, the "low man" was invited to accept the situation of Manager, and as he is supposed to believe that he can act

the principal part in everything, and was once accused of wishing to do the nautical business, nobody was surprised at his undertaking to get a company together, though everybody was astonished at his being requested to do so. On his visiting two or three of his brother actors, he soon found that no one would join his company, and even the Treasurer refused to have anything to do with a concern which he knew would be a failure.

In this emergency the popular POMICESTONE, who, though he has been many years on the stage, has still more dash and energy about him than some of the younger actors, was asked to assume the management. He at once accepted the task, not without a knowledge of the petty jealousies among the performers, but with a determination to do without those who attached any absurd and unreasonable terms to the offer of their services. It is supposed that his intentions are to go on as well as he can to the end of the season with his present company, and to weed it of some of the second old men, who are all wanting to do leading business, and to get rid of as many as he can of the mere walking gentlemen.

The grand *coup* of the present season, upon which all the resources of the establishment will be employed, is the Grand Historical Drama of the *War with Russia*, which is to replace the miserable and expensive spectacle that has long been presented to the public under the title of the *Siege of Sebastopol*. Various minor novelties will be brought forward, but there is no truth in the rumour that the manager will endeavour to secure the well-known "brass-band," though it is believed that they are always open to an engagement.

It is expected that the public will warmly patronise the new management; and if any attempt is made to disturb the performances by some of those who have been dismissed from the company, or by any of their friends and adherents, it is to be hoped that the authorities will know how to act with them. It is a common trick for some unprincipled parties to get up a row in the house for the purpose of raising a cry of "Turn him out!" but the Manager is prepared to deal with this dirty manoeuvre in a mode in which he will be supported by that British public on which he delights to throw himself.



NOW FOR IT!

A Set-to between "Pam, the Downing Street Pet," and "The Russian Spider."



NOW FOR IT!

A battle between "The Evening Star" and "The Boston Herald"

PROGRESS IN WAXWORKS.



HE British Public must be congratulated on an alteration which has been made in the advertisement of MADAME TUSSAUD'S Exhibition. What was formerly described as the "Chamber of Horrors," is now termed the "Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy." This change is a recognition of an improvement in the popular taste, to which the horrible no longer affords any attraction, and which, instead of

UN-MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

NOTHING can exceed the stupid monotony of the announcements which during the great crisis of the country's affairs were daily and hourly appearing in the London newspapers. The following is a specimen of the sort of thing to which the public had to look for amusement or information, when every moment was of importance to the fate of the Empire.

LORD NOODLE called this morning on the EARL OF DOODLE, after which he proceeded to the house of VISCOUNT COODLE, where he was joined by the MARQUIS OF FOODLE.

In the course of the afternoon the attendance of the EARL OF DOODLE was commanded at Buckingham Palace. Immediately on quitting HER MAJESTY the EARL OF DOODLE proceeded to the residence of the HONOURABLE SPOONEY MOONEY, with whom he remained in consultation twenty minutes.

LORD JOHN FUSSELL was called upon by nobody in the course of the day, and in the afternoon went out to call on somebody, who was not at home to the noble Lord, who returned home to dinner.

Later in the day the HONOURABLE NIMINY PIMINY received a communication from VISCOUNT COODLE, with which he hastened to the residence of the DUKE OF NAMBY, whom he found in consultation with the MARQUIS OF PAMBY.

Still later in the afternoon the QUEEN, having granted a second interview to the EARL OF DOODLE sent for LORD NOODLE, who proceeded at once from the Palace, after a few minutes consultation with HER MAJESTY, to the residence of the MARQUIS OF FOODLE.

SIR JAMES TODDLES was visited in the course of the day by the EARL OF NOODLES, who was immediately afterwards joined by the HONOURABLE ARTHUR FADDLES, when they all proceeded to the house of the MARQUIS OF DADDLES, where they remained some time in consultation.

In the evening the HONOURABLE NIMINY PIMINY had another interview with the DUKE OF NAMBY, which lasted only a few minutes.

Should any other important movement take place, we shall publish another edition.

HANOVERIAN ROYALTY IN DANGER.

In the Foreign Correspondence of a Literary Journal, we read that at the Royal Palace of Hanover, "a *duo* between ROGER (the tenor) and VIVIER (the horn-player) is said to have produced so powerful an impression, that the Court was suspended for some time."

We have heard of marvellous effects having been produced by music, but the suspension of the Court of Hanover by a *duo* between the voice and the horn, is a phenomenon which there seems to be no mode of accounting for. We should like to know the extent of the suspension of the Court, whether it amounted to the temporary abdication of the King, or was limited to a momentary resignation of the Ministers of State, and the Officers of the Household. Did the Court suffer under a species of asphyxia, or was its suspension manifested by a sudden forgetfulness of the usual forms, and a throwing overboard of etiquette, in order that Royalty and its attendants might together give way to a sort of enthusiastic abandon of rapturous ecstasy? We are happy to hear that the suspension of the Court was only "for a time," and that Hanoverian Royalty had sufficient force to revive after the blow—the death-blow—it had experienced from the horn of the illustrious VIVIER.

BALAKLAVA.

WHAT master hand shall set on the right path
These our blind guides, that wander to and fro?
What pen shall write the nation's helpless wrath?
What cry shall speak its woe?

That noble army, that so stirred our pride—
So stout, so well-equipped, so trim arrayed—
Melts like a snow-wreath from a warm hill-side,
And we can give no aid!

That starving army haunts us night and day;
Clouding our gladness, deepening our care;
By our warm hearths—"Alas, no fire have they!"
Snow falls—" 'tis falling there!"

We strive to chase the phantom: still it bides;
Stretches gaunt hands between us and our meat;
In our warm beds, lies freezing at our sides:
Trips up our dancing feet.

"Why hauntest thou us, grim spectre? 'Twas not we
Who brought thee to this miserable end.
As flowed thy blood for us, our gold for thee
We, without stint, did spend.

"All art we had, all industry, all skill,
To feed and clothe, and lodge thee, was bestowed."
Thus from the blue lips, agonised and shrill,
The spectre's answer flowed:

"My blood is on your heads! My blood, not spill!
As soldiers' blood should be, upon the field,
Oh! that I had but fallen, hilt to hilt,
Like Spartan on his shield!

"A soldier, I had met the soldier's death,
Nor grudged the life so for my country given,
But thus, like beasts, not men, to yield man's breath,
Uncared for, over-driven—

"Rotting in our own filth, like mangy hounds,
Cramped, frost and hunger-bitten to the bones,
Wrestling with death 'mid smells, and sights, and sounds
That turn kind hearts to stones.

"To die for very lack of clothes and food,
Of shelter, bedding, medicine, and fire;
While six miles off lay, piled up many a rood,
All we did so require!

"This guilt lies at your door. You wear no crown—
But what is She who wears it unto you?
You raise up ministers and pluck them down;
What you will, they must do.

"If they put leadership in baby hands,
'Tis that you wink, or slumber, or approve;
If, like an iron wall, Routine still stands;
You will, and it must move!

"If Aristocracy's cold shadow fall
Across the soldier's path, to you is given
The might to send away that ancient pall,
And let in light of Heaven!

"I was the People's soldier. In their name
I stood against the Czar in battle's hour,
If I, not he, be baffled, rest the shame
With you, that have the power!"

Toleration has a Limit.

We have been, are, and we trust we always shall be, advocates of toleration. Existing circumstances are peculiarly calculated to unite all Englishmen in the maintenance of this great principle. Let Nonconformist divines abound, if they please, in every city, town, and hamlet, throughout the kingdom. But shall we be accused of illiberality if we express a wish that there may be no Dissenting Ministers in Downing Street?

Cobden Beatifies Bright.

MR. COBDEN told the Manchester people that their Member was the bravest man in Parliament. There never was so valiant a dove; so courageous a lamb! NAPOLEON said of MURAT, that "he was as brave as his sword." In like way it may be said of JOHN BRIGHT, he is as bold as his beaver.



ANOTHER BIT FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

"MARTHA, WAST 'E DONE WIT' THE MILK?"

"GEEEN IT TO THE SHILD."

"DANG THE SHILD, THERE SHOULD HA' GEEEN IT TO TH' BULL PUP!"

JANET PRIDE.

GENTLE reader, if you belong to, yet linger among a fast-disappearing species, called the play-goer, go—leaving all other matters—go straightway to the Adelphi, and see and hear *Janet Pride*. It is not often that the ill-used British public has offered to it a drama of so much bone and muscle, and such a big, beating heart in it. Shall we tell you the story of *Janet Pride*? No, gentle public, we shall not. That you shall have acted before you; that you shall learn from the players themselves, and not from the disenchanting quill—as it would be on such occasion—of *Punch*. We think that the "learned gentlemen" who, in the newspapers, hot from the playhouse, sit themselves down, and industriously tell a plot like the plot of *Janet Pride* to the breakfasting world, do a great wrong to that eccentric section of the public—infatuated human creatures!—that still haunts the theatres. Shall we tell the untimely end of that moral ragamuffin, *Richard Pride*, that picturesque tatterdemalion, as limned by WEBSTER, who could represent anything, from *Macbeth* to a reel in a bottle—we are sure he could dance a reel in a bottle?—no; not a word of it. Shall we go through the story, the ups and downs, of the two *Janets Pride*, *Janet* the mother, and *Janet* the daughter, as both acted by MADAME CELESTE? Certainly not. Therefore the plot of the drama remains for us untouched. We would as soon think of winding off a spider's web, whereto the plot much assimilates, in its seeming complexity, but in the simplicity and co-dependence of all its lines.

Richard Pride, in the person of WEBSTER, will surely be recompensed by a testimonial from the teetotallers. Glorious GEORGE CRUIKSHANK will make the design of a ten-urn, in gilt silver, to be presented to the WEBSTER aforesaid, on the Adelphi stage in the bosom of his sympathetic and admiring company (the apple-women, the aproned Dryads, looking timidly on from the wings). We already see the classic face of GEORGE, and hear his clear and streaming speech; for *Janet Pride* is, in fact, a temperance play, without the cant of temperance. Pure lymph, and no leaden spouting of a pump.

INVALUABLE HINTS TO NURSES AND NURSEMAIDS.

If the darlings make a noise,
And a word or two don't stop 'em,
Pinch them if they're girls, if boys,
Make no more ado but "whop" 'em.

Should the little dears resist,
When in suds too hot you dip 'em,
In their faces shake your fist,
If they dare to squall, then whip 'em.

When you comb their tangled hair,
Never mind their kicks and bawling,
You don't feel it, tug and tear,
If they're cheeky, and 'em sprawling.

And should Missus rush up stairs,
Frighten'd by the horrid rumpus,
Say, you never saw such bears,
Thus to treat their poor nurse BUMPUS.

Then, when Madam's gone away,
If with vengeance you are foaming,
Just to shew who's Missus, eh?
Give the cubs another combing.

If for three weeks by her cot,
Watching that cross peevish MINNIE
Not a wink of sleep you've got,
Stand it longer—you're a ninny.

All my eye the doctor's stuff,
You've a dodge worth two on 't, may be,
Poppy syrup's cheap enough,
BUMP must sleep as well as baby.

And if MINNIE's little hearse
Weeping neighbours soon set eyes on,
Who'll suppose, with such a nurse,
MINNIE died of taking pison?

Education for the Army.

WE are in a position to announce that arrangements have been made with His Majesty the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, for the admission of all those Generals of the British army, whose faculties are not impaired by age, as students at the *Ecole Polytechnique*.

Richard is the victim of brandy: the man become a worm in a bottle. But there is none of the sounding of the brass, nothing of the tinkling of the cymbal in the story. If the evil come from the brandy cask, there is no *Mawworm* naasally to drone from the tub. "Tell me, tell me every night of my crime," says *Richard Pride* to his loving, withering *Janet*, "it is better to fall to sleep with a mouth full of tears, than a brain full of brandy."

Richard Pride, fallen from a condition of trust and repute, has forged in England, and fled to Paris. And here we first see him—(we do not reveal the plot, nevertheless)—in all the dogged desperation of drink. With most forceful truth does WEBSTER give the yielding, melting remorse, with the recurring vice—brandy coiling about his nature like a snake. The desolate house of *Richard Pride*—the runaway, brandy-soddened forger—tells a terrible story. Most terrible, but with a sweet, deep pathetic beauty in the picture, is poor, patient *Janet*; the pale monument—uncomplaining, too, as monumental stone—of her husband's guilt. MADAME CELESTE reveals all this with affecting truthfulness; there are no stage spasms: no foot-light feelings in the matter; but all the sadness is rendered with the deep quietude of patient, household suffering. Her self-sacrifice when compelled to give her child to the Foundling—she recoils with horror from the opened shutter, suddenly opening, and to her as mortally threatening as the jaws of wild beast—the intense agony of the moment cutting the heart-strings, and levelling her dead upon the snow, was given with a reality that touched the heart of the audience into tears. *Janet Pride* is stricken dead, and suddenly *Richard*, glaring at the corpse of his wife, is in the grasp of justice.

And now we see *Richard* in the bush of Australia. His leg is freed from the convict's log, and he opens a firm with *Black Jack*, for robbery, and any other casualty arising therefrom. (Let us, in our way, give praise to PAUL BEDFORD: his felony was very real: he was hard and rugged; the mere image of a man, roughly carved from a gibbet-tree.) Was it not her gracious Majesty who ordered AMBURGH to be painted among the dominated lions? Surely a like patronage is

due to WEBSTER's *Richard Pride*, in his skins. Never have we seen a more picturesque stage portrait. Like *Robinson Crusoe*, it goes far to make youth in love with wildness and the wild freedom of solitude. The bush bit is an admirable portion of the play; coming, in its scenic beauty, in capital contrast and relief between the working-day prose life of Paris and stony-hearted London.

For in London we next behold *Richard Pride*, accredited—we will not say how—as *Sergeant Gray*, with an apocryphal daughter, whom he calls his own, and a real, blood daughter, whom he knows not, and whom, by his rascality and intemperance—for the serpent brandy, with its fascinating beams and subtle tongue completes the half-resolved purpose—he brings an innocent victim, a poor penned lamb for the sacrifice, to the Old Bailey bar. What awaits him, the doomed father, there, we shall not reveal. (For further particulars apply to BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq., any evening at the Adelphi Theatre, between the hours of seven and half-past ten; though good manners will, in preference, suggest seven exactly.)

We have never seen WEBSTER in a finer, more artistic light, than as *Richard Pride*. Muddled with drink, agonised by remorse, scorched by the fires of brandy, he is in every phase a consummate actor. He has the true art of so blending his feelings that like prismatic colours they harmoniously melt into one another. A dauber, like CHARLES KRAAN, if he have various emotions to portray, gives them to you in hard, square, positive bits, like the patches of a *Harlequin's* suit. CARLO VON DÖRCH paints a sign-post *Louis XI*, "with entertainment for man and beast." WEBSTER's *Richard* has, in certain aspects, all

the delicacy of the most finished miniature, with the dash of the "savage Roar." KEELEY's *Dicky Trotter* is a thing to be painted by WEBSTER, R.A., the RAPHAEL and MICHAEL ANGELO of boys and bumpkins. The watchmaker's apprentice who cannot, and never will, learn to make a watch, has nevertheless a heart that goes upon the biggest and brightest diamond, and very delightfully does he—to the laughter and tears of all who hear and behold him—show its movements. KEELEY unconsciously reveals to you human nature, as he would show you the works of a chronometer; and pleased and charmed you are with the harmony and truthfulness of the seeming mystery. MR. SELBY has a long vista before him of old men's wigs. When, forty years hence, he may probably think it seemly to acknowledge the Departure of Youth—so beautifully described by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES—SELBY may then surrender up his remains to the portraiture of old men, to his own profit and the advantage of play-goers. His *Bernard* the old Swiss watchmaker, was charmingly simple and affecting; at times, too, gamesome, and withal, national as a French poodle. We have already spoken of *Janet Pride*, the mother; *Janet Pride*, the daughter, is worthy of the moral beauty of her parent. The passion was profound, and therefore quiet.

"For it is with feelings, as with waters,
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."

Gentle reader, we are sure that we shall be repaid by your thanks, if we induce you to take your early way to the Adelphi to see *Janet Pride*.

OUR BRAVE FELLOWS AT HOME.



HERE is no doubt but, as a nation, we may congratulate ourselves on possessing a large share of at least that important military quality, personal courage. A gratifying testimonial to our merit in this respect was recorded the other day by the *Times* in an account of the weather and the parks. The ice in St. James's Park, owing to the thaw, having become extremely unsafe;

"Shortly before noon yesterday 800 or 1,000 persons, in spite of all the warnings given by the Humane Society's Ice-men, insisted on venturing upon the Ornamental Waters in the enclosure. Every attempt was made by the Ice-men, under Mr. PARSONS, who has charge of this park, to compel

them to get off, but without avail, until at length the park became obscured by one of the most dense fogs that has visited London for some time, especially at this period of the year."

Then came on a heavy shower, which, ultimately "cleared the park of those who were thus risking their lives." Had the shower consisted of Minie balls, our heroes would have kept their ground; they would have stood, or fallen, under any fire; they retired only in consequence of being under water; a position calculated to damp the most ardent valour. The same daring spirit was evinced in the other parks. For example:

"On the Serpentine, Hyde Park, the ice was only four inches thick, and very dangerous. About 1,000 ventured upon the ice, and could only be compelled to get off, by the dense fog that set in, making it difficult for them to see the points marked dangerous, or for the Society's men to see them if they broke through the ice into the water."

There was no Sebastopol to reward, with glory or with plunder, the hardihood with which these gallant fellows courted death. No medal was there; no clasp, star, ribbon, whereof the chance might balance that of being drowned; no order, except, perhaps, the Humane Society's Order of the Bath. To cite another instance of this wonderful intrepidity:—

"The Regent's Park had a great number of skaters and sliders upon the ice on the Ornamental Water, which was in an extremely dangerous condition, and which was only cleared by the fog and the storm of rain which followed."

It was on a Sunday that these characteristic displays of British courage occurred. Whether they were in any measure prompted by the hope of a glass of grog at the Receiving House in the event of immersion, may be questioned. Thanks to wise and considerate legislation, the taverns were all closed, and not a thimbleful of brandy was to be had by the public at large, notwithstanding the raw mist, and the chill which the weather might have struck to many a marrow. Is it possible that some of the adventurous skaters entertained a desperate idea of drinking Mr. WILSON PATTEN's health at the Humane Society's expense?

That the day in question was Sunday, is notable on another account. That festival is the only weekly holiday of the commercial and industrious classes. A large proportion of the courageous multitudes upon the ice consisted of the young shopmen of the metropolis, maintaining the traditional credit of the London prentices. They offered themselves as martyrs to an early closing movement, in cutting out figures of 8 on unsafe ice: for that movement might have brought their existences to an early close.

"Death or Victory" is regarded as a sufficiently heroic motto. It is transcended by that of our bold skaters; which is "Neck or Nothing." This implies no consideration for the risk of Neck; which perhaps a philosopher might be disposed to term inconsiderate valour, or valour arising from want of consideration.

ELIZABETH BROWN.

A Riddle for Horse Guards.

DID never you hear of ELIZABETH BROWN?
To her old back she hasn't a rag of a gown,
And she goes without petticoats, stays, or a smock,
Yet ELIZABETH's figure would few people shock.

ELIZABETH BROWN, when she first saw the light,
Had not become BROWN—she at that time was BRIGHT—
But Manchester's Member, who sports the broad brim,
Disowns her as any relation to him.

ELIZABETH BROWN is a soldier's old wife,
An encumbrance to him and the plague of his life,
She's awkward and clumsy, and all gone to rust,
A useless old crone, whom the soldier can't trust.

ELIZABETH BROWN is in such a bad state,
She seldom, if ever, contrives to go straight,
So the soldier desires to be rid of her charms,
Dismissing ELIZABETH BROWN from his arms.

ELIZABETH BROWN may the law that's in force
For the army, outright from the soldier divorce;
And leave the poor fellow at freedom to wed,
His faithful and true little MINIE instead!

Ex Nihilo nihil fit—or unfit.

So few cases are now brought before the Judges at Westminster Hall, that inaction has taken the place of action, and for want of something to move, there is nothing to set the Court in motion. The other day one of the learned Judges announced that as the remanets were exhausted, he should on the next day begin with the new paper. We presume his Lordship meant the *News-paper*, which seemed to be the only matter that the Court had before it.

CONTENTMENT.—It is always best to put up with the first loss—as, for instance, when a person loses his hair.

MR. SPOONBILL'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ART OF SKATING.—PART I.



HAVING PURCHASED HIS SKATES, MR. SPOONBILL TAKES A WALK IN THE PARK TO SEE IF THE ICE BEARS.



BEING SATISFACTORILY CONVINCED UPON THAT POINT, HE ADDRESSES HIMSELF TO A "VULGAR MAN," WHO PUTS HIM TO EXHIBITING TORTURE;



AND BY WHOM (FEELING RATHER INSECURE UPON HIS LEGS) HE IS SAFELY CONDUCTED TO A "GOOD BY O' NICE."



MR. SPOONBILL IMMEDIATELY GOES THROUGH A VARIETY OF ECCENTRIC MOVEMENTS.

A GOOD HEARTLESS JOKE.

We have long since ceased to be surprised at anything, or we might possibly have been startled for a moment by a perusal of the following advertisement cut from a morning newspaper:—

WANTED, A LADY'S MAID.—(No Clergyman's Wife need apply.)

Some may consider this "a joke," but if it has been so intended, it is rather a bitter joke, and a bitter bad one also. Clergymen's wives of the poorer class are sufficiently exposed to the insolence of the pride of purse, without this further handle being afforded to those who would rank the curate a little below the butler, and place the curate's wife on a par with the housemaid.

There may be a dash of humour in the idea by which this advertisement was dictated, but there is in it something beyond a dash of insult to the persons whom it heartlessly informs they "need not apply" for the situation of a servant. We hope the day is not very far distant when it will cease to be in the power of upstart wealth to take into its pay those who are in every respect but money, its own superiors. In the mean time we can but protest against the bad taste of making a joke at the expense of poor clergymen's wives—supposing the advertisement to be a jest—or if it is seriously intended, we content ourselves with expressing our supreme contempt for the ill-bred arrogance which has dictated it.

For the Next Military Dictionary.

PRIVATE, Noun Substantive. A Common Soldier. 1st derivation.

Privatio (Lat.), from the abominable hardships and want of necessities he endures.—*Newcastle*. 2nd derivation. *Privatus* (Lat.), from the secrecy in which his gallant deeds are kept, while those of his officers are proclaimed in despatches.—*Raglan*.

CANDIDATES FOR A ROPE.

OUOHT that fellow to have been hanged the other day? ought RUSH, ought MR. and MRS. MANNING? Certainly not. Criminals whose villainy exceeds theirs by many degrees, escape the gallows; or rather, run no risk of it. In the Naval and Military intelligence of the *Times*, it was lately mentioned that—

"A letter received in Liverpool from an officer now in the Crimea states that on unloading the cargoes of hosiery, it was found that a large number of the woollen drawers intended for the troops were useless, as they had been made for boys between seven and ten years of age."

Suppose this to have been a case of deliberate fraud, that fraud to have been brought home to some rascal, and that rascal to be standing in the dock to receive sentence. Would the Judge put on the black cap, and would the directions of his lordship in reference to the convict be carried out by MR. CALCRAFT? Yet what does the crime amount to but murder, not only wilful but wholesale? To send the soldiers in the Crimea clothing unfit to wear, is murder as much as it would be to send them putrid fleshpots, or to season their preserved meat with arsenic. It is not only murder, and wholesale murder, but it is murder double blackened by treason to the state, and if any man can present an edifying spectacle to his fellow-men when suspended by the neck, it is that one who is guilty of murder so wholly enormous.

It is possible that the substitution of boys' clothes for men's may have been simply the result of gross negligence, which would reduce the offence to aggravated manslaughter, and the punishment due to the wretched offender to transportation for life.

A "POISSON D'AVRIL."—A great piscatorial gourmand, being called upon to translate the French proverb, "*Tout ce qui brille n'est pas d'or*," replied, without the slightest hesitation, that it clearly meant, "Your Brill is not so good as a John Dory."

TRIBUTE TO KING CLICQUOT.

WE are informed "in strict confidence," which however the interest of our readers impels us to violate, that a Medal has been lately struck for presentation to the KING OF PRUSSIA, commemorative of the distinguished part which he has taken in the present struggle. A deputation of the Temperance Society is, we understand, already on its way to Berlin, entrusted, appropriately, with the task of presentation, and prepared in consequence to make a somewhat lengthened stay, having instructions to defer the ceremony until they find his Majesty in a sober moment.

We have been favoured through our public position with a private view of the die with which the Medal has been struck, and we will proceed for the benefit of less favoured persons shortly to describe it. On one side is the representation of a Turk and Russian fighting: with a Prussian soldier standing by with his hands in his pockets, and having his attention directed by a merchant to the increase of trade that has resulted from the non-interference. The Medal bears on this side the inscription (in German) "Neutrality is the best Policy." On the reverse the vacillation of the Sovereign is depicted by a weathercock in the form of a corkscrew, standing on a pedestal shaped like a champagne bottle, and encircled with the motto—"Bella gerant alii, tu, felix Prussia, bibes."



IMPROVEMENT OF THE BANKS OF THE THAMES.

THERE were two designs exhibited by MR. T. ALLOM, the architect, for building upon, and thereby architecturally beautifying the banks of the Thames. We, poor English, have no stomach or no pocket for the work; but it is gratifying to learn from the *Chronicle* that MR. T. ALLOM's beautiful views will be sent to the Paris Exhibition:—

"From the style of architecture, the Parisians will perceive that it is not impracticable to embellish the margin of our noble river with a palatial grandeur approaching that of the Italian and other continental cities, and also purifying the stream, not without obstructing, but actually facilitating the commerce of the City."

LOUIS NAPOLEON will assuredly leave behind him "his mark" in stone and granite edifices of great beauty and splendour. As we can do nothing of the sort ourselves, suppose we humbly petition the French Emperor, to leave for awhile the Seine, and to come over and take pity of Old Father Thames.

Officers up to their Business.

IN GENERAL WOLFE's favourite song, soldiers are described as men "whose business is to die." That may be; but it does not follow that it is advisable to select for Generals those officers who have so far got on in the business of dying as to have one foot in the grave.

ARMY GLOSSARY.—EXPEDITION. A military undertaking on a large and expensive scale: deriving its name, *quasi lucus a non lucendo*, from not being expedited.

POLITICAL ZOOLOGY: THE RED-TAPEWORM.

TENIA OFFICIALIS.—The Red-Tapeworm. This is one of the *entozoa* which infest the body-politic, and is perhaps the most pernicious of them all. It is very remarkable for its form, which is rigidly observed in all its types; not equally so for its size; as it is a small creature. The Red-Tapeworm is singularly flat; and its motions are very slow, inasmuch that a superficial observer might suppose it devoid of life: whereas its tenacity of existence is wonderful. Although it certainly does move, in its own way, it can scarcely be said to be capable of progression: for it continually crawls in a circle of routine: thus it never advances, and as it cannot advance, so neither does it suffer any thing connected with it to get on; and the amount of impediment which it offers to all forward tendency is truly awful.

The Red-Tapeworm is characterized by a strong attachment to place, and where it once lodges there it sticks, with prodigious adhesiveness. Certain special localities are more peculiarly troubled with this description of vermin. In Downing Street and the neighbourhood it especially abounds, and it constitutes an inveterate nuisance, at Somerset House. It swarms in every department of the State, committing great ravages: above all in the Horse Guards: where it has eaten into the very heart of the British Army. At the Admiralty it abounds in an equal degree, corrupting and preying upon the Navy as extensively as on the land forces.

Like most creatures of low organization, the Red-Tapeworm admits of being cut up almost indefinitely without being apparently the worse for the operation; its separate portions wriggling themselves together again, and uniting, in a short time, as if nothing had happened. The process has over and over again been performed by various journalists; but the Red-Tapeworm has hitherto survived the severest slashing.

The symptoms produced by the Red-Tapeworm are an alarming weakness and wasting away, attended with confusion, and impairment of faculties and functions in that department which it occupies, and which becomes, in the end, hopelessly prostrated by paralysis, and sinks into collapse. The emaciation and atrophy of the troops before Sebastopol have been clearly traced to the agency of the *Tenia Officialis*.

Possessing a rudimentary nervous system, the Red-Tapeworm exhibits an almost total absence of energy, and in sensibility it might be regarded as quite deficient, if it did not evince a certain irritability when submitted to examination. This, however, if not entirely automatic, must be referred to the merest instinct of self preservation, and animal solicitude for the satisfaction of hunger and thirst. Although the preservation of the frame which it inhabits, and whence it derives its nourishment, is essential to its own, it never betrays any uneasiness on that account, and it is as lively as it can be when that frame is so debilitated and disorganised as to be in manifest danger of perishing.

The Red-Tapeworm includes the family of PEEL-ites, which are distinguished by a membranous or superficial investment somewhat resembling Peel. It has preyed so long on the vitals of the Constitution, that it has corroded them to a fearful extent, and the necessity of getting rid of it cannot be too strongly impressed on the State Physician. For this purpose a specific has been discovered, which is earnestly recommended to the notice of DR. PALMERSTON. It is a popular but efficacious remedy, which has been successfully employed in private practice: a vermifuge contained in the bag or capsule which is vulgarly termed the Sack.

THE ADMIRALTY IN ITS CHILDHOOD.

It is with the greatest astonishment we observe that an admiral has just been appointed of the age of 54! We have heard for many years past that the service was going to the dogs; but we little expected that within our lifetime it would have gone to worse than dogs—to puppies; and what do you call a British admiral, under the age of 60, but an arrant young puppy, that is only fit to float paper boats in the Serpentine? We have come to a pretty pass, indeed, when mere boys, who have never known what the gout is, and can venture on deck probably without the aid of a crutch, are given the command of a fleet, and this, too, when we have admirals on the list of the matured ages of 70, 80, and 90—steady-going, experienced men, who can neither see, hear, talk, nor walk! It is reducing our naval supremacy to little better than child's play; and we tremble for the honour of our country when it is put, as thoughtlessly as if it were a toy, into the hands of striplings, that but a few years back would have been thought complete babies.

Notice of Motion.

First of April.—COLONEL SIBTHORP to move for a Committee of enquiry into the present dead lock of affairs in the East, and to ascertain upon what, if any, terms MESSRS. CHURCH or HOBBS would undertake to pick it.



EARLY GENIUS.

"Bless 'is little 'art, he takes to it as natural as hangthink."

PEEL ON THE PAVEMENT.

AN IMAGINARY QUINTETT.

The Apartment of LORD GABERDINE. He is discovered in a Scotch dressing-gown, Gordon plaid, and walking up and down in great discomposure.

Gaberdine. Expelled! Turned out! Censured! And my place immediately taken by my hateful rival, who has fixed upon me the name of Imbecile, and who goes into office pledged to injure, to the utmost of his power, my friend of forty years, the EMPEROR MALACHITE. JAUNTY in office. Ha! ha! What does the ridiculous old man mean, at his time of life, by assuming such duties. I—yes—but I am another kind of person. Temperate and virtuous, I am hale and hearty, and my intellect is in full vigour—whereas he—but what boots talking?

Enter OLDCASTLE.

Olde. Much. I talked remarkably well on retiring, and I flatter myself that I rather took the change out of JOHNNY FUSSELL. Also I assured my hearers that I lay awake at nights thinking—

Gab. There—there, man. I heard you. But what is to be done?

Olde. Done?

Gab. Done, man. Though you did nothing in the War Office you might do something now. Are we not to avenge our defeat?

Olde. How can we?

Gab. I never saw siccan a helpless creature.—Ha! Here come the officials—ha! ha!

Enter FIDDLEFADSTONE and KIDNEY SHERBET.

Fiddle. How do you do, GABERDINE? OLDCASTLE, I hope that you can sleep at night now. KIDNEY says that having nothing but a few trampery Colonies to mind, he feels quite relieved. I am just where I was, of course.

Gab. Not quite, we're told. Something has reached us about a CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER who refused to ask for a Loan, and about a PREMIER who insisted on being master in his own Cabinet.

Fiddle (angrily). You have not got the right story at all. Besides, it was the wish of a certain exalted—however, that's all nothing. I shall do what, under the circumstances—and circumstances change every day—is good for the country.

Gab. With a wry face, though.

Fiddle. *Less doloris remedium inimici dolor.* He has been obliged to give up SHAFESBURY.

Sherbet. Yes, I think we have thrown over the Evangelical. None of your Exeter Hall men for me.

Olde. Well, I don't know. SHAFESBURY is a single-minded fellow, full of energy and zeal, and one who has done good things in his time.

And he has the confidence of a very large and powerful class—the religious world. If I were making a Cabinet, I would have him.

Sherbet. His theological views are so wrong—and then he consorts with sehismatics. But if he is so valuable as you say, why PALMERSTON is the more to be pitied—poor man—for losing his services.

[All laugh.]

Gab. Yes, that's the way to look at it. One to us.

Sherbet. Another, and a better one. We've driven the Nineveh Bull out of our China-shop.

Gab. You don't mean that? Has he given up LAYARD?

Sherbet. Not given him up, but we have managed another man into the place PAM meant for him.

Gab. Bravo, and yet people undervalue your talents, my Puseyites. Why, man, that's a splendid coup.

Fiddle. LAYARD would have been a nuisance, for he is a man of undoubted talent, great courage, and much force of will. He would have been somebody in the Cabinet, and PALMERSTON would have made him a right-hand man, especially when FOX MAULE—PAMMURE I mean—was laid up. Everything is much better as it is. The man we have put into the place won't give much trouble. Who do you think it is?

Gab. Bless me, I can't guess.

Sherbet. Think of the most unlikely man to be acceptable to the people who complain of routine and red-tape.

Gab. O, I don't know—CARDWELL?

Fiddle. No, no—and by the way, I've something to say about that gentleman. He has obtained his own consent to take a certain place. If a crash comes, don't be surprised to see him PALMERSTON's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Gab. I always thought him one of us.

Fiddle. He has got some notions about the country requiring a larger policy than that which answered in peace time, and, in fact, he is ambitious.

Sherbet. And as he understands figures as well as you do—

Fiddle. How should you know? No such thing.

Sherbet. At least he speaks very well.

Fiddle. Matter of opinion. But we were talking of LAYARD's place. You have not guessed, GABERDINE. Do you give it up?

Gab. Yes—out with it.

Fiddle. FRED PEEL.

Gab. Come—come. You won't make me believe that. FRED PEEL! As you say, red-tape and routine with a vengeance. Why, of all the fellows who believe that the world would be all right if every letter that is written were duly endorsed, filed, and indexed, FRED PEEL is the head. I have heard that he binds up his old *Bradshaws*. By Jove, the public will stand a good deal if they stand that. How incensed PALMERSTON must be.

Sherbet. We put the screw on.

Gab. Well, I will say it does you credit. If anything could paralyze the department, you've done it. PAM will get very little reputation out of his new Home Office.

[They laugh.]

Fiddle. I'm bound to say, however, that sometimes the screw won't work. At Windsor for instance.

Gab. But what a man to put up!

Fiddle. You should have seen HATWHIP when he was told to move the writ, or else that CHARTERIS should do it!

Gab. ELCHO, you mean.

Fiddle. How tenacious these new Knights are of giving everybody his title. Yes. But PALMERSTON wouldn't stand it. We thought we should have slipped HOPE in. But the old lion was roused, and RICARDO sits for Windsor.

Gab. Don't know him. *Nos mi RICARDO.*

Fiddle. Every way the better man—honestly speaking—only one grudges PALMERSTON a hit. However in keeping out SHAFESBURY and LAYARD, and putting in PEEL, I think the account is pretty well balanced.

Gab. And the loan business is forgiven?

Fiddle. Forgiven on my own part, of course, as becomes a Christian—whether it may be for the advantage of my country that I should hereafter inflict chastisement, on public grounds, depends upon circumstances.

Gab. Well, gentlemen, I must dress, so I won't detain you, but I make you all and each my compliments, and I tell you what, my boys,—if you continue to strew peel on the pavement before PAM's door with the same assiduity, who knows but you may succeed in tripping him up.

Enter MR. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch (in an awful voice). BUT SUPPOSE THE BRADLE CATCHES YOU!

[They hurry off in extreme trepidation.]

The Navvies' Baronet.

MR. PERO, being about to make a Balaklava railway, has been made a baronet. The navvies, therefore, may in the fulness of their pride, hail their master as not only a baronet, but as a wheelbarrownet.

LORD MALMESBURY ON THE ARISTOCRAT.



THE EARL OF MALMESBURY is reported—in answer to the allegation of the *Times* that the constitution of the army is too aristocratic—to have said—

"At the present moment I am under a difficulty, which is, to understand what the journal in question means by the word 'Aristocratic.' . . . At the beginning of the French Revolution, under the Reign of Terror, every man was an aristocrat who wore a pair of breeches (laughter); a little time afterwards the term was only applied to those who were decently dressed . . . what, then, does the *Times* mean by the term? Does it mean, when it speaks of the aristocracy, to refer to the Peerage, and to the sons and brothers of Peers? That is the common acceptance of the term . . . I take leave to suppose, then, that the *Times* means by the aristocracy the Peerage—their sons and their brothers."

LORD MALMESBURY takes a leave which we should think the *Times* would not grant him. MR. FEE-HUGH, whose family "came in with the CONQUEROR," MR. BARNESDALE, whose ancestors arrived with HENGET and HOMER, and MR. JENKINS APRICE, the descendant of CADWALLADER, through whom his origin is

derived in a right line from SHEM, would probably not only think themselves, but also be considered by the authorities of the Herald's College to be, though related to no nobleman, aristocrats far superior in quality to the HONOURABLE MR. CUTLET, son of LORD HORSEHAIR, the law Peer, and grandson of MR. CUTLER, the butcher: great grandfather unknown. Aristocracy must have a beginning, like everything else; but the more remote its origin, the more it is illustrious. The honourable CUTLET is the mushroom of yesterday's mushroom, that sprung out of the fat-tub; FITZHUGH is the lichen of lichens, which have encrusted the crag, since we know not when.

Certainly a man begins to be an aristocrat by becoming a nobleman; but Aristocracy has other beginnings. A family which has simply subsisted on the labour of other people for several generations, is aristocratic; would be recognised as such in an eminent degree, by every M. C. at any County Ball. Now it may be considered that the first aristocrat of this kind of family is the first person in it who began to be idle. But a prosperous tailor may do that any day: notwithstanding which he is not, merely on that account, recognised as a Member of the Aristocracy.

The tailor's son, however, by wielding the sword instead of the goose, or by employing himself with red tape in the place of list, may acquire a title; and thus become an aristocrat as well as the said CUTLET, son of the butcher aforesaid. He may even become something of an aristocrat without getting the title, and without doing anything more than living on his income in a certain fashion. His son, the original tailor's grandson, by pursuing the same course may acquire an acknowledged position in the Aristocracy; and take rank as a "swell."

It is not every kind of idle life, though, which is aristocratic; for a man, without being an aristocrat, may be a pauper or a rogue.

We would submit to the consideration of LORD MALMESBURY the following definition of the term "aristocrat." An aristocrat is a person who behaves as such, and on whose character, as such, there is no stigma. The only stigma on the aristocratic character is trade, or a servile occupation, or near relationship to a tradesman or working man. Crime, or affinity to a criminal is none; when one of the old French noblesse picked a pocket, he did not therefore cease to be an aristocrat; neither would a British lord whose father should be hanged. Aristocracy, then, essentially consists in behaviour: what is the behaviour which constitutes the aristocrat? It is not doing good: any snob may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick: perform every duty towards his neighbour but that of deporting himself, and speaking, with propriety. The spirit of Aristocracy is a sense of superiority to the industrious classes expressed in the conduct and bearing. The aristocratic body consists of persons who sympathise with and encourage one another in this feeling and deportment. They regard the bulk of the nation with contempt as a race of shopkeepers; and the bulk of the nation accepts the contempt, and repays it by adulation.

A Blow for the Deaf 'uns.

"As deaf as a post" is a saying which will acquire new force from our recent experience of some of our officials, and indeed it may be added that "the higher the post, the deafier the occupant."

IMPROVEMENTS FOR THE ARMY.

It would be a good thing, perhaps, if the subjoined advertisements were extensively posted and placarded about the Town and Country:—

WANTED.—A few decrepit, spiritless old men, to command HER MAJESTY'S troops. Any superannuated General Officer, whose faculties are impaired, and who is as infirm in body as he is feeble in mind, has now an opportunity of earning glory and distinction together with pay. A title and the order of G.C.B., will be the sure reward of incompetency and failure. Apply to **SHARSHART HARDINGE**, the Chequers, near the Horse Guards.

TO THE HEADS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY, about to be employed in ACTIVE SERVICE.—Crutches, Trusses, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Ear-Trumpets, and all other Comforts and Conveniences for Old Age, in every Variety. A New Description of Teeth, Wigs, and Artificial Hair. Remedies and Specifics for Gout and Rheumatism; the celebrated Asthmatic Candy; the Lack-of-Wit-Supplier, the Weak-Ham-Invigoration, and the Throat-Amber-and-Plum-Tree-Gum Diluent. All these, and various other articles, important to SUPPERMEN, who, on account of their YEARS and INFIRMITIES, have been appointed to important commands in the MILITARY and NAVAL SERVICES, to be had at the Depot of Mr. PUNCH, 65, Fleet Street.

A suggestion may be offered to those benevolent patriots who are supplying comforts to our soldiers. Among the articles of clothing most desirable for the men, and officers at large, may be mentioned, Boots. These, however, will not be so much required by the General Officers, as, in consequence of swelling of the feet from a complaint common to old gentlemen, they will not be able to get them on; and with a view to suit that complaint, the benevolent patriots had better send out plenty of flannel.

DANCES OF DEATH.

"SEBASTOPOL" quadrilles continue to be advertised. It is true that a siege involves an interchange of balls; nevertheless it has no conceivable relation to dancing. The composers of dance-music have taken an odd fancy to naming their tunes after scenes of misery and carnage, unless they do this not in a fanciful but in a philosophical spirit, with a view to make light of the horrors of war, and to represent them as all fiddlesick. In the Sebastopol quadrilles we presume that "Chassees" refers to the Chasseurs de Vincennes, and that "Croixes" is to be understood as an order to cross bayonets, whilst "Down the middle" suggests a feat of swordsmanship. When the Sebastopol quadrilles have been danced, the next set should be "Pop Goes the Rifle."

"There they go up, up, up."

OUR friend, the musical critic of the *Times*, in speaking of the Concert of the New Philharmonic Society, says "the chorus gave MENDELSSOHN'S part song, 'O hills! O vales!'" with smoothness." This must be a mistake, for how "hills" and "vales" can be given with smoothness is quite beyond our comprehension. The "hills" should have been "conscientiously rendered" by very high tenors, and the "vales" ought to have been represented by deep hollow basses. Instead of smoothness having been the characteristic of the song of Hills and Vales, the piece should have been marked by abrupt alternations of high and low, or musical ups and downs.

The Spirit of Russian Prophecy.

It is said that PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, in a letter to the Czar last autumn, predicted that he would easily be able to "throw the Allies into the sea," within a very few hours of their landing. As, however, more than five months have elapsed already without our seeing a fulfilment of this prophecy, we cannot resist thinking that the spirit in which it was uttered must have been very considerably above proof: enabling the speaker as it did to estimate his capabilities at so far more than double.

The Old Soldier.

SOME writers too hastily congratulate the nation that we have now no Colonels in cradles. True, we have no such officers of veritable infancy, but if our army Colonels are none of them children in arms, most of our Generals are in their second childhood.

ORANGE-AID FOR THE FEBET.

A DESPATCH from SIR EDMUND LEON says "the men are well supplied with oranges." We understand that the seamen have humanely divided some of the oranges with the Russian prisoners: thus showing that the British, at all events, know when to give quarter.

A Distinction without a Difference.

TWO following appears to be the distinction between two Admirals who have not achieved much distinction of any other kind—NAPIER was expected to do something, and didn't do it; DUNDAS was expected to do nothing, and did it.



Young Lady (whose birthday it is). "OH, YES! I HAVE HAD A GREAT NUMBER OF NICE PRESENTS: BUT I WONDER WHO SENT ME THIS BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET?"

Handsome Party (with moustaches, presence of mind, and great expression of eye). "AND CAN'T YOU GUESS?" (Sighs deeply.)

[N.B. POOR BINKS, who was at all the trouble and expense of getting the said bouquet from Covent Garden, is supposed to be watching the effect of his gift with some anxiety.]

LADIES AT THE BAR!

It is a nice question to be resolved by the ladies of America,—What they propose to leave to the benighted men? Already, ladies practice as physicians in the United States. Very soon we may expect that they will woman the navy. All, however, in good time; they are getting on meanwhile, for we read in the *Baltimore Sun* the new fact that "MRS. EMMA R. COE was registered in the District Court on Friday, and will enter upon the study of law with W. S. PIERCE, Esq." The *Buffalo Democracy*, with most graceful self-denying gallantry, hails the advent of the feminine gender to the practice of the American bar, crying with exulting voice—

"This is what we want, female lawyers, for there are many delicate circumstances which woman can only confide to her own sex, and besides, the presence of ladies may civilize the bar, and lead lawyers to deal tenderly with witnesses on cross examination. So, success to COE AND CO."

No doubt, when the lady barrister opposes the man barrister; but when my learned sister is met by another learned sister, will the tenderness be excessive? As for the "delicate circumstances which woman can only confide to her own sex," will the lady employing a lady barrister, possess her with the whole of the case as "private and confidential?" And if so, of what account can it be turned in evidence? We have unbounded admiration, profoundest devotion to the gentle sex; but we do fear that few ladies will be found to give briefs to learned sisters. The female sex have, we know, when in the performance of the arduous duties of shopping, an almost instinctive repugnance to "being served by women." We may lament the fact; but the fact will remain. Therefore, as women will not be served their barèges and mohairs by MARY THOMAS, but rather by JOHN THOMAS, so we incline to believe they will rather prefer to buy their law of a W. S. PIERCE, Esq., than of even MRS. EMMA R. COE. What, however, if the custom of female practice at the bar should cross the Atlantic, and become naturalised in the Queen's Bench and Pleas?

Imagine the influence on the jury by a fascinating Barristeress in a silk gown! When POPE wrote the line—

"And beauty draws us with a single hair,"

little did he think that that hair might be horse-hair! By the way, in default of a wig, will MRS. COE be allowed to plead "in a front?"

"PRAYERS IN OUR PRESENT TROUBLE."

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD begs of his clergymen to offer up the above-titled orisons—Prayers in Our Present Troubles. They are published, he writes, by MR. J. H. PARKER. Our friend, episcopal and saponaceous SAMUEL, has not forwarded a copy; but may Mr. PUNCH be allowed to ask of him whether in these Prayers, is any prayer against the rapacity of aristocratic churchmen. Reverend Lords and Right Honourables, according to the *Times*, having within these six months pounded down upon four fat livings? It is thus the reverend offshoots of the House of Lords are watered with the oil of the land. "Oh, ye rich ones in scarlet"—cried an old French divine—"could I put ye in a wine-press, the blood of the poor would be squeezed from your garments!"

Our Octogenarians.

THE chief command in Ireland has been bestowed on LORD SEATON, a veteran of eighty, who must be very ambitious of dying with "harness on his back," or he would never consent to be saddled with heavy responsibilities at this very late period of his existence. Looking at the mode in which appointments are given to the veriest veterans, we should come to the conclusion that it is necessary for a candidate to be eighty, in order to reach the height of official be-eighty-tude. (The very gloomy nature of this joke is accounted for by the melancholy circumstance out of which it has arisen.)



SHOPPING!

WOMAN WEIGHED IN THE SCALES OF JUSTICE.

THE Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas did last week in their several Courts show to a most thinking and, withal, most commercial people, how nicely—as though the article was gold-dust—the worth of woman is weighed in the scales of British justice. The wife of the free-born Briton is his property. Imagine the bride in all the lustre of her bridal attire, in all the delicacy and, it may be added, in all the fragility. Is she not like one of those lovely oriental vases, all flowers without, and breathing otto of roses? Well, the bridegroom is the happy possessor of one of these vessels. A malicious or mischievous fellow flaws it—breaks it. The owner of the china brings his action against the evil-doer, and the offence proved, the value of the broken china is assessed to its owner. And is it not right and just that it should be so?

A man's heart is flawed; for the wife that dwelt there has been wickedly, maliciously taken thence. From that hour that human heart is of no more worth than a cracked domestic teapot. The man, with all the determination of a bold Briton, sues for damages for the heart broken, and the woman—the household fairy that dwelt there—spirited away. A jury of bold Britons weigh the worth of the woman in the shop-keeping scales of justice, and estimate her worth at so many pounds. Is not this beautifully commercial? Nevertheless, we think we can even suggest an improvement of the trading custom.

Why, since the offence is purely of the commercial kind; why, since the compensation is, at least in the law-courts, purely material, why should not the scales of justice be devoted to a still more just, still more equitable duty of balance? Would it not be equally wise, equally moral with our present way of affording so much money for the loss of a wife—(MR. HORN consents to take the small sum of £200 of COUNT AGUADO for MRS. HORN)—to weigh, not the peace of mind of the husband in the balance, but the person of the wife herself?

Let the woman herself be weighed, and—of course the price would vary according to the rank and breeding of the weighed one—be paid for according to pounds avoirdupois. Thus, the lightness of the woman would be judged according to her density. We feel strengthened in the good sense, in the morality (according to law courts) of the suggestion. Is not a wife "flesh of flesh and bone of bone" of her husband? Well, let her be, in *propria persona*—with allowed millinery drawbacks—weighed in the scales of justice; and the price previously fixed at avoirdupois rate, the price be paid to her late owner.

We are in no fear that, with this custom duly introduced and sanctioned, the lines of beauty would be made to describe too wide a curve. We know that in Morocco, maidens are only deemed by those about to marry, proportionably eligible as they are disproportionately fat. Hence, it is written of Tunisian mothers that, in their natural care to obtain good husbands for their daughters, they will cram the doves like turkeys; standing over them with a bamboo, while they compel the maidens to eat, and eat, and still to eat of *kous-kous*, a most fattening compost of curds, and honey, and corn; that has as ready an effect upon maidens of Morocco, as oil-cake has upon short-horns of Hereford. We know this. Still we know that we are free, civilised, moral Britons; and do therefore disdain to dream of the possible introduction of *kous-kous* into May-Fair or Belgrave. Our English laws of divorce must again and again be debated; and we do think so long as the loss of the wife of a man's bosom is to be paid for, even as one of his most domestic chattels maliciously broken—we do think that our suggestion of weighing a woman and paying for her, according to avoirdupois, and not according to any moral standard, is a great commercial improvement on our present system.

In the case, however, of "*HORN v. AGUADO*," the plaintiff did not want money for money's sake. He only wanted the filthy lucre, as so much yellow dirt, so much fuller's-earth, wherewith he might—by the after grace of the House of Lords—take out the stains of his marriage lines. He could get a divorce, if he got a verdict of decent nominal amount; and upon this understanding the court was merciful to the sinful defendant, and thought—"in pursuance of an arrangement previously entered into"—that £200 damages would suffice. We may now leave MR. HORN on his way to the Lords; where, having the money necessary to pay for the operation, he will have his marriage manacle for ever cut in twain. All future peace attend him!

We now come to "*BROUGH v. WOODHATCH*," disposed of the same day in the Common Pleas. We will not linger upon it, for the story is too terrible. BROUGH obtains a verdict, the damages to be assessed by MR. SERGEANT CHANNELL. But can the unhappy, outraged BROUGH obtain a severance from the marriage chain that still holds him to a horrid creature in Bedlam? No: he must go to the grave with that chain still corroding him. And wherefore? Why, broken-hearted, poor man, he is too poor to pay the fees in the House of Lords.

Nevertheless, English justice with sedate face declares from the Bench that in merry, equitable England—"There is only one law for the rich and for the poor." Any way there are two separate churches, two distinct marriage services. In the church of ST. JAMES there is

divorce, for ST. GILES life-long bondage. How long is this one-sided law for the rich and the poor to continue?

One suggestion to law; or if law be deaf, to common sense. Might not the verdict for the plaintiff be at the same time, the verdict of divorce?

THE PARKS AND THE PARK KEEPERS.



or the less admiring the splendid uniforms of the individuals acting as Park Keepers of the Metropolitan Parks, we cannot help regretting that the useful is not blended with the ornamental in the persons of those functionaries. During the prevalence of snow, efforts were made to remove it from all public footways, except from those footways which the public had especially the right to call their own, and accordingly the road from the Horse Guards to Hyde Park Corner was about as bad as the road from Balaclava to the Camp before Sebastopol. Of course it

could not be expected that those magnificent creatures in green and gold, who hold the office of Park Keeper, could take a shovel or a broom in hand to clear a footway for passengers; but it is a pity that some one was not employed to prevent people from having to either walk up to the knees in snow, or cut trenches for themselves to get from one side of the Park to the other.

We should like to know whether it was routine and red-tape that prevented the removal of the snow in the Parks, and whether the scavenger was referred from one department to another before he could get to work.

A few energetic crossing-sweepers would have rapidly effected a clearance of the pathways, which for some days were either impassable or dangerous, while the Park Keepers were discussing the prospects of the war, as we overheard two of them doing in company with a Policeman, who was entering into a description of the "sort of man that's wanted in the Crimea."

We should like to see a copy of the instructions given to the Park Keepers, whose duties, as far as we have seen, would seem to consist in walking together in couples, and discussing the topics of the day, varied by an occasional charge on some very little boys, who may be playing at some harmless game. We have seen some prodigies of actively performed occasionally by a Park Keeper, under the influence of a sort of paidophobia, or aversion to boyhood.

We have sometimes seen children while playing quite at a distance from the public footpaths, suddenly routed by the incursion of a barbarian Beadle, who has savagely put the whole party to the cane, and returned after his achievement, to renew, with his colleague, the chat in which he had been engaged. We must confess we think the functionary in question would have been better employed in sweeping the snow from the footpaths, than he occasionally is in sweeping off the children from the grass, of which there is not a great deal within the reach of these erratic juveniles.

A "DRAGON'S" SHARE.

In the gazetted division of salvage-money due to the crew of the *Dragon* for the salvage of the *Gilmour*, merchant ship, the first and the last shares are as follow:—

Captain . . .	£85 12s. 7½d.	Tenth Class . . .	40 11s. 6½d.
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In this way does the *Dragon* captain share the golden pippins. He hoits eighty-five pounds' worth of golden apples himself, and leaves eleven shillin'gs' worth of pips to the defrauded powder-monkey. It is an old sea-pr proverb that "monkey's allowance is more kicks than half-pence," and CAPTAIN DRAGON most draconeously illustrates the truth thereof.

It Speaks for Itself.

It is said of LORD PANMURE, the new War Minister, that in consequence of his being liable to periodical attacks of the gout, there are times when he cannot be spoken to for three weeks. Perhaps this may be looked on as one of his chief qualifications for his post at the present moment; for if a War Minister cannot be spoken to for three weeks all chance of having awkward questions put to him will be avoided.



[A distant relative having come up to see London, Captain Flasher treats him to a panoramic view of the Great Metropolis from the bosom of "Old Father Thames." The weather is not exactly what it should be for a water-party; but the trip has this advantage, that the gallant Captain is not likely to meet anybody that knows him.]

LOVE SONG IN HIGH LIFE.

(Suggested by a Narrative in a Fashionable Contemporary.)

I'll lead thee, Beauty's Queen,
To the Alta', mine to be,
Oua union now has been
Too long on the tapis!

A'm suah a shall be chawm'd—
At St. Jauge's, Hanova' Squaw,
Shall the nuptials be pafawm'd
With un-u-su-al éclat.

We've a Bishop, with a Dean,
To assist in pwoppa' style:
And the intawesting scene
Will pwsent a gwand coup d'œil.

A wobe, that fawn divine,
Of *gros de Naples*, shall gwace:
Where auwange flaws combine
With costly Bwussels lace.

The apwon, sweetest lav'
The bodice and sleeves as well,
Shall an elegant twimming have
Of the same *matériel*.

When the sacwed wites are aw'
We'll dash, *ma fiancée*,
To the house of yaw Papaw,
And partake the *déjeuner*.

Then, leaving vewy soon,
In our twavelling chaise we'll go
To spend the honey-moon
At the noble Awl's chateau.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Friday, February 16th.—A Government having been made, Parliament assembled to have a look at it, and to make pertinent and impertinent observations on its appearance, preparatory to testing its working capabilities.

In the Lords, the EARL OF SHAPTESBURY presented a petition from certain tee-totalers, praying that Brewing might be prohibited in the United Kingdom. He did not state whether the petitioners were in or out of Bedlam, but Mr. *Punch* trusts that the names of the unfortunate creatures have been obtained from the clerk of the House by the Idiots' Friend Society.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH made some sensible observations, and LORD PAMMURE some agreeable promises, in reference to the recognition of the merit of our private soldiers, and as to promotions; and the War Minister stated that LORD RAGLAN and SIR E. LYONS had been desired to do something which it would appear has never yet occurred to them as desirable, namely, to get the harbour of Balaklava into something like order. LORD CAMPBELL wanted to know why LORD CARDIGAN had not been thanked by that House as SIR DE LACY EVANS had been by the Commons, to which LORD CRANNY replied that there was no precedent for thanking any lord who was not a commander-in-chief. LORD BROUGHAM thought that to make a precedent, and thank LORD CARDIGAN verbally, would be an insult to people who had been thanked in writing. LORD CAMPBELL, of course, contradicted LORD BROUGHAM's view, and there the matter ended.

In the Commons, the Bottle-holder made his first appearance in the character of PREMIER, and had a good "reception." MR. RICARDO, the new Member who was returned by one half of the Government, for Windsor, took his seat, but he was not introduced by MR. GLADSTONE and MR. S. HERBERT. The Speaker read a letter from SIR EDMUND LYONS thanking the House for thanking the Fleet, but the bitter sarcasm with which SIR EDMUND concluded was really almost too severe. He said that "the blessing of education had enabled the seamen and marines to appreciate, better than their predecessors, the value of the opinion of Parliament." ADMIRAL BRUAT, on the part of the French sailors, also accepted the vote of thanks "*comme une précieuse récompense de leurs services*," and a precious recompense he would indeed think it, if he had heard the way in which the vote was proposed.

MR. BROTHERTON then did some private legislation at the top of his speed, and lots of petitions were presented, most of them intrinsically foolish; and all foolish, if regarded practically.

SIBTHORP asked BETHELL whether, notwithstanding the Bribery Act, he might not be permitted to relieve poor electors, and the SOLICITOR GENERAL discreetly replied that the law was not intended to put down charity.

The PREMIER then made his maiden speech: explained how he came to take office, and how LORD DERBY had proposed to him to make a Tory Coalition. LORD PALMERSTON said he immediately consulted LORD LANSDOWNE, "whose opinions would guide him in every public transaction of his life," and LORD LANSDOWNE had told him that the DERBY dodge would not "do." So now the Opposition organs will of course open upon the venerable L. The PREMIER proceeded to puff all his colleagues—the wise CLARENDON, the firm PAMMURE, the talented GLADSTONE, the able GRAHAM, and then he proceeded to the real difficulty before him, namely, MR. ROEBUCK's motion.

PAM's ingenuity in dealing with the question was remarkable, nor was his boldness by any means at fault. He likened the Commons to the rebels who assembled under WAT TYLER, and to whom, when that individual had been murdered by WALWORTH (Mayor), KING RICHARD THE SECOND said, "Do you want a leader. I will be your leader." The Commons, by a tremendous majority, had decided that they would enquire into the misdoings of the late Government. But a new Government, composed of the same men, had been made, and this Government proposed to enquire into the misdoings of their predecessors. They would ask themselves all sorts of questions, and cross-examine themselves in the crosslest manner. In fact, Government would be KING RICHARD, and lead the Commons. PAM pretended to think that nothing could be more satisfactory than this device, and then promised a variety of reforms in our war system, and commissions to enquire into everything. He mentioned that an army of scavengers was to be sent out to the Crimes, and as complaints had been made that our Indian resources were not employed, he should obtain Adjutants for this army from Calcutta, or from MR. MITCHELL of the Zoological Gardens. He congratulated the country upon LORD JOHN RUSSELL being sent to Vienna, but said that if JOHN could not make honourable peace, he, PAM, would make vigorous war.

MR. DISRAELI affected to vindicate LORD DERBY for having attempted a Coalition, and enunciated the startling fact and prediction that LORD PALMERSTON had made a Government, but whether it were a strong one or not, time would show. He thought MR. ROEBUCK's Committee ought to be appointed, and he should support the decision of the House, but should be happy, if he did not succeed in destroying the Government by such support, to lend it any aid in his power. RICH then

made a poor speech; ROEBUCK said he should stick to his motion; MUNTZ thought LORD PALMERSTON was doing all in his power; TOM DUNCOMBE thought and said that LORD PANMURE was decidedly a worse man than the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE; HORSMAN was for enquiry; so was EDWARD BALL (the one with the groaning voice); PHINX put in his in on behalf of Government, and after some more talk of no great mark, the subject dropped.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM alluded to SIR CHARLES NAPIER's Mansion House philippic, declared that everything SIR CHARLES had said was false, but that "a half-pay officer" might be allowed to say what he liked, and though SIR CHARLES had declared himself a hero, he, SIR JAMES was not going to make him a martyr. He then requested a trifle of money for navy expenses—two millions more than he wanted last year, and about ten millions in all. The House did not think that any fuss should be made about such a trifle, and after some desultory conversation, told him to take the money, and went home.

LEGAL STUDIES AT CAMBRIDGE.



OR the encouragement of legal studies, PRINCE ALBERT has very properly offered a Gold Medal, but we cannot anticipate the production of anything much better than a mere smatterer from the scheme proposed by the Syndicate. The books recommended to be read, with a view to the examination, are such as any attorney's articled clerk would have at his finger's ends, or on the tip of his tongue, or at the point of his lips, or on any other part of him, which he

uses for the purpose of displaying his learning. Besides the customary mixture of GIBBON, GROTIUS, and DE LOMBA, the Syndicate recommends STORY (the old STORY of course), BLACKSTONE (a new edition if there is one), and that very useful little manual with which every magistrate and magistrates' clerk in England is familiar, called JENKINS'S *Acts* (ARCHBOLD's edition). If this course of study will entitle a Cambridge student to a gold medal, there is not an Attorney on the Roll who ought not to be decorated with a metallic badge.

If a moderately sharp common law clerk might only be permitted to enter the lists against the Cambridge men, We are convinced that our friend GURRY, who is so well known to the public as the successful candidate.

we are sure he would carry off the prize. of *Black House* notoriety, if he were only qualified to compete, would be the successful candidate.

HINTS TO POTICHOMANIACS.

BY A FASHIONABLE ENTHUSIAST.

THE Lady, who devotes all her time to potichomaniaing, may be said to be of that bold, careless nature, that she would probably stick at nothing.

It is as well not to leave your Dragons, and Mandarins, and Flowers lying littered ready-pasted about the room. I knew a poor dear of an Italian greyhound, who, by rolling itself amongst the pictorial scraps, came out, to the great horror of its spinster mistress, a most ridiculous object, for it was daubed all over, from its head to its tail, with Chinese monstrosities and Dutch tulips.

To such a mania is this pursuit carried in some households, that I could point to the house in Torrington Square, where all the jam and preserve pots have been potichomanied. Even the servants' beer-glasses present a rich Etruscan and Pompeian appearance.

The case of the mischievous little boy, who got hold of his mamma's large opera-glass, and stuck curious little figures on the glasses inside, regularly potichomaniaing it in fact, must still be fresh in the recollection of every one.

It is advisable, after you have been "messing" with the different liquida to wipe your fingers. It is very embarrassing to find your hand fastened in the large fat digits of a stupid gawky boy, who has just dropped in to pay you a visit. You try to get your hand away, and the vain young puppy, fancying you have some motive in leaving it there, goes on squeezing it tenderly. I don't know of anything so awkward. In general, it may be said that potichomania is favourable to table-cloth makers and carpet warehousemen.

However the art of Potichomanie may be in a small measure, productive of domestic economy. Young ladies, who do not scruple *de se salir les doigts* with all sorts of dirty messes and colours, and who even take a positive pleasure in so doing, cannot object now to lend their fair fingers occasionally to the manufacture of a

pie, or a pudding. I am sure of the two pursuits the latter is much the cleaner, to say nothing of the reward for one's trouble that one has afterwards in eating it.

THE HOUSE OF INTERESTS.

Of what is the House of Commons made?
Of Members for Land and Members for Trade,
Of Members for Cotton and Timber, and Ships,
And Members for Stocks, and Shares, and Scrips.

The House has Members for Foundries and Mines,
And Members for sundry Railway Lines,
And Members for Sugar, and Tea, and Spice,
And Members for Pepper, and Paddy, and Rice.

The House of Commons is not without
Members for Ale, and Beer, and Stout:
And Members for Whisky and Members for Gin
The House of Commons there are within.

There are Members for Church, both High and Low,
And Members for Meeting-house also.
And, gentlemen whom the House could spare,
The POPE OF ROME has his Members there.

And there are Members—too large a lot—
For the venal rogue and the drunken sot,
Members returned, through *L. S. D.*,
For Sovereign Alley, by W. B.

Now, being constituted so,
The House of Commons has fallen low,
For Genius and commanding Mind,
As in the time of need we find.

It has plenty of mouths to talk and prate:
But where are the heads to rule a state?
They'll preach and prose till all is blue,
But which of them knows the thing to do?

The Hour has come, but not the Man,
Find him inform us where we can!
Where we cannot 'tis very plain;
In the House of Commons we seek in vain.

CURIOSITIES OF LONDON.

We make MR. TIMBS's present of the following "Curiosities." He is perfectly at liberty to make use of them in the next edition of his interesting book:—

A good cigar bought at a Betting Shop.
A playbill that spoke the truth.
A fresh-laid egg that was less than a month old.
A statue that was an ornament to the metropolis.
A glass of London porter that had not been doctored.
A shilling that had been refused by a box-keeper for a seat at the theatre.

A quiet street without an organ.
An omnibus that was not going to start directly.
A bargain, bought at an "Awful Failure" shop, that did not turn out a do.

A policeman with spectacles; a blue-coat boy on horse-back; a chimney-sweep with an umbrella; a quaker with a bull-dog; a fountain that was not supremely ridiculous; a Leicester Square foreigner that looked happy; a Belgravian JAMES in a hurry; a bishop carrying a baby; or a beadle in a balloon.

And lastly, a paving-stone of solid gold, the same as the streets of London are proverbially paved with.

The Russian Army of Martyrs.

We learn that the Russian priests in the Russian armies always receive orders of the commanding officer as to "the points they are to treat in their sermons and religious instructions" of the men. The priest attends every morning to take measure of the commander's mind. Thus, a Russian general may give his order for a sermon as the commercial gent. gives his order for brandy-and-water. "Hot and strong, and plenty of it." Before the onslaught at Inkermann, *raki* was served out with the sermons: we know not whether there was "soda water the day after."

MR. SPOONBILL'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ART OF SKATING.—PART II.



MR. SPOONBILL BEGINS TO THINK THAT SKATING IS "EASY ENOUGH WHEN YOU'VE ONCE GOT YOUR FEET WARM."



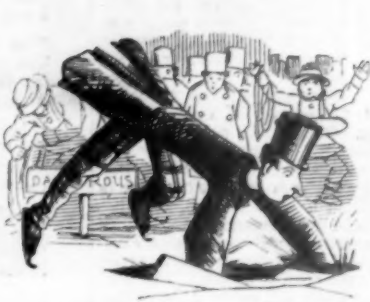
BUT COMING SUDDENLY UPON A TREACHEROUS SLIDE—



HE IS COMPELLED TO THROW HIMSELF A GOOD DEAL SHAKEN IN THAT BELIEF.



BLIND WITH ENTHUSIASM, "AGAIN HE URGES ON HIS WILD CAREER."



AND TAKES THE CONSEQUENCES, AND A COLD BATH.



SUDDEN AND AWFUL DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. SPOONBILL.

A FIRE BRIGADE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

A PARAGRAPH appeared the other day in the newspapers, strikingly exemplifying the irregular, untechnical, unofficial way in which municipal business is transacted in contrast with affairs within the province of Government:—

"**FIRE.**—Last evening a mounted express arrived at the fire-stations of the London Brigade, stating that the Brixton prison, now used as the female convict department, was on fire. Mr. BRAIDWOOD, the superintendent, ordered a number of his engines to proceed with all possible expedition to the spot, which was done, and Mr. CONNORTON also started with the West of England engine, and upon the arrival of the firemen they found the fire was confined by the chapel, and had been caused by the hot air fine which caused the flooring and the joistings to become ignited."

Now, if a house on fire were dealt with on the same orderly and methodical principles as the War, there would have been none of this undignified hurry. The Governor of the Brixton prison would have sent a Turnkey to the Parish Clerk, in the first instance, to report the fire, and make a request for the parish engine. The Parish Clerk would have said that the engine did not belong to his department, and would have referred him to the Beadle. The applicant would then have proceeded to the Beadle's residence, and perhaps not have found him at home, but after some time, have succeeded in discovering him at a publichouse. The Beadle would have delegated the custody of the keys of the engine-house to the Sexton. On applying to the Sexton, the messenger would have been met with a refusal to deliver up the keys, except on the authority of a written order from the Beadle: he would, therefore, have returned to the Beadle to procure the necessary document, which that functionary would have declined to furnish him with, until warranted in so doing by a demand under the hand of the Governor of the prison. Bending back his steps to head-quarters for this purpose, the Turnkey would have been some time in getting at his superior officer, who would have withdrawn himself from the scene of the conflagration. Having ultimately sought him out, and procured the requisition in writing, he would have reverted once more to the Beadle, who would have objected

to execute the Governor's order on account of some informality in its signature. This having been rectified after another journey to and fro, the Beadle would at last have given the required cheque on the Sexton, which the Turnkey would have lost on his way, and consequently have had to betake himself yet once again to the Beadle. The proper authorization for the Sexton to deliver the keys having been at length obtained, the engines would have been found out of gear and useless. This fact having acquired publicity, some of the neighbours would perhaps have ridden off to the fire-station, whilst others would have attempted to put out the fire with buckets, and the reporter would probably have had to record a very different catastrophe from the following:—

"The inmates and strangers, with the aid of a good supply of water, succeeded in getting the fire extinguished."

It thus appears that MESSRS. BRAIDWOOD and CONNORTON arrived at the fire too soon; whereas they might have arrived too late. The fire-brigades should be officered by older and slower men than Mr. BRAIDWOOD and Mr. CONNORTON, unless we wish the organisation of those bodies to form an odious comparison with that of the Army. And then we should be enabled, in a few years, to redeem the metropolis from the disgrace of narrow streets and mean architecture, because the devouring element would soon indulge its appetite to an extent which would afford an opportunity of rebuilding London.

Mistake in Military Matters.

THE words Rank and File are now of frequent occurrence in the newspapers. Perhaps they are open to misconception. Civilians may naturally suppose Rank to mean command in the army, and File the old file, or foggy, promoted thereto.

THE HEIGHT OF EGOTISM.—The *Standard* talking of the *Morning Herald* as "our respected contemporary."



CAUTION TO GENTLEMEN WALKING TO EVENING PARTIES.

DON'T FORGET TO TAKE OFF YOUR GOLOSHES AND TURN DOWN YOUR TROUSERS BEFORE ENTERING THE ROOM.

NOBLE ANIMAL FOOD.

M. GEOFFROY SAINT-HILAIRE, Professor at the Museum of Natural History at Paris, has, we see, just delivered two lectures recommending the use of horseflesh for food. The ancient Germans and Scandinavians, the nomadic tribes of Northern Asia, and the modern Danes, were adduced by the Professor as examples of thriving horse-eaters. To these perhaps he might have added London Medical Students, and other young men who sometimes regale themselves at eating-houses on what they imagine to be hashed venison. Besides the ancient Teutonic race, he might also have cited the Small Germans of the present time, as affording, together with saveloys and other sausages, an illustration of the consumption of horseflesh, though hardly, perhaps, of its wholesomeness. It may be remarked that the staple meat of England has hitherto been beef, but that if M. SAINT-HILAIRE's views should be adopted in this country, the staple will become stable. A fat Horse-Show will probably also be established at the Horse Bazaar. Races will be entered for the plate after a new fashion, and the Derby and other stakes will acquire a new significance and spelling. Meanwhile, give us beef; but when we cannot get that or any other butcher's meat, we may then be tempted to seek another form of animal food in stead.

Service.

It has been remarked that certain aristocratic officers, absent upon leave from the Crimea, have notwithstanding shown a great devotion to the service. We mean—the dinner service.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 19th.—LORD PALMERSTON told the Commons that it had been necessary to recal LORD LUCAN for quarrelling with LORD RAGLAN. Before the House went into the Army Estimates, MR. LAYARD delivered a speech containing some excessively unpalatable home-truths, explaining to the Commons that the mishaps of the war arose from the mismanagement of the authorities, and the vicious system of army promotion, and adding a strong but friendly warning to the aristocracy. It would be egotism in *Mr. Punch* did he applaud sentiments which MR. LAYARD must have studied, in their best form, in the pages of this immortal work, but *Mr. Punch* has no objection to say that the earnest eloquence of the Member for Nineveh did justice to his theme. LORD PALMERSTON, being obliged to say something in reply, pretended to think that MR. LAYARD had attacked the aristocracy, and thereupon his Lordship gave a spirited sketch of LORD CARDIGAN's charge at Balaklava, in satisfactory proof that an old dowager, with money and influence, ought to be able to buy her hobbledoys into the most responsible positions in the British army. The argument was worthy of hearers who did not instantly laugh it down.

The House went into the Army Estimates; 193,595 men were voted, and seven millions of money to pay them. The PREMIER said that the Foreign Enlistment Act had failed, the delicate feelings of the Continentals who had intended to sell us their swords, having been so shocked by *Mr. Punch's* caricatures, and the language of our debates and papers, that they could not think of carrying out the bargain. This is another specimen of the rubbish held good enough for Parliament, as if we did not know that questions of international politics had really prevented the levy.

Tuesday.—LORD ELLENBOROUGH said that we could not raise enough soldiers without coercion, and recommended that pleasant process. The War Minister said that we could.

In the Commons, MR. J. G. PHILLIMORE brought in a bill for appointing Public Prosecutors. Of course the Law Advisers of the Crown said that it would not do, as they always say when a private member tries to effect a desirable reform. The rest of the night was taken up with a quantity of talk about the trade we used to have, and it seems still have, with Russia. All that came of it was fresh evidence that our intelligent authorities had blundered the blockade with the same neatness they have evinced in blundering most other things, but there were promises of amendment.

Wednesday.—In the Commons, SIR BENJAMIN HALL's Nuisances and Health Bills were pushed on. A deputation, consisting of *Mr. Punch*, intends to wait on SIR BENJAMIN, to ascertain whether Parliamentary debates can be brought under the powers to be conferred by the first of these bills. The only reason for doubting it is that the bills are limited to England and Wales, whereas a few Scotch and all the Irish members assist in creating the above-mentioned nuisance.

Thursday.—In the Lords EARL GRANVILLE announced that Government had advised the QUEEN to appoint "a day of humiliation" in reference to the War. This is most proper, if the humiliation be accompanied by renewed and earnest efforts for the future—else it is audacious hypocrisy. Which day that mails come in from the Crimea is not a day of humiliation?

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON was happy to announce that JOHN BULL was on the best possible terms with BROTHER JONATHAN. He mainly attributed this to the good offices of a person whom our inveterate modesty again prevents our naming, and whose graceful and good-natured way of castigating the faults of both parties, and knocking their two heads together whenever they hinted at quarrels, has chiefly conducted to the tranquillity of two worlds.

LORD PALMERSTON then said that the three Peelites, GLADSTONE, GRAHAM, and HERBERT, had thrown up their situations, and as they required until next evening to concoct a string of plausible excuses for so doing, the House had better adjourn.

After MR. DISRAELI had managed, without laughing, to say that he was very sorry to hear such a sad thing, the House did adjourn.

Friday. The three made their excuses. GRAHAM said that when he was asked to join the Ministry he was "in bed;" that he only bawled out to know whether it was all right about foreign policy, and as PALMERSTON shouted upstairs, "Why, of course," he pulled the clothes over his head and thought no more about the matter. But, as PALMERSTON would not resist the inquiry into the misdoings of the late government in the Crimea, he, SIR JAMES, could not stay in with him. SIDNEY HERBERT said something of the same kind, and GLADSTONE repeated it at great length, but only one of his remarks is worth notice. He declared his conviction that if the house could vote by ballot, the ROEBUCK Committee would be thrown over. That is the RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM GLADSTONE's estimate of our senators. They will do what the people demand, because the people's eyes are upon them, but if they could secretly oppose the demand, and stultify themselves as a body, they would like to do so. Now nobody will call MR. GLADSTONE a vulgar declaimer against the higher classes, but what bitterer

thing could the reddest republican say than that the gentlemen of England are cowardly, sneaking, and ridiculous.

Of course what these three Peelites said had nothing whatever to do with the real cause of their resignation. They desired to *embarrass* their enemy PAM, but the Bottle-holder has been too many for them, and now he has cleared out ABERDEEN, NEWCASTLE, GRAHAM, GLADSTONE, and HERBERT, and is Premier, with the field to himself. Will anybody lay Mr. Punch an even bet—say LORD MALMESBURY's talents against those of any charity-boy under ten—that a letter from LORD PALMERSTON did not go to Berlin, telling a certain small nobleman that it's "all right," and that office is ready for him when he comes back? It would, perhaps, be hardly fair to bet, though, after the proofs Mr. Punch has recently given of his being behind the scenes.

PALMERSTON made a polite speech in answer to the Three Poor Men from Downing Street who've got no work to do. He was sure that they were actuated by the highest motives, and he would not venture to reply to their arguments. But he hoped they had not thought that he had intended to trifle so shamefully with his Sovereign and his country, as to form a government at such a crisis, and then stake its existence upon the chance whether a mere committee of inquiry could be successfully resisted. The people demanded the inquiry, and certainly they should have it. And he sat down with a mischievous look at the bench of the Manchester School, (to which locality the runaways had betaken themselves,) and is believed to have observed, quietly, "Checkmate."

The Committee was all but entirely selected, and it includes some shrewd and resolute men. Mr. Punch's name will be added in due course. Somebody proposed that a member who is connected with LORD RAGLAN's family should be joined, in order that he might defend that nobleman, upon which MR. HORNBUCK gently remarked that it was the first time he had heard that it was necessary on a trial to name, as a juror, a relative of the prisoner in the dock.

And now (if Mr. Punch, on the part of the people of England might take the liberty of suggesting such a thing), it would be highly convenient if some Noblemen or Gentlemen would have the condescension to govern us, and go on with the work. For rather more than a month, in the middle of the most fearful crisis of the country's affairs, has everything been paralysed, because out of the half-dozen distinguished families for whom these islands were created, a dozen illustrious individuals will not stoop to attend to us. It is rather hard—we would not be disrespectful—but it is rather hard.

HARD NECESSITIES OF THE LAW.



ANT is at all times somewhat bitter; but the Wants of the Law are such as to indicate starvation point, as may be seen in the following advertisement:—

LAW.—Junior Clerks (from the country preferred).—WANTED, in a quiet respectable house in the City, a rising COPYING CLERK, who has been three years in the law, can abstract and write deeds—salary, first year, £30; also a well-educated Youth, without salary first year, then to be advanced. Apply by letter, with specimen of writing, age, and prior servitude, to Y. Z.

We pity the necessities of the "respectable house" that is so much in want, as to be compelled to seek for Clerks on such terms as the above announcement offers. We should be glad to know the meaning of the term "rising," as applied to the Copying

Clerk above described, for to us it would seem that the individual who could accept the post proposed to him, must be in such a state of abject abasement as to prevent all hope of "rising;" though we admit that for him to fall to a lower level, would be quite impossible.

The second Clerk required must be in a more desperate condition even than the first; for what must be the state of a "well educated youth" who is content to give his services "without salary first year." Nor do we see how the words "then to be advanced," can add to the inducement; for an advance on nothing must, on the principle of "*ex nihilo*," come to nothing.

Comfort from the Horse Guards.

LORD SEYMOUR declared in the Commons that "we had patronage for three regiments in the Household Brigade, and all the officers for the regiments, but men only for one." That is, we have the fine, flashy expensive handles for swords; but somehow, we want two thirds of the swords themselves.

NICHOLAS AND HIS RHINO.

'Tis of a proud Tyrant who in Russia does dwell,
There reigns that one man, an unkindest fierce old swell;
His name it is NICHOLAS, near sixty years old,
With famed Ural Mountains of silver and gold.

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

Likewise mines of malachite in the earth which did lie,
And caused many a merchant to approach and draw sigh.
As NICHOLAS was a wallikin' in his garden so gay,
His NAMEBAKE came to him and thus he did say,

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

Go NICHOLAS, and set thee in battle array,
And all the expenses I'll undertake to pay,
I'll find thee a gold mine worth millions a year,
If so be as how thou'lt listen and lend me thy ear,

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

O honoured ELDER, I am thy true child,
But to quarrel with Europe I cannot abide,
O honoured dear ELDER, I'd freely give o'er,
If thou'lt let me keep quiet for three year or four.

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

Out, white-livered party! the ELDER then replied,
If thou art afear'd for to gratify thy pride,
I'll give away all Turkey, from thee and thy kin,
And the sick man shan't benefit thee one single pin.

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

He sent to the SULTAN, with all haste and speed,
A note by PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF, to a quarrel for to lead,
'Tis all well, says MENSCHIKOFF, 'tis all right and well,
How to pay the expenses I suppose you can tell.

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

As NICHOLAS was quarrelling with the world all around,
He saw that his MENSCHIKOFF a Tartar had found;
'Twas a lot of bold lies on the ELDER ONN's side,
Those rich Ural Mountains on which he relied.

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

He scratched his old corpus until he was sore,
And he stamped paper roubles ten million times o'er,
Then he raised a forced loan, like a precious old knave.
And NICHOLAS is wished by mankind in his grave.

Ural tal ural tal ural li day,
Ural tal ural tal ural li day!

DRY LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

MONEY has been called "the sinews of war," and for this reason:—without money, how is it possible for an army to make an advance?

It is with health as with our property—we rarely trouble ourselves in looking seriously after it until there is very little of it left to look after.

Few men are "driven to desperation" without having had a hand themselves in the driving.

In female phraseology, it is almost invariably a man who is "a great big stupid," and a woman who is "a great big silly."

Uneasy is the head that wears a wig in a gale of wind!
Poverty must be a woman—it is so fond of pinching a person,
"Life's a bumper," but the Teetotallers would wish to make it a bumper of nothing but cold water.

NAPOLEON FOR THE CRIMEA.—HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, LOUIS

NAPOLEON THE THIRD, having all but determined upon a line of policy that may, at five minutes notice take him to the Crimea, where he proposes to sit down before St. Sebastopol,—His Majesty, in order to keep alive that spirit of cordiality that now happily exists between the two Nations, has graciously expressed himself willing to take into his suite a number of English officers, at present at home on leave from the Crimean Camp. As all applications must be sent to the Tuileries before the 4th of March, those Officers desirous of accompanying His Majesty, will see the necessity of closing and finishing all their dinner engagements before that date.

N.B. Very sufficient rations will be allowed. The Coffee will be roasted!!!

A MISSION FOR A MARQUIS.



tinguished. Since August last, MARY RICHARDSON has vainly sought for a conveyance to England: all such means have been imperially denied her. For she is only 82, and might bring away all the models of all Russian fortifications in her work-box. The blight of the Imperial suspicion was upon her, and as a consequence—

"All her cordial friends and affectionate pupils closed their doors against her as rigidly as if she had been smitten with the plague, and she must inevitably have perished of cold and starvation in the streets or roads, had she not found an asylum in the house of a compatriot, whose interests detained him in the country."

Sad is the fate of MARY RICHARDSON; nevertheless we think we espy sudden aid, immediate championship. The friendship existing between NICHOLAS the Emperor, and CLANRICARDE the Marquis, is now acknowledged, a bright historic fact. NICHOLAS showed himself "a truly great man,"—as at the time gratefully acknowledged—when he exchanged LORD DUNKELIN, the Marquis's son, against a mere Russian Captain. Father and heir both, in words of memorable gratitude, acknowledged the greatness of that act.

Well, we now propose to the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE that he should immediately depart for St. Petersburg, in order to beg of his friend the Emperor, the freedom of Mrs. MARY RICHARDSON, aged 82. That truly great man could hardly refuse so small a favour to his friend and old ambassador; whilst the mere pleasure of doing good, would be to the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE his own exceeding great reward.

Does the reader ask, therefore we select the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE for this most humane, most chivalrous mission? Truly, then, we read his fitness for it in the evidence of the late HANDCOCK case, laid bare in the Irish Court of Chancery. Who, in fact, can peruse the many testimonials to the care and attention that the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE paid to the wife (and subsequently, widow) of his friend, HANDCOCK,—the dear friend "with whom he had often enjoyed field-sports,"—the solicitude that he lavished on the dying-off daughters, the MISSES HANDCOCK,—who can read all this, and after reading the case of Mrs. MARY RICHARDSON,—without instinctively jumping to the conclusion that the man of men to work the liberation of the aged Lady, is JOHN, MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE? His existing friendship with the Emperor must we think render him an able advocate, whilst his chivalrous protection of widows and orphans, as now registered "in the books" confirms the thought into conviction. We shall be happy to give the earliest notice of the noble Marquis's departure. *Bon voyage!*

THE COLONEL'S COALS.

WE learn from the *Stanford Mercury* that COLONEL SIXTHORP's charity peculiarly glows in coals. His benevolence never burns so brightly as when stirred by a poker. Even in the COLONEL's ashes live his wonted virtues. His measure of political service is always a coal measure. Thus:

"To those who gave the Colonel one vote a certain quantity of coals was given; to those who gave a plumper, double that quantity; and freemen and electors who had not voted for the Colonel, and who applied for coals, were refused."

The COLONEL having so long bestowed coals upon Lincoln, how can that independent Cathedral city ever dream of requiting the COLONEL with the sack?

"THE STRANGER IN PARLIAMENT."—The People.

CLEAR THE SHIP!

Look—upon the rim of night
Leaps a tumbling fringe of light—
Breakers at their play!
How they race, and roar, and fight;
How they toss their foam-crests white;
Sea beasts hot for prey;
Mad to rend yon gallant vessel,
That with wind and wave doth wrestle,
In the reef-bound bay.

Stem on to the rocks she's driving,
Spite of steersman's skill and striving.
Hark—the minute gun!
Masts are rending, sails are riving,
Seamanship forswears contriving.
What can be, is done.
God be with all souls aboard her!
To your prayers! For death take order,
Ere life's sand be run!

No; not yet all hope forswearing—
Hold on, gallant hearts! she's wearing!
Hurrah! Off she pays!
Upward shoots the blue light flaring,
And her taffrail land-ward bearing,
By the lurid blaze,
On a gilded scroll, fair written,
Shows that good ship's name—"GREAT
BRITAIN."
Wreathed about with bays.

Over her bulwarks fiercely leaping,
Fore and aft the sea comes sweeping,
Clean from stem to stern!
Where are they should watch be keeping?
Some are spent, and some are sleeping,
Waking to discern
All too late their fatal error,
Hither, thither, mad with terror,
Helplessly they turn.

Birth-right pilots—'tis the hour
Wherein to display your power.
Up and prove your claims!
Craven pilots! Do ye cower?
Leaping waves and skies that lower
Lack respect for names.
Up, or stand aside for ever,
While plebeian hands endeavour
To repair your shames!

Common hands, come clear the deck,
Man the pumps the leak to check.
Over with each gun!
Out knives, risking limb or neck,
Cut away that floating wreck;
Let the anchors run!
Out with red tape and top hamper;
We may be drier, can't be damper.
Give way, and 'tis done!

Then, cheerily, oh! with a yeo heave, oh!
Cheerily, oh! with a stamp and go,
Though she roll till her yard-arms dip,
Leave croakers and cowards to drivel and
doubt.
The ship's heart of oak, and will stand
this bout,
And be good for many a trip!
Thanks to common men, mere brains and
muscles,
Neither PALMERSTONS, GORDONS, DERBYS,
nor RUSSELLS!
Clear the ship! Clear the ship! Clear
the ship!

A FAST Young Lady writes to complain that her papa is always in such a hurry to come away (we almost fear she writes cut away, but give her the benefit of her illegibility) from a party or dance. "In fact," she says, "C'est le premier Pa qui Coupe."



"OH! HERE'S A JOLLY SLEDGE."

ABERDEEN AND HUMILIATION.

LORD ABERDEEN has no objection to the appointment of a day of Humiliation for our defeats and disgraces in the war. How very good of him! When the prayers of a Kew congregation were requested for a certain sick man, it is on record that the old DUKE of CAMBRIDGE confidentially observed to himself and all about him, "no objection—no objection." But what will LORD ABERDEEN do to show a pious, instructed nation that, as far as humiliation goes, his heart is in the good work? Will he wear a suit of sackcloth? Or better, will he wear a court suit in his parish church, altogether heedless of the thermometer,—a court suit of Russian towelling; with, of course the rewardful blue riband about his patriotic bosom, the garter around his knightly leg? No: we would not have our late beloved Premier so attired. We love a Lord; we love him—like England, with "all his faults," we love him still. And with good reason. For when the hour arrives that the heart of the bold Briton fails, instinctively, to go upon its knees at the sight of the *Peage*—that day England is doomed as a nation. The hour when we—the national mob—cease to consider ourselves the political property of, say, some dozen families—that hour will ring the knell of Great Britain. The British Lion will be of no more account than a dead dog in the highway; hardly worth the skinning.

Therefore, however the country may be humiliated, let there be no outward humiliation for LORD ABERDEEN, and the like of him. But this small acknowledgment in his heart we must suggest; and we do it the more readily, inasmuch in that we believe it will be most readily complied with by his Lordship. Whenever the day of Humiliation shall be appointed, there will, of course, be a gathering at the church doors in aid of the sufferers by the war. Now what we suggest is, that the EARL of ABERDEEN takes with him the amount of the salary he has received as Prime Minister; and, as a penitential offering, that he there and then lays the cheque for the few thousands of pounds humbly and devoutly in the plate. This small act of reparation his Lordship will be only too happy—unless we much mistake him—to comply with.

"My objection was not to a day of Humiliation, but to the appointment of a prayer for common use." Thus spake LORD ABERDEEN in the House of Lords; and he had good reason for his objection to a prayer for common use: seeing that when his term of Premiership would end and determine, there would be the less necessity for a continued prayer against the causes of humiliation. The Noble Lord, however, is most ready to join in a special purpose of prayer, and this readiness reminds us of the old joke-book piety of the *Mauworm* greengrocer. *Mauworm* speaks from his back-parlour to the errand-boy in the shop.

LORD JOHN'S TRAVELLING EXPENSES.

COLONEL SIBTHORP has expressed a hope that as the country will have to pay LORD JOHN RUSSELL's travelling expenses to Vienna, the expenses in question "will not be heavy." While we concur in the gallant Colonel's hope, we trust that LORD JOHN will not feel himself bound to do the thing shabbily; to cut down the waiters at the hotels; to squabble about the price of his room, and to go to a second or third-rate restaurant for his dinner. We should be sorry to hear that his Lordship had been seen carrying his carpet-bag from the rail to the hotel, or walking down to the boat to save the cost of the 'bus, rather than add to the demand he will have to make on the public purse for the expenses of his journey.

We must appeal to COLONEL SIBTHORP's regard for the national character, and entreat him not to ask questions which will give foreigners the idea of our national stinginess. We hope we shall not find the Notice paper crowded with such questions as "Whether LORD JOHN RUSSELL was instructed to procure a through ticket to Paris?" or, "Whether any hints were given to the Noble Lord as to the charge for wax-lights at the hotels on the Continent?"

CASE OF EXTREME DESTITUTION.—The EMPEROR NICHOLAS has a cold, and he is reduced to such awful extremes, that he has not a candle even that he can tallow his Imperial nose with!

Mauworm. Have you sanded the sugar?

Boy. Yes.

Mauworm. Have you mixed the sloe-leaves with the tea?

Boy. Yes.

Mauworm. Have you watered the small beer?

Boy. Yes.

Mauworm. Then shut up the shop, and come in to prayers.

How well, how faithfully Lord Aberdeen, as Minister, follows the doings of the greengrocer! His lordship thus questions his subordinate colleagues.

Minister. Have you neglected the Ordnance?

Red Tape. Yes.

Minister. Have you also taken little heed of bedding for the sick, and medicine for the wounded?

Red Tape. Yes.

Minister. Have you let the Commissariat do as it likes, so that, as a matter of course, it has failed to do anything?

Red Tape. Yes.

Minister. And is the British army, therefore, almost annihilated?

Red Tape. Yes.

Minister. And therefore do the Russians rejoice over us and the French pity us?

Red Tape. Yes, yes.

Minister. Well, then, all that is left us to do, is to knock our heads on the earth, and to supplicate Heaven to avert from us all further miseries. Let coaches be called for the cabinet; and we will all go and celebrate a day of Humiliation. We have humbled the country to the dust; and the best we can do is to celebrate the Humiliation.

The Wounded at Windsor.

It is said that when it was conveyed to the wounded soldiers that the QUEEN commanded their presence in the Grand Hall of Buckingham Palace, the men showed great evidence of painful excitement. This feeling, however, immediately abated when they were assured that they would not meet there the late Secretary of War, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Advertisement for the Admiralty.

WANTED ASSISTANT SURGEONS.—Upwards of 60 VACANCIES in Commissioned SHIPS and NAVAL HOSPITALS remain to be filled. The pay is not large, but every facility for professional improvement will be given in the COCK-PIY, and the ASSISTANT SURGEON on board a Man-of-War will be treated in every respect as one of the MIDSHIPMEN.



MR. BULL WANTS TO KNOW "THE REASON WHY."

Mrs. James Graham (a Housekeeper), "REALLY, SIR, THIS 'INQUIRY' IS SO VERY 'INCONVENIENT' THAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO LEAVE AT ONCE."

MARCH 3, 1855.]

[PUNCH, No. 712.]

MR. BELL HAZES TO WASH. "THE REASON WHY."



FROZEN-OUT LAWYERS.



E fear the continuance of cold weather would have left nothing for the lawyers to do, but to hoist their wigs on the top of broomsticks, and perambulate the streets as poor frozen out barristers.

A scene that happened last week at the Court of Common Pleas in London, before the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE JERVIS and a shivering jury, was suggestive rather of the Arctic Regions than of a British Tribunal, though it must be confessed that the idea of a Court of Justice was very painfully realised. Soon after the sitting of the Court, it was found that a ventilating apparatus, which had been set up at some expense, refused to make itself a "chase in action," for it would not work, and accordingly no warm air was admitted. Upon this discovery being made the following scene was enacted, according to the reports in the papers of the twenty-second:

"Mr. SERGEANT BYLES said he had already been out to complain, for it was so cold that the bar was really in a dangerous position."

"A jurymen asserted that his feet were like ice."

"His Lordship said he had complained to the City architect, and had received a letter from him to say that the ventilation had now been made absolutely perfect; but it appeared that the stores had been made so perfect that they could not be lighted. He must really adjourn the court, for the temperature was so low that it was positively dangerous. He was obliged to sit with his hands in his pockets to keep his fingers warm. The neglect was scandalous, but he would undertake to say that if the Aldermen were dining anywhere they would take care to have the place warm enough."

"The court-keeper, on being sent for a second time, thought that if the gas were lighted, it would produce some warmth; and he accordingly lighted the gas, which was kept burning during the remainder of the day."

It will be seen from the above extract that the Court was positively shivered to pieces; for in consequence of the cold it was for a time broken up. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE had, it seems, been sitting with his hands in his pockets; but the lawyers, though they had all no doubt got their hands in the pockets of their clients, were unable to keep themselves warm. We are quite of the same opinion with his Lordship as to the probability that "if the Aldermen were dining anywhere, they would take care to have the place warm enough," and indeed we only wonder that the CHIEF JUSTICE was able to speak with as much coolness as he did on a subject with respect to which the warmest condemnation would have been justified. If even the Judge, who has the benefit of the judicial ermine, could not endure the low temperature, what must have been the feelings of poor DUNSTON in his threadbare stuff gown and well worn paletot beneath?

A. PEELITE EDUCATION!

THE *Post* tells us what were the requirements for the Peelites (poor fellows!)—

"In them were to be centred high education, cultivated intellect, sharp training in the ways of the world, together with profound conviction for the ways of the Church. They were to throw the shield of their protection over the necessities of the past—they were to stride forth with undaunted mien to grapple with all coming difficulties of the future."

To have an eye for business, and a knee for the church—to carry your shield behind you to protect the past—and a nose before you to smell at the future. Who wonders that poor GLADSTONE (with others) has failed; and who—that has a heart—does not sympathise with the failure?

Aristocracy Defined.

On additional and more profound reflection on the subject of Aristocracy, we have arrived at the following definition of that term, which we apprehend is as near the mark as possible:—

Aristocracy. A class of persons who despise the Public, and are venerated by the Public for that reason.

A Difference.

(Must respectfully pointed out.)

ABROAD, the Sovereign goes from the Palace to the different hospitals to inspect the Invalids.

At home, the Invalids are brought up from the hospitals to the Palace, to be inspected by the Sovereign.

A FIELD MARSHAL FOR THE CHURCH MILITANT.

(To the Houses of Lords and Commons.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

In the House whose members, my Lords, call yours "another place," never mentioning it directly to each other's "ears polite;" in your House, Gentlemen; COLONEL KNOX is reported to have said in the debate on the Army Estimates:—

"The whole of the observations of the honorable Member for Lambeth resolved themselves into a tirade against PRINCE ALBERT. Now, really, the honorable gentleman should learn his lesson a little better, for he had made a gross mistake. The honorable Member had asked why His Royal Highness should be allowed £2,300 a year when other Colonels were allowed only £1,100. If the honorable gentleman would look at the number of battalions commanded by his Royal Highness, he would find that the allowance was a perfectly just one, and that he had no right to make the remarks he had against that distinguished personage."

Surely, my Lords and Gentlemen, the gallant COLONEL defends the illustrious PRINCE on another than the right ground. Not the command of battalions, but the maintenance of the Prince-Consortship, is the proper plea for his ROYAL HIGHNESS'S £2,300 annuity—and who is he that expects PRINCE ALBERT to do his dignity for his clothes and his vicinals, and a few shillings a week? But is it not your Lordships' opinion, and yours, Gentlemen, that it would be better to give the PRINCE £2,300 stipend for what he does, than for what he cannot do; for value received, in preference to value irreceivable? His ROYAL HIGHNESS cannot discharge the functions of a COLONEL—a chief of warriors. You will not permit him to go to the wars, very properly. Of course it would never do to have the husband of our QUEEN returning from the field of glory in a cloak of rum, or outwitted, by the loss of an arm or a leg, of his fair proportions. He, doubtless, would be too glad to go, and be instrumental in scattering the enemies of his August Lady. But you won't let him. Allow me, then, my Lords and Gentlemen, to suggest to you that you have made him a dummy Field-Marshal—a Twelfth-Cake mounted officer: you might as well set him on a hobby in uniform, with a tin sword. And who do you think would feel comfortable in such a position? A ribald jester, perhaps: a buffoon, a zany, a fellow who does not mind what he wears, or how ridiculous he looks. I think I know one who would ride a cock-horse complacently enough in trappings more ludicrous, because more incongruous than motley and a fool's cap, if you would give him £2,300 per annum. That personage might not mind prancing away as a non-combatant COLONEL. But though I might not object to this kind of horsemanship, on those terms, I am certain, my Lords and Gentlemen, it cannot be a pleasant exercise for PRINCE ALBERT.

The PRINCE, your Lordships and your Honours, wants real work to do. He has endeavoured to distinguish himself in the Army, according to his ability, within the scope which you allowed him. He has been active in the capacity of a clothing Colonel: but that is a tailor's and a hatter's business, and the genius of his ROYAL HIGHNESS is above that of the goose. He succeeded a great deal better in the wholesale concern of Industry in Hyde Park.

If, my Lords and Gentlemen, PRINCE ALBERT has any leisure which you consider that he might employ with emolument to himself and profit to the nation, supply him with the possibility of devoting it to those purposes. Give him that to do which he is able to perform.—Now, how do you know that he would not be willing to enter the Church? His ROYAL HIGHNESS can deliver good discourses from the chair—why not from the pulpit? He cannot fight—he might preach as well as anybody. The Church, of course, is the most exalted of all professions; the PRINCE might shortly become one of its most exalted members; a Bishop. He is prevented from leading a charge; there would be nothing to prevent him delivering one. In due time he might be preferred to the Metropolitan See. What an admirable arrangement!—the spiritual and temporal heads of the Church united. The ARCHBISHOP-CONSORT would be a famous title for the Consort of the DEFENDER OF THE FAITH. What an excellent precedent would thus be created: and how economical! The CONSORT would gain in income considerably, whilst the country would save much by this fusion of the Princely position with the Episcopal office—would, so to speak, kill two birds with one stone. Let me then, my Lords and Gentlemen, advise you to adopt—with the consent of the illustrious party—such measures as shall ultimately tend to relieve his ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT of his pseudo-military appointment, and constitute him ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

I have the honour to be,

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your most obedient, and most humble Servant,

Feb. 1855, 85, Fleet Street.

PUNCH.

Caution for the King of Prussia.

O FREDERICK WILLIAM! mind your P's and Q's;
Or Prussia, through her King, the P will lose.



FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

AN ATTEMPT AT CONVERTING THE NATIVES.

Assiduous Young Curate. "WELL THEN, I DO HOPE I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SEEING BOTH OF YOU NEXT SUNDAY!"

Miner. "OI! THERE MAY'NT COAM IF 'E WULL. WE FOUGHT ON THE CROFT, AND OLD JOE TANNER BRINGS TH' BEER."

A DIFFICULT MESSAGE TO DELIVER.

If people underrate the labour of legislation, it is perfectly certain that they are not aware of the tremendous difficulty and trouble attending the exchange of a simple message between the Chancellor and the Speaker.

If LORD CRANWORTH, in his private capacity, wanted to tell Mr. LEFEVRE that he had looked over some document and altered a word or two, and that it would do very well, he would probably say so on one side of a sheet of note paper. Or he would send his Secretary, who would knock at LORD C's door, be shown into the library, make a bow to the Chancellor, deliver his message, say that it was thawing, but still cold, or as the case might be, and go away.

But if the LORD CHANCELLOR, Speaker of the House of Lords, wishes to tell Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, Speaker of the House of Commons, that the Lords have agreed to certain amendments in the Bill for the Better Protection of Godfathers and Godmothers against Supposititious Titles of Infants to Silver Mugs, or any other stupendous piece of legislation, the thing is not to be done so easily. The operation is a long and complex one.

Into the House of Commons cometh a portly personage, entitled a Master in Chancery. He is clothed in a red gown, and wears a wig. Does he walk up to the Speaker's table and say what he has to say? Mr. PUNCH would like to catch him at it. In two minutes he would be in custody, with a terrific amount of fees due to his captor, the Serjeant at Arms, who sits in that chair in full black dress, and with a sword by his side. He knows better, and slides into a seat under the gallery, waiting until his red gown shall be noticed, for little Masters should be seen and not heard.

In due time, so as not to seem hurried, the Speaker allows his eye to fall upon the Serjeant at Arms.

LORD RAGLAN'S WEATHER ALMANACKS.

THE Despatches from the Seat of War remind us rather forcibly—though forcibly is a strong word for that which is the very essence of feebleness—of the productions which occasionally appear in the *Times* under the head of the Weather. We have now before us a Despatch dated February 6, which opens thus:—

"MY LORD DUKE,—I mentioned to your Grace on Saturday that the weather had broken."

If he had mentioned it on Saturday, what necessity was there to mention it again; but the truth is, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF appears to have nothing else to talk about. Having once got on to his favourite, indeed his only topic, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF proceeds to add that "the frost was very severe on that night;" and he then goes on to indicate the condition of his thermometer, which he says "was down at 13°," and he concludes the paragraph by intimating that "the wind was very high and piercingly cold." If his Lordship ultimately pursues the enemy as vigorously as he pursues the topic of the weather, he will be sure to follow up any advantage that may present itself. He goes on thus graphically—

"Sunday was rather milder, and yesterday was finer. To-day the glass has fallen and there is every appearance of rain."

These particulars must greatly interest the public, who are looking with intense anxiety to every scrap of information that arrives from the Crimea. In selecting the weather as the subject of his Despatches, LORD RAGLAN probably feels that he is adapting his style to the taste of his countrymen, who are always talking about the weather when they have nothing else to talk about.

Admiralty Intelligence.

THE *Sir James Graham*, Government bark, has gone adrift.

That great big Buoy, *Bernal Osborne*, in the roads of Office, off the Opposition benches, close to Jocular Point, and between the two quicksands of Vanity and Self Sufficiency, has not in the least shifted during the recent tempestuous changes, but still remains fixed in the same strong position. The Buoy's head, even in the stormiest weather, keeps beautifully above water.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LEGAL STUDENTS.—Better far to make a pursuit of the Law, than allow the Law to make a pursuit of you!

The Serjeant arises and advances to the table, making three bows at intervals, as he approaches the same. He humbly submits to the Speaker that there is a message from the Lords.

Upon the table, and resting on two brackets, intended to prevent members from shoving it off when they come fussing up and grabbing furiously at one of the volumes of *Hansard* as if it were *Punch*, or something else necessary to their existence—lies The Mace. It is a huge, thick, silver-gilt staff with an enormous cauliflower head, and it is said to be the actual article which a gentleman who abandoned the brewing profession, and became an eminent Protectionist, once called "That Bauble," and desired certain soldiers to "take away." The Speaker indicates to the Serjeant that he will lend it him for a little while, but he must bring it back.

The Serjeant in Black takes it up reverently in his arms, like a baby, and, walking backwards, and bowing at three intervals, as before, retreats from the presence.

The Master in Red is awaiting him at the other end of the House. The place is called "below the bar," and no Speaker can be elected who is not short-sighted, as he cannot by the Constitution see anything beyond a line on the floor at the other end of a good sized room. Here the Red and the Black form in line, two abreast, and the Black holds the Mace close to the head of the other, ready to smite him down upon the cocoanut matting, if he should begin to violate Magna Charta, or anything of that sort.

They approach, bow simultaneously three times, halting to do it, and the Master, under the stern surveillance of the Serjeant, delivers to the Speaker the little message in question.

But an assembly like the House of Commons is not going to take messages from a Master in Chancery. Certainly not. As soon as the Speaker has received the confidential message, he gets up and repeats it to the House.

Then, with great state, the Master and the Serjeant retire, walking

backwards, and this is the ticklish part of the whole proceeding. For the long red robe of the Master endangers his heels, and the betting is even that he is tripped up in his retrograde path, and exhibited in an unseemly attitude to the legislature of the nation. Whereas the manly legs of the Serjeant-at-Arms are unincumbered, save [by the sword, which he wears very skillfully. But the Master usually escapes, and with the mace presented at his ear, bows his three bows, and gets off. If he *did* go down, it would be perhaps asking too much of human nature to expect the Serjeant, armed with such a weapon, to forego the giving him a "wunner," after the fashion of Harlequin with Clowa, in such quarter as might afford amplest mark for castigation.

The Master is gone. But there is more to do yet. The Speaker is unhappy till he gets back the Bumble. The Serjeant returns alone—three more bows, and the precious relique is again on its bracket—three more bows—and the Serjeant is again in his easy chair. In all (errors excepted), this makes eight promenades and two dozen bows to one message.

After this explanation *Mr. Punch* hopes that no person will talk lightly of the difficulties of legislation.



A BIT OF SERIOUS PANTOMIME.—A MESSAGE FROM THE LORDS.

NO MORE BARE LEGS.

THE *Northern Ensign* quotes a Highland serjeant, a native of Ross-shire, serving in the East, who speaks in language of enthusiastic joy of an order from the Horse Guards, giving every kilted soldier a pair of warm tartan trousers. Nothing has given him "greater pleasure," the serjeant assures the friend to whom he is writing. He hopes that the order will "prove the death-blow to the kilt," and that the impossibility, now that the old kilts are done, of making new ones in the spring, will "seal the doom of the philabeg in the army for ever."

Of course, the kilt is worn by *Rob Roy MacGregor*, and *Roderick Dhu*; also by *Macbeth* and *Benquo*, at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the other theatres; likewise by sundry gents masquerading under the auspices of JULIEN, or some one of the female aristocracy. It is worn, too, by bagpipe-players in the middle of the streets, and by chieftains, real or sham, marching on the pavement at the head of clans of street boys. But the thermometer in all these cases stands at a comfortable degree. It is moreover worn by artists' models when deer-stalking in the studio—and perhaps by real sportsmen on the actual heather of Scotland, the weather being very warm. But if it won't do for Highlanders in the Crimea in winter-time, how could they ever have worn it, save during the dog-days, in their native mountains, so much farther North? Pooh! the kilt is a humbug. We believe that the only Highlanders, except soldiers, who habitually wear the kilt are those that stand at the doors of the tobacconists' shops. The kilt is a suitable enough garment to dance in at Holland Park, or elsewhere, and is perhaps more becoming to a male dancer than gauze skirts would be: but as to soldiers supposed to be on actual service, unless in hot climates, it is fit for none but

such as form the camp in the *Revolt of the Harem*. Bonnets may be well enough for Highland troops; but don't dress the men also in petticoats.

BROWN AND JONES.

"Lord PALMERSTON said that Mr. LAYARD had indulged in what he must be permitted to call vulgar declamation against the aristocracy. Talk to him of the aristocracy! Why in the charge at Balaklava, Lord CARDIGAN (loud cheers), &c. &c."

Debate, Monday, Feb. 19th.

VULGAR? How sad! But then he spoke
Of vulgar, low, and common things,
Such as with gay WAT TYLER joke,
A Viscount to oblivion flings.
Of common honour, common sense,
Of common soldiers' wasted bones—
And bored the Commons with defence
Of common folks like BROWN and JONES.

He talked of armies doomed to die
Through dull officials' want of thought,
Your Lordship stated in reply,
How nobly CARDIGAN had fought.
That "points" of yours but rarely miss
A docile House of Commons owns,
But really logic such as this
Would hardly do for BROWN and JONES.

Such audience as your Lordship finds
Accept and cheer each jaunty flash,
But vulgar and plebeian minds
Regard it as evasive trash.
'Twill hardly teach us to forget
Who caused sad Balaklava's groans;
And there's another matter yet
That will occur to BROWN and JONES:

Three Lords were mixed in that affair,
LUCAN and RAGLAN blundered, both,
The third, who showed a hero there,
Did their joint bidding, greatly loath.
Two Lords were blunderers out of three,
(One bee between a brace of drones),
A chance of better odds you'd see
In taking SMITH, and BROWN, and JONES.

But not at Lords he aimed his shot—
You ne'er mistook what he was at:
You talk some folly, but you're not
Quite such a MALMESBURY as that.
He spoke (unhappily he's young,
And has to learn convention's tones),
The words you'd hear from every tongue
If Lords could mix with BROWNS and JONES.

He cursed our great State Lottery scheme,
Whose prizes fall to Wealth and Rank,
While Merit wakes from patriot dream
To find he draws a hopeless blank.
He banned the System, where Routine
Jobs, shuffles, bullies, shirks, postpones,
Until its clumsy working's seen
By those vulgarians, BROWNS and JONES.

He told you, (*Punch* has said the same)
JOHN BULL at many a fault will wink,
But ruined armies, sullied name,
And crushing taxes make him—think.
A vulgar hint—yet those who prize
Honours whose fountains are but thrones,
Should take it, lest, in coarser guise
It come, some day, from BROWNS and JONES.

A Fact of the Frost.

A METROPOLITAN gentleman, standing on Hammersmith Bridge, the other evening, and watching the closely packed "hummocks" of ice as they floated down the river, remarked that then, for the first time, he thoroughly appreciated CAMPBELL's lines:—

"And dark as Winter was the flow
Of Ice a (Ice) rollin' rapidly!"

MR. SPOONBILL'S EXPERIENCES IN THE ART OF SKATING.—PART III.



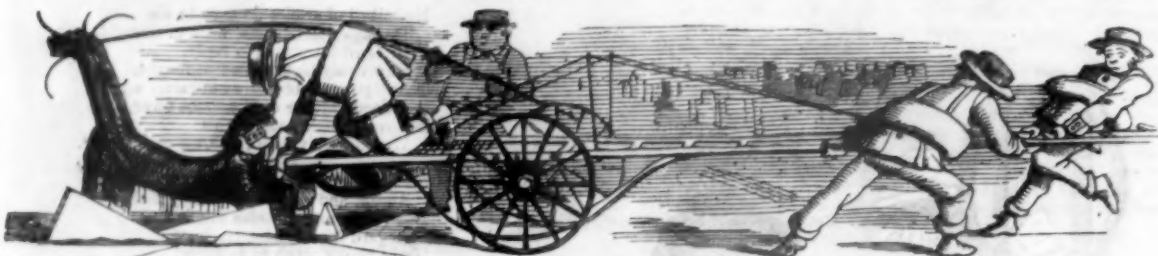
MR. SPOONBILL, AS HE APPEARED ON BEGINNING THE SURFACE.



HOW HE TRIED TO CATCH A ROPE—AND DIDN'T



AND HOW HE ADOPTED THE RECOMMENDATION TO "KEEP HIMSELF QUIET."



TIMELY ARRIVAL OF THE "BREAKER LADDER," AND RESCUE OF MR. SPOONBILL.



AFTER IMBIBING CERTAIN HOT BEVERAGES, HE BEGINS TO FEEL PRETTY COMFORTABLE;



AND MAKES THE BEST OF HIS WAY HOME.



THIS SHOWS THE CHEERFUL MANNER IN WHICH MR. SPOONBILL ENDED HIS FIRST (AND LAST) DAY'S SKATING.

THE COST OF A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

WE always regarded the female tongue as a rather formidable weapon; but we had no idea that it could do so much mischief as it seems to have perpetrated in the hands, or rather in the mouth of one CHARLOTTE JONES of Merthyr-Tydvil, who is, it seems, confined in Cardiff Gaol, for having indulged rather too freely her woman's privilege of speech. She is alleged to have done what nearly every member of her sex is constantly doing; that is to say, she made one of her neighbours the subject of a "few words." These words, or alleged words, having been brought to the ears of the Consistory Court, she is ordered to retract them, though she says she never uttered them. But as calumny cannot even be withdrawn without the payment of fees, she is called upon to discharge a little account of between seven and eight pounds which she has run up in the County Court of Llandaff. Her husband, being a labourer at fifteen shillings

a week, is unable to meet the little liability his wife's tongue has incurred; and she is pronounced guilty of "Contempt" of the Court in question, because she does not happen to have seven or eight pounds about her to pay its demand.

She is accordingly consigned to a prison at Cardiff; and it appears that nobody has the power to get her out again; for neither the Bishop of the diocese, nor the Home Secretary can give her any relief. She therefore gets M^r. BARRIST to present a petition to the Commons; and upon his remarking that "such a state of things was scandalous to the country," there arose cries of "hear! hear!" and a "laugh."

We can only hope that the "laugh" was hysterical; for we cannot conceive it possible that any legislator can see food for laughter in the existence of "a state of things" which is admitted to be "scandalous to the country." Indeed we do not precisely see the joke; and we have come to the resolution that the "laugh" was no less unworthy of the wag than of the patriot.

AN UNMISTAKABLE VOICE IN EUROPE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.—PRUSSIA.



Thus writes our own Correspondent:—

Berlin, March 2nd, 1855.

I dined with the King yesterday. His Majesty has been much irritated by the following statement, which has appeared in one of your contemporaries:—

"Lord JOHN RUSSELL goes to Berlin to ascertain, if possible, the real meaning of the King of Prussia."

After dinner, FREDERICK-WILLIAM complained to me on the subject of this paragraph. He dwelt with much emphasis on the words, "if possible," as being peculiarly offensive. In directing his remarks on those objectionable expressions to myself, the monarch did me the honour to use the English language, as when talking to our countrymen, it is his custom to use it always in the afternoon. His Majesty was pleased to say:—

"If possible! Why if possible? Whose LOBJOHNUS'L come Berlinfor tashtain mymeanig/possible? Younstan mymeanig wellenough! You fi no difficulty in unstan mymean—ic! Now do y'olefella? Veywell-zhen! Whatshay ifpossible for? Shif I coo'n shpeakplain? Doni-shpeakplain? No instinkness in my prunciation—izher? You 'stinguish ev word I shay. Donu? Wellzhen, ifpossible 'a 'bsurd. 'Fpossible 'sh erroneous. 'Fpossible's a gratuitions assumsh'n—'fpossible is. I won't have ifpossible. Share's no 'sh thing 's ifpossibility. Nev'lem me hear that obs'vation anymore!—and pashdecanter: and aff zhat, ifpossible, we'll smocigar."

At a later period of the evening his Majesty reverted to the topic of these unpleasant words, which evidently, to use a phrase current among your lower orders, stick in the royal gizzard. On this last occasion the King was so overcome that he cried, and his utterance was choked to such a degree as to deprive me of the ability to present you with a report of his observations.

HOW TO TREAT OUR CONVICTS.

We don't know what to do with our criminals! Don't we? We should rather imagine that we did though, now.

Instead of shutting them up cozily in model prisons here at home, have them shipped off abroad to an unhealthy climate, and just at the most inclement season. Land them without a change of clothing, and keep them daily to hard labour in a swamp, without allowing them the time or means to dry their clothes. Feed them with raw pork and unroasted coffee-berries, and let them sleep (for some three hours of the four-and-twenty) in tents which are completely pervious to wet, and where the thermometer is nightly much below freezing point. In the event of their sickening, or sinking from fatigue, take care to deny them proper medical attendance; and let them once a-week or so have individually a good sound whipping—without which, indeed, it will be seen that they would only have been undergoing that which our brave fellows have for weeks been suffering in the camp before Sebastopol.

THE EVILS OF THE ARMY.

SOME people deny that there is too much of the aristocratic element in the Army, and yet it is certain that military abuses are all rank.

Joseph Hume.

Not yet three years have past, since England bore
Her greatest captain to his last long home,
Under the shadowy cathedral-dome,
Where NELSON slept before.

With wail of martial brass, and muffled drum,
And warrior-mourners, went the warrior dead,
While the great city bowed a reverent head,
And peopled streets were dumb.

Another ancient soldier's course is run,
Whose warfare, if on less conspicuous fields,
Not less an honourable record yields,
Of victories hard won.

One who from boy-hood upwards waged a fight:
At first, with poverty and low estate;
Winning each step at sword-point against fate;
Scaling height after height,

To fortune's platform—where most sit them down,
As if who conquer that, have conquered all;
And may thenceforth to rest or pastime fall,
Seeking no loftier crown.

Not thus thought he: fortune and leisure gained,
He girded up his loins for sterner strife,
And on the battle-plain of public life,
Flung himself, armed and trained.

For two-and-forty years he kept that field;
Unskilful oft; rough always; but with breast
Broad to the foe; nor ever 'vailed his crest,
Let who would bid him yield.

Not caring who might praise him, who might blame,
He held with those who battled for the right
With many weapons, and in hottest fight,
He kept unsullied fame.

Though many called him sordid, making war
Alike on small abuses, as on great,
He cared not: early at his post, and late,
Bravely the brunt he bore.

In Church or State what victory o'er wrong
Have our days witnessed, but the name of HUME,
Writ sturdily and square, finds honoured room,
The conquerors' names among?

Many more dexterous in fence of speech;
Less subtle or less brilliant few have been;
But on the watch what sentinel more keen?
Who bolder on the breach?

Happy! he lived to see these times fulfil
Most of the conquests, which through all defeats
He ne'er despaired of: his were no quick heats,
Followed by sudden chill.

Happy! he lived down enmity: old foes
Were proud to call him friend: that gnarled stock,
Whose growth and prime knew but the tempests' shock,
Was sun-lit at life's close.

Hail and farewell! I, that have oft made mirth
Of what in him was narrow, quaint, or rude,
With no irreverent feeling now intrude,—
But, honouring his worth,

Lay this unworthy wreath upon the tomb,
Which, for respect of those to come, in words
As plain and simple as his life, records
The name of JOSEPH HUME.

The Spirit of the War.

It is generally believed, we think, that MENSCHIKOFF will find it difficult to bring up any fresh troops until the arrival of the Spring. For ourselves, however, without waiting for the Spring, we think we may safely jump to the conclusion, that if Inkermann may be regarded as a precedent, PRINCE MENSCHIKOFF will find no difficulty in bringing up fresh men, so long as there is plenty of raki in Sebastopol.

THE LEGAL WEATHER AND THE LAW COURTS.



OR several days the barristers amused themselves with sliding in and out of the Court of Chancery. In one of the passages of the Court some juniors enjoyed the exercise of back-sliding, but no accident occurred.

In the Queen's Bench a few suitors ventured on the floor of the Court, which was exceedingly slippery and dangerous.

The sport of litigation was indulged in by great numbers with comparative safety in the County Courts, where, in the event of any one falling in, it was not likely they would have been much out of their depth.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

February 26, Monday. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL, on presenting some Temperance Petitions, had the daring to state to the House of Lords, that Scotchmen, as a body, were becoming more sober. It is thought that His Grace will never venture into Scotland again, on account of the indignation he has excited by a declaration which implies that at some time or other the Model Nation has fallen short of the absolute perfection of virtue and morality, a statement notoriously the reverse of fact. The Presbyterian hierarchy is said to be framing a commination against the slanderer, to be said or sung between the eleventh and twelfth tumblers of whiskey toddy on the night of the 21st instant.

LORD WESTMEATH delivered himself of a great puff of ADMIRAL DUNDAS, and said that he ought to be made First Lord of the Admiralty; but the Government did not seem to see it in that light, and manifested their excessively low estimate of the Admiral, by preferring even SIR CHARLES WOOD to him. A very sensible Law Reform measure was introduced, for giving Justices at Petty Sessions jurisdiction in petty matters, instead of making "the stealing of an old shoe, value one penny," (as LORD CAMPBELL said was now the law) the subject of a State Trial. The new bill gives summary Petty Sessions jurisdiction wherever a delinquent pleads guilty, having been wicked up to the amount of a pound only. Guinea crimes are punishable as before; so if one buys an Opera Stall on the faith of getting MOZART, and one gets VERDI, one must prosecute the Manager at the Quarter Sessions.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON said a few graceful words in honour of the memory of one with whom his lordship, through a long course of office, has fought many a battle—JOSEPH HUME. His Lordship also announced that LORD JOHN RUSSELL, with his usual dauntlessness, had undertaken double work; with one hand he will settle the Vienna Congress, and with the other, administer our Fifty Colonies. The ambidexterity of some folks is surprising. MR. LINDSAY risked a most extraordinary statement, and one which he certainly should not have put forth. He declared that having recently visited France, he had called upon the Minister of War, and that this official actually evinced a most accurate knowledge of all that was going on in his department. SIDNEY HERBERT, with an indignation that did honour to his head and heart, declared his utter unbelief in the possibility of such a thing, but MR. LINDSAY adhered to his statement with singular obstinacy. The House went into the discussion of the Army Estimates, and MR. LAYARD illustrated the exquisite general information possessed by our military authorities by affirming, that forage for the horses in the Crimea being wanted, LORD RAGLAN had sent home for it, although it was to be procured at a distance of three days' sailing. COLONEL KNOX made some observations on the proposed Order of Merit, and urged that it ought to include double pay and double pension to the private soldiers. This may be all very well. But it is not impossible that Mr. Punch may have a word with some of the advocates of the present system of promotion. They evidently rather favour this Order of Merit scheme, and would willingly extend its advantages, in the hope that it will be accepted as a substitute for a larger scheme for facilitating promotion from the ranks. When the humbler classes are called upon to listen to a proposal which they deem inadequate or irrational, they are in the habit of signifying combined dissent and contempt by a reference to those West Indian or native condiments usually placed upon the hospitable board in aid of the attraction of cold meats. In a Parliamentary sense, and with a strict abstinence from vulgarity, Mr. Punch might also remark to COLONEL KNOX and his friends—"Pickles."

Tuesday. This evening the Commons, and on Thursday evening the Lords, were occupied with the case of the RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS

FRANCIS KENNEDY. This gentleman was unlucky enough to have SIR JOHN SHELLEY for his advocate in the lower House, and the sort of shaking which MR. GLADSTONE, a little excited, was likely to give that unhappy Bart., may easily be imagined. MR. KENNEDY is an official whom MR. GLADSTONE rather summarily dismissed, and declares that he was personally justified in doing so. There is nothing against MR. KENNEDY's moral character, but the Right Honourable was obstreperous. LORD PALMERSTON brought out a curious fact, in answer to MR. SPOONER, who has such a monomania on the subject of Maynooth, that he is always waking up in the night and bawling out "Report," to the great discouragement of his household. It seems that one of the Catholic Members of the Committee was foolish enough to lend some of the evidence to DR. PAUL CULLEN, the Irish Popish Ecclesiastic, who promised to return it, but bolted with it to Rome, crying out, like an artful schoolboy who has sold his playfellow, "I didn't say when." And this Roman Catholic "dodge" appears to have delayed the Report.

Wednesday. The Commons were occupied on a very laudable measure, introduced by LORD BLANDFORD, with a view to making a portion of the revenues of Deans and Chapters applicable to the real purposes of the Church of England. Even the *Standard* approves the object of the bill, so nobody need be frightened. Wonderful times we live in, brethren of Mr. Punch. The *Standard* is advocating Church Reform, and the *Herald* animadverting with great severity upon the preponderance of the aristocratic element in the Cabinet. One of these days we shall have the *Advertiser* denouncing beer.

Thursday. LORD GODERICH, in the Commons, brought up the question of Army Promotion. The value of the service done by his Lordship in causing the subject to be fully debated, atones for any want of due consideration as to the form in which he put it. That nearly three hundred members would listen to such a subject for six hours on a non-Government night, is a sign of the times. Two years ago LORD GODERICH would have been infallibly "counted out." Nor was the division any triumph for the exclusionists; for in a house full of officers of one kind and another, the claim of the private was postponed only by 158 to 114. SIR DE LACY EVANS spoke out manfully; and the old and experienced soldier bore invaluable testimony to the vices of the present system of promotion, which he said "wore out" the meritorious man who had no influence to procure his rise.

Friday. MR. ROEBUCK's Committee having desired that their investigation should be "secret," that ridiculous proposal was made to the House. It was no fault of Mr. Punch, who told his colleagues, on taking his seat, that the enquiry should *not* be secret, for that he would himself take notes, *de die in diem*, and send them to Printing House Square and Shoe Lane. However, finding that they were bent upon the absurdity, he went round to GRAHAM, and gave him the hint, which SIR JAMES made good use of. SIR JAMES said outright, that the press would have the proceedings, and as the nation happened to think that it had some little interest in the enquiry, the House had better consider the probable results of a collision. So the foolish idea of secrecy was scouted, as it deserved to be.

In the Lords, the Foreign Secretary, and in the Commons, the PREMIER, made the announcement of the solemn tidings that the wickedest man in Europe had been suddenly summoned to the Judgment.

"LEAVE WELL ALONE."

THE martial sage of Lincoln of course delivered himself of one of his apothegms on LORD GODERICH's motion for the abolition of promotion by purchase in the army. The sagacious Colonel observed, that after a due consideration of the present relative position of privates and officers, it was, in his impartial opinion, better to leave "well alone." This, it must be owned, is an old saying; but like an old piece of family plate, it comes out burnished up under the patronage of the Colonel. In how many cases the words might serve as the most fitting epitaph for the private soldier.

To the Memory

OF

JOHN BROWN,

PRIVATE OF THE 25TH LIGHT BOLD BROOMS.

HE DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF IN TWENTY ACTIONS;

AND AS A SOLDIER

ACTED WELL IN BATTLE, IN CAMP, AND IN THE BARRACK.

IN REWARD OF THESE VIRTUES,

A GRATEFUL COUNTRY

"LET WELL ALONE."

AN OBVIOUS ALTERNATIVE.—It is quite clear that either Sebastopol or the Generals of the Allied Armies, must very soon get the sack.

WHO ARE THE PARTIES WHO WRITE TO THE PAPERS?



Writing to the Papers is a great fact, though the writers have usually the smallest fact in the world—and very often none at all—to write about. Unintroduced, and decidedly unsolicited, the world has a most uncivilised custom of rushing into an editor's room, calling upon him to leave off saying the nation, or smashing Russia, or selecting a Cabinet, and take up the case of some uncouth beadle, uninformed marquis, or unbearable actor, at the shortest notice. The flood of volunteered paper which hebdomadally sets in upon some journals is perfectly awful. If correspondents would only send the same quantity, without any correspondence upon

it, a most beneficial effect upon the market would be produced. It is a notorious fact that the enormous fortune which the humble official, or, as she herself would say, the charwoman, who clears out editorial rooms, makes out of such contributions (by arrangement with cheesemongers), renders it impossible for *Punch*, the *Times*, and some other leading journals, to keep the same servant more than a few weeks. Mr. *Punch* is always meeting some new old dowager in aristocratic society—she smiles most graciously upon him, very likely cheats him at cards—for his great mind will be absent, and thinking of ex-ministers when it should be remembering what knaves are out—and at the close of the game, observes, clutching his forfeited sovereigns, "You don't remember me, Mr. P.," and then he looks again, and the royal memory serves him. It is either Mrs. BAGGINS, or Mrs. SLANK, or Mrs. CHOWDY, or Mrs. GUTCH, or somebody else in the infinite series of old women who have been enriched by sweeping out his office.

Who are the people that, without being obliged to do so, inflict upon editors, and sometimes upon the public, the contributions that make up this weighty mass of trumpety tribulation, tiny criticism and cavi, unhappy jocularity, and egregious absurdity? Nobody can tell. For though editors demand cards, not necessarily for publication, but as guarantee of good faith, what more do you know of a man when you have read in copper-plate that his name is Mr. OWLEY PIGGLES SPOON, 14, Little Crescentia Terrace, Hippopotamus Road, Hoxton, than you did before? Assuredly, nothing. The volunteer scribes are "unknown as unknowing."

Mr. *Punch* had some thoughts of offering a reward for the best living specimen of the creature who thus assails editors, the person bringing it contracting to take it away again as soon as it had been looked at. "Who ever saw a dead donkey?" asks a classic author. Who ever saw a live Party who writes to the Papers? Comparative anatomy might help the searchers for either article to a common result.

The Best Boots for Shooting.

"MR. PUNCH,—Sir, You recollect FOOT's celebrated story, which concluded by stating that 'the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots.' Pray, Sir, can you inform me whether the boots of the parties alluded to were what are called 'Ammunition Boots?'"

"I am, Sir, very respectfully, yours,

"A YOUNG MAN WHO IS ANXIOUS TO IMPROVE HIS MIND."
"Pumpington, *Athenæum*,
March, 1855."

The Truth about the Green Coffee.

THE excuses put forth for supplying the troops in the East with Green Coffee are all fudge. The real cause of that piece of absurdity was this. It was considered that a sound principle was embodied in the celebrated line of DR. JOHNSON:—

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;"

and accordingly the Government, being obliged to reinforce the Army with raw recruits, considered that they had better supply it also with raw coffee.

THE "LIGHT BOBS."

THE private soldier gets but 4d. out of his 1s. a day, the remainder of his pay being "stopped" for various items. A civilian would not deserve to be laughed at for supposing the "Light Bobs" of military phraseology are soldiers' fourpenny bits.

THE HERNE BAY POLICEMAN.

THIS individual, who combines in his own person the offices of Superintendent, Inspector, Serjeant, and ordinary Man, who may exclaim, in the language of despotism, *Le police c'est moi*, has been made the subject of a manifesto, which we give at full length, that the travelling public may know the powers of him who wields at Herne Bay an undivided truncheon. This oilskin autocrat has no one to dispute with him the possession of that cape which descended on his shoulders when he first assumed the purple—or dark-blue—which is the colour of his uniform. The following is the manifesto alluded to:—

HERNE BAY.

NOTICE.

The following duties of the Policeman have been dictated by the Commissioners.

"After Twelve o'clock to be in his uniform daily, to inspect the Town generally, from 1st of November to 1st of May, to have the entire direction of the roads subject to the orders of the Board; and in the event of his sending instructions or assistance in any matter not actually ordered by the Board to apply to the Clerk, who has a discretionary power. The Policeman is not to be bound to attend to the commands or directions of any individual Commissioner, he is strictly enjoined to enforce all the usual police regulations in respect to the Town generally, to prevent the assemblage of idle persons at the corners of the streets and elsewhere, and to enforce the regulations according to the notice, in reference to snow and other accumulations being swept from the fronts of houses; to remove all dogs that are a public nuisance, to attend to the summary removal of pigsties, dung-heaps, and other filth and stray cattle, and to proceed before a magistrate when necessary; he is positively ordered to carry out his duties as regulated by the local act, without respect to persons. The Commissioners being determined upon the usages of the above regulations, the Policeman on his part neglecting in duty as directed herein, will incur the penalty of dismissal."

BY ORDER OF COMMISSIONERS,

W. WATSON, Clerk.

It will be seen from this notice that Herne Bay has placed itself at the foot of her Policeman, and has been antisited to surrender her liberties as the price of her tranquillity. It is true that there is an allusion to "the Board," as a sort of higher authority or Viceroy over the Policeman; but the Board of Herne Bay exists only in the mythology of that brick-and-mortar wilderness. Should any individual venture to assert himself as a member of the Board, the Policeman is to hurl defiance at his teeth, if he dares to show them, for the Herne Bay Czar is distinctly told that he is "not to attend to the commands or directions of any individual Commissioner." The powers handed over to this truncheoned functionary are such as to laugh the British Constitution to scorn, and to grin at Magna Charta through the Policeman's collar. He is to "prevent the assemblage of idle persons at the corners of the streets," and indeed he is to exceed all the bounds of constituted authority; for he is to disperse mobs without reading the riot act. His powers over the brute creation are no less extensive than those he is to exercise over his fellow man, for he is "to remove all dogs that are a public nuisance," and he is to come down like an avalanche on all pigsties. He is to start with all the alacrity of the huntsman after "stray cattle;" and then, as if to unite the boundless powers of the autocrat with the insolence of the haughtiest of despots, he is to go about with scorn perpetually in his eye, for all "respect to persons" is strictly prohibited. It is true that there is a power of dismissal nominally reserved, but we warn Herne Bay that she has acted the part of *Frankenstein*, and created a *Monster* in the shape of a Policeman, that will not be easily dealt with when it begins to feel its power.

Terms of Law and War.

In law you may have assault without battery, but you cannot have battery without assault. The reverse is the case in war, as instanced in the Crimea, where batteries have been playing, and little more than playing, for nearly six months, whereas no assault has been as yet attempted.

PHYSIOLOGY FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

THE reports in the *Lancet* on the adulteration of food show that organised structures can be detected in the finest powders by means of the microscope; but we defy DR. HASSALL to detect any trace of organisation in the British Army.

UPS AND DOWNS OF ENGLAND.

THOUGH our Government has made rather a mess of our Army, we may still look with pride at our Navy; and we have no right to continue in the dumps, when we see what a fleet we have in the Downs.



SCENE.—DRAWING-ROOM.

Enter HORRID BOY.

Horrid Boy (capering about). "OH, LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN! I'VE FOUND OUT WHAT CLARA STUFFS HER HAIR OUT WITH. THEY'RE WHISKERS LIKE YOURS!" [Sensation.]

JUSTICE FOR THE DOCTOR!

THE medical students of St. Bartholomew's Hospital have shown a degree of pluck of a far higher nature than that which is sometimes exhibited by candidates for the Apothecaries' diploma. A letter in the *Times* states that at a numerous meeting of those gentlemen, held at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, the following resolutions were carried, among others:—

"That this meeting views with deep regret the want of sufficient medical aid in the Naval service; that in the opinion of this meeting, such want is owing to the present Admiralty regulations, so unjust to the assistant-surgeons, and so derogatory to the medical profession.

"Though unwilling to throw any obstacle in the way of supplying that deficiency, this meeting resolves not to accept employment under the Admiralty while such regulations continue in force."

Is this the time for medical men to stand upon their dignity? Now, when the enemies of our country, &c.; when our brave defenders, &c. Yes, this is just the time; there is no time for asserting their just claims like the present, when the Government cannot do without them, and must either do them justice or do without them. And as doing them justice is so very easy, whilst to do without them is so very difficult, it is to be hoped that the former alternative will be preferred to the latter.

Hospital surgeons are invited to relinquish their private practices and proceed on temporary service to the Crimea, with temporary pay, and a small gratuity on the expiration of that service, to help towards their maintenance pending the recovery of their position at home. As if the practice of a surgeon were as easily recoverable as a greengrocer's business, and rather less valuable! How deeply engrained, what a fixed idea in the official mind it is that medical men are snobs, in the aristocratic sense of the word snob; that is, tradesmen in a small way! The compensation proposed for loss of practice, would about suffice the surgeon for the purchase of a set of instruments to begin the world anew with. Had Government, by the way, to purchase the instruments itself, it would probably include amongst them a case of razors; for aristocracy still, to all appearance, associates the surgeon with the barber. Justice for the Doctor! The country sympathises with those who bleed for it; nor will it refuse its sympathy to those who blister for it also.

Pio Nono's Thunder.

THE Legislature of Sardinia is engaged in the discussion of a project so ineffably monstrous and wicked as a Bill for the adjustment of Convents to the exigencies of the State. For this awful and appalling national crime his HOLINESS THE POPE only threatens to lay the whole nation under an interdict. And yet there are narrow-minded ridiculous bigots among us who are gaseous enough to think that it would be impolitic to allow the Pope's hierarchy in this country to "develop" their system.

"MY LORDS ARE NOT AWARE."

A CLERK in public pay,
Who understands Hed Tape,
Should know the formal way
From question to escape;
His answer needs no care,
"Tis put as A. B. C.;
"My Lords are not aware,"
And "I have the honour to be."

Strong magic words are those,
His Chiefs in place to screen;
Inquiry's grounds suppose
The grounds of coffee green,
Crimean army fare:
This brief reply gives he:
"My Lords are not aware,"
And "I have the honour to be."

It cannot be denied,
The fact has made some noise,
Our soldiers were supplied
With underclothes for boys.
The want of system there
These words from blame will free:
"My Lords are not aware,"
And "I have the honour to be."

If shot and shell were packed
Above, and drugs below,
No matter; though the fact
Undoubtedly was so.
Their Lordships, you declare,
At least, were not at sea;
"My Lords are not aware,"
And "I have the honour to be."

That hay is horses' feed,
Is to their Lordships known;
That hay our horses need,
Their Lordships cannot own.
Say, then, to all who dare,
Of forage, lack to see,
"My Lords are not aware,"
And "I have the honour to be."

Our gallant soldiers die
Like sheep, consumed with rot,
Some meddler asks you why?
Of course, my Lords know not.
You write—and you might swear,
Of truth with some degree,
"My Lords are not aware,"
And "I have the honour to be."

"My Lords," there is no doubt,
Are not aware of much;
Could we not do without
Their Lordships, being such?
JOHN BULL "my Lords" might spare:
That's plain to you and me;
"My Lords are not aware,"
But we "have the honour to be."

Stultification of the Forces.

WHAT is the value received for the purchase money of a Commission? A scarlet and gold laced coat, the chance of being shot, and the interest of the sum: which might be more profitably invested. It might be presumed that men who so employ their capital must belong to the class of those whose money and selves are soon parted: and the only wonder is that, except in the Engineers and the Artillery, every British Officer is not a fool.

DISTRESSING INTELLIGENCE.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS is no more. May we find that—

His end was Peace!



“GENERAL FÉVRIER” TURNED TRAITOR.

“RUSSIA HAS TWO GENERALS IN WHOM SHE CAN CONFIDE—GENERALS JANVIER AND FÉVRIER.”—Speech of the late Emperor of Russia.



GENERAL FOURNIER, TURNED TRAITOR.

General Fournier, who was a brave and able officer, and who had been a member of the Committee of Public Safety, was turned traitor, and fled to the enemy.

THE APOLLO SIMS INSURANCE.



GENTLEMAN of a most speculative turn of mind, for the better protection of the public, proposes to establish an Insurance Society, to be called "The Apollo Sims Insurance; capital illimitable." We think the name, at least, admirably chosen: it contains at once a compliment and a signification to a first-rate but—(we suppose it is the fault of our capricious climate)—very variable tenor. Last week St. Martin's Hall was crowded to hear APOLLO SIMS REEVES;

and again PHOEBUS was "suddenly" indisposed. The object of the society denominated the "Apollo Sims" is to insure to persons who have taken concert or opera tickets, compensation in the event of sudden colds, catarrhs, measles, &c., &c., attacking the vocalists advertised to warble, but suddenly disabled. Of course the rate of insurance will vary according to the risk shown by the names of certain special performers. Thus, we never remember MADAME NOVELLO with a cold. We should as soon expect to find a sky-lark troubled by the thrush. Hence, tickets to the concert in which the distinguished, and most musical, and most punctual lady should be advertised, would require but the very smallest premium for the very highest rate of insurance. But rates of course must differ in a very great degree; and therefore we think the name of the "Apollo Sims" very happily chosen. We wish every success to the institution.

DAME DURDEN DILUTED.

A Catch.

To be sung at all Cabinet Councils.

DAME ABBY kept five serving-men to carry each Bill and Sham, She also kept those serving-men to harry the jaunt PAM. There was JIM, and NED, and BILL, and DUKE, and SID (what was he for?)

And ABBY was a nice old girl to manage a Rooshian war.

But	{	GRAHAM	puffed	{	NEWCASTLE,
		CARDWELL			HERBERT,
		GLADSTONE			CARDWELL,
		NEWCASTLE			GLADSTONE,
		HERBERT			GRAHAM,

And they all puffed AB as a nice old girl to manage a Rooshian war.

But PALMY kept five serving men all ready to have a shine, He also kept a spicy rod in pickle in ROEBUCK-brine: There was JACK, and GEORGE, and CHARLES, and CORN, and WOOD, (what was he for?)

And PALMY was the right old boy to manage a Rooshian war.

So	{	RUSSELL	kicked	{	NEWCASTLE,
		GREY			HERBERT,
		VILLIERS			CARDWELL,
		LEWIS			GLADSTONE,
		WOOD			GRAHAM,

And we'll hope that PAM's the right old boy to manage the Rooshian war.

Timely Epitaph

FOR

NICHOLAS, LATE EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS.

"THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE."

THE NEW CHIEF.—SOYER may be a good cook; but somebody else is wanted to mend the mess in the Crimea.

MILITARY ARISTOCRACY.—The common soldier is the red-herring, and the officer is the bloater.

A WORD TO MR. LAYARD.

RESPECTED SIR,

THIS will never do. In the aromatic, flowery meads of Mesopotamia, you may be quite at home: you may delight in the fullness of your agency in a Nineveh mound: you may know all the political subtleties of a Sheikh—but you really know nothing of the means by which men rise to fame and fortune in the public service. You had better take ship for the East, and again betake yourself to the "ship of the desert," the old, Biblical camel—unless, indeed, you amend the simplicity of your ways, and become commonly astute among the official sons of men.

We have a great respect for you: we thank you, spiritually, when we look upon your bulls: bulls, that in any other country—but here we prefer golden calves—would have been as animals drawing you in a car of triumph—but here it is otherwise; we are a practical, hard-headed and soft-hearted, and soft-headed and hard-hearted people. We wish to speak plainly to you, MR. LAYARD; and we tell you that you have presumptuously flown in the face of office. Having refused so many places, where do you think at last you will go to? You speak of having "the right men in the right places!" What! Would you have the world come to an end? How much wiser are certain words episcopal! "The world seems to me" says a certain old bishop—"as a board pierced with square holes and round holes: and in the square holes are the round pegs, and in the round holes the square ones." Such is, indeed, the board and pegs of Cabinet work. Look at MR. FREDERICK PERL—that very smooth, round peg. How patly he is fixed in the military square of the Secretaryship of War. And very properly too. For he has been brought up with a proper sense of official unfitness, and would put his squareness into any roundness—his round into any square. The thing to be thought of is a place; no matter whether the place be circular or a place of equal angles.

And what—MR. LAYARD—is your simplicity? You refuse the Ordinance because you understand nothing of the Ordinance Department. How very foolish! Had you accepted the appointment, you had nothing to do but to go and dine at Woolwich—having just walked through the arsenal—then to bed, and the next morning you would have come upon the world, a *he-Minerva*. The very hairs of your head would have been turned to *cheveux-de-frise*, and you would have let your official words drop distinctly, weightily as single bullets.

The Colonies were offered you, but you knew nothing of them. Therefore the Colonies you also refused. Surely you have not forgotten your *Robinson Crusoe*? If so, another perusal of that charming work, with a dip or two into DAMPIER or CAPTAIN COOK, would have been quite sufficient for all official purposes. No: with preposterous obstinacy you stickle for work, and only such work that you understand; and the result is—you do not get it. Of course not. Why should you? Roundpeg stands in square holes; and consequently Squarepeg stands out.

Good MR. LAYARD, be warned and instructed. Take any office; fitness comes after it. Even as the milk flows to the mouth of the baby, so does knowledge flow from office. Be assured of it, in this motherly way does the State suckle her youngest—and sometimes oldest Ministers.

Your friend and well-wisher,

PUNCH.

THE NEW PARISIAN HORSE ETABLE-ISEMENT.

Started recently on the GUYFROY St. HILARIOUS principles.

Gentleman (examining the Horse-Carte). Here, Waiter, what have you got for dinner?

Waiter. There's some capital Horse-tail Soup, Sir.

Gentleman. No—never mind the soups; what joints have you?

Waiter. There's a fine saddle, Sir, of Shetland Pony, in very good cut—there's a beautiful haunch of a two-year old, Sir, that's only just up—and there is, also, *tête d'Etalon en tortue*, and a very tender filly *gigot à la Epéron*, besides *Cotelettes de Chevaux de Poste en papillottes*, and some capital *Pieds de Cochons aux truffes*.

Gentleman. Well then, bring me some of the latter—and Waiter, mind and tell the Cook to take the nails out.

Louis Napoleon for the Crimea.

THE Morning Post gives, perhaps the first authority for the truth of the Emperor's visit to Sebastopol. The Post's Correspondent meets one of the imperial scullions, who says—"Sir, I have this day packed up the jam and the preserves!" Mystery of marmalade and currant-jelly, what can it be? The Post's Correspondent cries—"The jam and—" "Hush," cries the turnspit. "Hush! it is for our voyage to the Crimea!" We may find dead CESAR's dust in a banglehole, says SHAKESPEARE. "You may discover"—infers the Post—"the living CESAR's politics in a jam-pot!"



Misanthropic Old Barbel. "Confound those fellows over head, one can't get a wink of sleep for them."

HUMILIATION WITH SOME REASON.

HUMILIATION, in a personal sense, is a necessity for all frail mortals. The reasons why are facts of consciousness. But the shortcomings, and the excesses, of a nation, are not facts of which the individual is conscious. The appointment, therefore, of a day of national humiliation on the part of Government, should be accompanied by an intimation of the grounds on which the nation is invited to humble itself. Humiliation, if sincere, is an internal act as well as an outward ceremony. If the latter is unattended by the former, humiliation is a farce.

It is the more imperative on Government to indicate the national offences which, in its judgment, require the national humiliation, because this is a point on which there may exist some difference of opinion.

A day of humiliation was solemnized last April. It has been followed by glory and by disasters. To the next such day may succeed disasters without glory. In April no official view of the particulars demanding humiliation was promulgated. The omission should be supplied this March.

Government will perhaps tell us whether or not it thinks that we ought to humble ourselves for an idolatry of rank and wealth, which has induced us to put our trust in incompetent rulers. Peradventure it will declare of what national acts, performed of late years, it considers that we ought to be ashamed. In that case it may answer the following, among other questions:—

Did we commit a wrong in destroying the fleet of our present allies, the Turks, at Navarino? Was the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill a national crime, as Exeter Hall believes, or was it an imperfect act of national justice, as it is held to be by the Irish Brigade? So of the Maynooth Endowment on the one hand, and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act on the other. The Chinese opium war; our wars in India: were they unjust or just? Was the Reform Bill an injury to the aristocracy; the Repeal of the Corn Laws an iniquity towards the Landed Interest? Did the Legislature evil in resisting O'CONNELL's demand for the Repeal of the Union? Is the Poor Law based on a reverent recognition of the laws which govern the Universe, or on the sordid principles of an unmerciful and false philosophy? Are we to consider Political Economy altogether as national wisdom or national selfishness? And has the nation been so perfectly represented that the acts

A WAR CONJUROR.

A MOST extraordinary event took place—an event quite, or almost, supernatural—in LORD GODERICH's debate on army promotions. MR. FREDERICK PEEL, Secretary-at-War—as a child he cut his teeth on a musket cartridge and took his porridge out of a bomb-shell, so he ought to know something of war—MR. PEEL rose to reply; going as doggedly and as resolutely at LORD GODERICH, as though he was walking up to a cannon. For a time, MR. PEEL was listened to and looked at with great attention; but in two or three minutes a strange phenomenon awakened the curiosity and deepened the interest of the House.

Our readers must, in their time, have seen a country conjuror who, at a given moment, will proceed to pull yards, and yards, and many many yards of riband from his mouth, as though his stomach held nothing but a large reel which gave the riband off at the will of the wizard. The like phenomenon occurred in the case of MR. FREDERICK PEEL; only instead of riband, he did nothing but pull from the internal man yards and yards of red tape. It was calculated by the Member for Lambeth that, at the close of MR. PEEL's speech, he had uttered length of tape enough to reach from where he stood to Downing Street, taking the whole circuit of the offices and back again to the speaker. Could the red tape have been convertible into red serge, it was the opinion of a distinguished clothing-colonel in the House, that the Secretary-at-War had talked enough to put coats upon the backs of a whole regiment.

Divorce by Purchase.

IMMEDIATELY following the debate on Army Promotion by hard cash, MR. BOWYER moved for leave to bring in a bill to abolish Crim. Con. Damages, and to make the offence of conjugal falsehood a misdemeanour. The commercial spirit of the country animating hon. members, scouted the idea; and, as a certain canine creature withdraws his tail, so was poor MR. BOWYER compelled to withdraw his motion. Thus, the law remains double to the rich and the poor. The poor, under no circumstance of infidelity, are to be promoted to single blessedness; whereas the rich may continue to obtain the freedom of divorce by purchase.

of the Legislature and the Executive have been its own? Are our social habits, our manners and customs, condemned by Government? Is the opera, are theatres wrong, as some contend? Are evening parties and polkas also wrong? Is the Turf wrong, and ought we to renounce the Derby? Are our public dinners, and especially the LORD MAYOR's, all wrong—national gluttony? Are silks and satins wrong, feathers and jewels wrong, carriages and powdered footmen wrong? Is national humiliation due on account of these things, and are we seriously to resolve on giving them up?

On the last Humiliation Day, we think, it was preached in divers pulpits, that we were, as a nation, too intent on money-getting. Are we to acknowledge this error, and amend it? If so, is the Government prepared with, or has it in contemplation, measures calculated to check our commercial activity, and diminish the national wealth and the revenue—of course to the sacrifice of Ministerial salaries? To be sure it may contemplate such measures without intending them: but that is another affair.

A day of national humiliation, our national faults unacknowledged, will be simply a day of national postures, national grimaces, and national cant. This sort of humiliation might have been practised with some consistency, if to no purpose, before the Golden Calf, the Hawk and the Ibis, DIANA of the Ephesians, or the statue of JUPITER AMMON. In the year of grace 1855, it is an anachronism.

If Government cannot detail the delinquencies for which it asks the people to unite with it in humiliation, it has but one course to take in order to save the humiliation from being a sham. It should allege, as the best proof of the necessity for humiliation, its very inability to point the wherefore out. It should refer to this inability as an evidence of the loss of moral sense; as an illustration that we (as represented by itself) are, with all our "denominations," and "persuasions," a people without a code to square their actions by. It should proclaim that we (so regarded) are a public that does not know, because it has for a considerable time not cared to know, the truth; so that it has now come to be incapable of discerning right from wrong: which is a very intelligible case for humiliation.

In the meanwhile, be it just observed that humiliation is one thing as a spiritual discipline, and another thing as a means to a material end. Some people are too apt to think that humiliation in the mud can be substituted for the application of the shoulder to the wheel.

DAGON.

SMITTEN—as by lightning—smitten
Down, amid his armed array;
With the fiery scroll scarce written
Bidding myriads to the fray;
There—but yesterday defying
Europe's banners, linked and flying
For her freedom—see him lying—
Earth's Colossus—earth's own clay.
But no triumph-shout be given,
Knee to earth and eye to heaven!
God hath judged the day.

Ark of Freedom! lightly spoken
Vows to thee vain kings have said,
Many an oath thy priests have broken,
Many a flight thy guards have fled:
But thine ancient Consecration,
Sealed so oft by stern libation,
Lifeblood of a struggling nation,
In thy foeman's doom is read.
Still, O Ark! the hand that gave thee
Strikes, in peril's hour, to save thee—
There lies DAGON—dead!

ARMY PROMOTION A "WOMAN'S QUESTION."

"MR. PUNCH,
"I ADDRESS you as the grand-daughter, the daughter, the sister, the wife, and the mother of soldiers. Red cloth has been in my family, I believe, since the battle of Ramilies. Well, Mr. Punch, as usual with all really social questions—though the fact is never so much as thought of by mere men, for what do they know about it? promotion in the army is altogether a woman's question.

"Sir, my revered mother, the late MRS. COLONEL MACBULLET, has again and again told me that, from the moment the army was allowed to become a mere mob of nobodies—or worse than nobodies—picked out of the ranks for what is called merit—as if there were any merit without blood, Mr. Punch, and when I say blood, you know what I mean; I mean blood, and not—as my dear mother used to say, red puddle—directly the sacred right of property is interfered with—and how can property show itself more sacred, than by purchasing a superiority over what are called our fellow-creatures—there is an end of the British Army. They may all ground arms and unfix bayonets. But no, Mr. Punch, whilst the British army number among its gallant officers affectionate and devoted husbands—men who listen to reason; men who, at bedtime must listen to it, whether they will or not—the private soldiers taken from the plough and the flail, and I don't know what else you call it, will not be allowed—whatever they may do when they have exchanged the smockfrock—(I am an old campaigner, and never mince matters)—for the red-coat,—to leave the ranks and give themselves vulgar airs of officers. Don't talk to me about courage—mere courage; you want, Sir, polish! and how is that to be expected from the clods of the earth, from the drawers of wood and the hewers of water?

"As I say, I'm an old campaigner, and I tell you that we women—the wives of gallant officers by purchase—have set our backs against the question, and we will not permit the army that we adorn to be vulgarised and made a mob of. When I speak of the army, of course I mean the officers. It is all very well to talk about promoting the private men for acts of gallantry—(not that I wouldn't reward 'em, but that can be done with money, of more use to them at the canteen than a commission)—but the great point of the question is entirely left out; these men to be promoted from the ranks would be, at least many of 'em, married men! Now, is it to be borne, that their wives are to be promoted from the ranks too? Who is to associate with them—who is to meet them at mess? The whole idea is revolutionary and preposterous.

"I will give you an instance, Mr. Punch, in the case of my dear mother, MRS. COLONEL MACBULLET. She was with my gallant father, then CAPTAIN MACBULLET, of the gallant Crossbone Rangers. One of the private fellows did a dashing thing, defeated a column, or brought away some guns, or something of that sort. His name I remember—as my dear mother told me—was SMITH; JOHN SMITH. Well, JOHN SMITH was made an ensign. He had the assurance to bring his wife, MRS. JOHN SMITH to the mess-table; and this very woman called for porter, and ate peas with her knife! My mother,

with three other officers' wives, immediately rose from the table, and never again sat down. More than that, as my mother used to say—"I never let your poor father rest, up or in bed, until he had sold out—clean out—of the Crossbones; and my spirited example was followed by all the other wives who were ladies. The Crossbones—such a crack regiment"—my dear mother would say with a sigh—"never held up their heads afterwards."

"Now, Mr. Punch, the spirit that animated my revered parent beats in the bosom of

"Your occasional Admirer,

"MATILDA FITZHOWITZER.

"Granddaughter, daughter, sister, wife, and mother of Soldiers."

"P.S. I open my letter, having just read that beautiful speech made by LORD LOVAINE in gallant defence of the sacred right of purchase. How beautifully he marks the difference between the vulgarity and rank and file, and rank and high breeding! I think his Lordship should receive a testimonial on the part of the Wives and Officers. His Lordship is no longer a soldier—(though he once served in the Grenadiers in the Parks with great distinction)—so it is no use to present him with a sword. But it appears to me a pretty thought to present him with a testimonial with a silver gilt fruit-knife; that he may think of a grateful sisterhood in arms when he cuts the sunny side of the peach that has ripened out of 'the cold shade.'"

POTICHOMANIA.

PATHOLOGICALLY TREATED BY DR. PUNCH.



IN his capacity of mental physician to the State, Dr. Punch has been called upon for his report on this new mania, with a view to devising proper means to check it. The madness being one to which the female mind alone is subject, Dr. Punch has had a delicate duty to perform, and if need were he could point to some bushels of *billets-doux* which he has received from fair maniacs tempting him to swerve from it.

The origin of Potichomania Dr. Punch considers doubtful, although there certainly is a nominal reason for believing it to be French. It is considered generally to proceed from a determination of folly to the head, which for the time becomes completely turned in consequence. The form in which it manifests

itself may be described as a weak propensity among young ladies to transmute good glass into bad porcelain, by painting it in what may be defined as mental distemper. One of the chief symptoms which attend its outbreak is the (allegedly) accidental smashing of as many claret jugs and wine decanters as come within the patient's reach, in order that she may get the fractured pieces for experiments. This not unnaturally leads to some restraint, in the form most commonly of a stoppage of her pocket money, by which the Potichomaniac may be pinched into her senses.

As the complaint is attended with a total deafness to reason, Dr. Punch is somewhat doubtful what treatment to prescribe for it. The best thing he can suggest is a course of wholesome ridicule, by which the patient may be gradually laughed out of her insanity. And as the mania springs chiefly from a want of employment, Dr. Punch would further recommend a sufficient dose of useful needlework, daily, to prevent it.

The Soles of the Heroes.

THE pay of our brave soldiers in the Crimea ought certainly to be increased, if for no other reason, yet for this, that all the booty they have as yet taken has consisted of Russian boots. Nevertheless, many of those poor gallant fellows are going barefoot: so that the Russians, dead or alive, have not leathered them.

"THE COLD SHADE OF THE ARISTOCRACY."—The shade in which even a lieutenant may stand at sixty.

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE LONG FROST.



Groom. "YOU'LL FIND THE MARE IS RARE FETTER, SIR. SHE'S UNUSUALLY FORTH TO BE RISE."



SO FORTH, THAT SHE WOULDN'T LET T. N. MOUNT FOR EVER SO LONG; AND WHEN SHE DOES



ALLOW HIM, PUTS UP HER BACK IN THE MOST OBSCURE MANNER.



SHE BRUISES AT A WHEELBARROW—A THING SHE NEVER DID BEFORE. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP.) AFTER SOME



TROUBLE IN OPENING A GATE, HE GETS UPON A NICE FISH OF TULY. (T. N. DROPS HIS WHIP AGAIN, BY THE BYE.) THE MARE ENJOYS HERSELF AMAZINGLY.

THE LOVES OF THE SECOND COLUMN.



PEOPLE send strange advertisements to the Second Column of the *Times*, and on Thursday, March 8th, there are two which neutralise each other, for they consist of the sentiment and the smash, the base and the antidote. The first advertisement is all poetry, the second mere prose; and the two, proceeding as they apparently do from an attached couple, present an instance of the meeting of extremes, or the harmony of contrasts. The first is from a female, who exclaims passionately, but briefly,

JE NE TE VOIS PAS, ET
je suis désolée.

And we have scarcely had time to be touched by this bit of melancholy tenderness, when we are stirred up into our usual matter-of-fact state of mind by the advertisement beneath, which prosaically says,

DO NOT be DÉSOLEE. I hope to have soon the pleasure of seeing you. Why don't you write to me? I long to hear how you are. I am very well.

It is clear from this that absence does not much affect the second advertiser, whose rude state of health, bluntly indicated by the words, "I am very well," must give a shock to the more sensitive nerves of poor DÉSOLEE, who is tartly told not to be DÉSOLEE, and is sharply taken to task for not writing. It must be extremely disheartening to poor DÉSOLEE to be pulled short up in this unsentimental manner, and to find that absence agrees so thoroughly with the loved one, that the latter is "very well" notwithstanding all that has happened.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 5th, Monday. A few of the Lords so far forgot themselves as to waste a portion of their valuable time in listening to some observations by LORD MONTAGLE on the subject of Education in India. A startling revelation, however, repaid them. The QUEEN and VERNON SMITH have one hundred millions of subjects in Asia, and, out of these, one man, DR. CHUCKERBUTTY (of whom Mr. Punch begs to make "honourable mention"), has been able to force the barriers of our exclusive system, and attain the exalted dignity of an Assistant Surgeon.

In the Commons, MR. RICH (whom MR. HENRY DRUMMOND once likened to a little pig that squeaked because it was unable to procure "natural diet"), urged the necessity of educating the officers of our army. MR. FREDERICK PEEL made a very red-tape reply, saying that he hoped MR. RICH "would be satisfied with the Government admitting the importance of the question." This mild advance towards reform did satisfy MR. RICH and the House, and they dropped the matter, their amiable forbearance being rewarded by some bits of historical information from MR. J. PHILLIMORE, who objected to education being regarded as necessary to officers, for nearly all NAPOLEON's Marshals were illiterate, MARLBOROUGH could not spell, and SAXE could not write his name. This logic was improved upon by LORD PALMERSTON, who said that it was easier to find a great statesman than a man fit to command armies. England is unlucky in having of late years been able to find neither, but perhaps she did not look in the right place.

The Ordnance Estimates were considered. The amount asked was larger than ever before, namely, £1,406,833. Mr. Punch only mentions it, that his young friend ALEXANDER THE SECOND may see what a precious bill is running up against him. Some things worth noting came out in the discussion. MR. MUNTZ beard the Government in the most daring manner, stating, in connection with gun-making, that they knew nothing of business, and listened to dreamy mechanics who wanted a job. And he told a story which certainly does not greatly elevate one's estimate of the business habits of the Executive. A gun-making firm had been lately written to by the Ordnance, severely reprimanded for non-fulfilment of their contract, required to explain their conduct, and threatened with penalties. The answer of the firm was that the con-

tract had been fulfilled, and the work done and delivered a month before the time agreed upon. Then SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, who has some little acquaintance with Public Works, and is not altogether without some more Government wisdom. We are going to have a great camp at Aldershot, and vast preparations are being made for its establishment. SIR JOSEPH stated, first, that it would be utterly impossible to complete the works in time, unless a large increase were made on the estimate; and secondly, that all England could not supply one half of the particular timber the wisdom of Government had selected. Then MR. NEWDEGATE, some of whose constituents are in the gun trade, offered other illustrations with similar bearing, and said that Government threw in the way of the manufacture every impediment which stupidity and the want of business habits could suggest. For a wonder, MR. DE NEWGATE did not connect the question with that of Protestantism, or attribute the bad shooting of our muskets to the use of Roman Catholic gunpowder. Somebody else said that the coats supplied to the army were bad, and somebody else that the boots were bad, and then MR. HERBERT (not SIDNEY, but the clever one), stated that such care had been taken to supply clothes and arms to a certain regiment of Irish Militia, that the sentinels had to mount guard in a blanket and with a shillalah. MR. MONSELL, in defence against all this, said that Government was not stupid, and always tried to do their best; and then ALEXANDER II. was duly made debtor in the above million and a half.

Tuesday. LORD LUCAN brought his case before the Lords. Touching the matter of the Balaklava cavalry charge, MR. ALFRED TENNYSON has condensed the fact into four words—"Some one had blundered." All things considered, the LAUREATE, in revising his poem may write "dele 'some one' and lege LUCAN." The BISHOP OF EXETER, LORD LYNCHURST, LORD CRANWORTH, and others, then had a debate as to whether the law for putting down Popish Processions was available for the purpose it was intended to answer. The Bishop and the Tory, wishing to put down something of the kind, of course thought the law would do; the CHANCELLOR, whose colleagues do not want to interfere in such a matter, of course thought it would not.

In the Commons, MR. CRAWFORD, displeased with the appointment of MR. EDWIN JAMES to the Recorderhip of Brighton, tried to rake up a very old, and very lame election story against him, but a more signal null was never made. Not only would the House have nothing to do with poor CRAWFORD's grievance, but they decided that no mention of such rubbish should be entered on their records. MR. MACKINNON proposed the establishment of Equity Tribunals, after the French fashion for the decision of every day questions, without the necessity of law, but was at once snubbed and snuffed out by SIR GEORGE GREY, who supposes himself to have settled the matter by declaring that such tribunals are not wanted in England, and are unsuitable to our habits. MR. PUNCH will bet that this day ten years, these or analogous tribunals will be sitting in London. Then MR. ASLEY PELLATT, who is the sort of member expressly made to be counted out, fulfilled his destiny, while pumping up a speech on Burial Grounds.

Wednesday. Nothing particular, except that Government caused the rejection of a bill, purporting to be a law-reform, and were naturally charged by its indignant promoter with evading their duties.

Thursday. LORD ORKNEY complained to the Lords that our subaltern officers had been the subject of depreciatory remarks, while the fact was that they were underpaid for their work, which they did admirably. The War Minister denied the depreciation.

In the Commons, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was asked what was going to be done about the Newspaper Stamp. SIR CORNWALL LEWIS replied, that he really had not had time to understand so difficult a subject. [If he will call at 85, Fleet Street, Mr. Punch, or in his absence, one of the office-boys, will explain it to SIR CORNWALL in three minutes.] A curious spectacle then occupied the House. MR. MALINS, an opposition barrister, who loses no opportunity of talking himself into notice, brought on the case of NAPIER versus GRAHAM, in a very long speech. This, however, would have been nothing unusual. It is the custom of Parliamentary barristers, on both sides, to get up cases, in order to show to those who may have office to give away, what able men are about them. Such speeches are Barristers' Advertisements, and ought to be charged for by the newspapers that insert them, and put under the head of "Want Places." But MR. MALINS, the Conservative, was actually "instructed" by SIR CHARLES NAPIER the Radical, and SIR CHARLES GRAHAM furnished him with documents, and from under the Speaker's gallery supplied printed extracts from these to the Members. Some of these documents were secret and confidential papers addressed by the Admiralty to the Ex-Admiral, and their production was most improper, and may prove to have been dangerous to the interests of the country. The whole display was most indecent, and SIR JAMES GRAHAM, though excessively severe and sarcastic upon lawyer and client, did not use language too strong for the occasion. The merits of the case are not now the question, but "noisy NAPIER" was charged by SIR JAMES GRAHAM with having been "turbulent and insubordinate," and it was explained that the late Government thought that Swaborg ought to

have been attacked, whereas the valiant CHARLES thought it was safer to do nothing of the kind.

Friday. LORD ST. LEONARDS brought up the Ticket of Leave System, and exposed its wretched working. The Government admitted that it really was a subject they ought to know something about, and promised to make some inquiries. LORD DERBY begged to know how the Fifty Colonies were to be managed while LORD JOHN RUSSELL was away. Though it was very well for SIR GEORGE GREY to say that he would just see to these little matters, having only a Home Secretary's work to do, SIR GEORGE himself was not very well, and, in short, the Colonies ought to be looked after. The Government said that LORD JOHN would come home at Easter.

The Commons discussed items of war estimates, and finished off pleasantly with Irish Lunatics, about whom there was a slight row, the Irish members justly saying that the question was far too comprehensive to be disposed of in a hurry. However, their pardonable egotism gave way to LORD PALMERSTON'S persuasion.



A MONUMENT TO JOSEPH HUME.

LET us not in the crash and smother of war forget the man to whom we owe so much, in what he has saved us. "JOSEPH HUME," said LORD RAGLAN once upon a time, shaking his head at the ominous syllables, and wishing to imply thereby that JOSEPH'S array of figures continually menaced and oppressed the efficiency of the English army. In this way would the soldier Lord try to put the red tape about the political neck of the arithmetical statesman. But JOSEPH had too well learned the rightful dues of an army to neglect them. It is proposed that the people should erect a statue to JOSEPH HUME; a statue bought by popular pennies. Could all the pennies he has saved us—we say nought of what he would have saved us, had he prospered in half of his divisions—be piled one upon another, who shall say they would not overtop Mont Blanc, even granting to it the additional altitude of a statue of ALBERT himself?

However, as this is impossible, let the people give as many pennies as they may, that they may, in a manner, do double homage to the memory of JOSEPH HUME. The Government have upon its hands tons of useless, unsightly bronze, which the people, we doubt not, would be willing to purchase at a fair market price, that the metal might be duly melted into a statue, of the people's Watcher of the People's purse. We will name merely two statues,—the statue of the DUKE OF YORK, as high in the clouds as he still remains deep in debt; and the statue of GEORGE THE FOURTH, whose memory is now of no more value and account than one of his old wigs. These two statues, bought and paid for by the people, would,—when run together—make a fine colossal statue of JOSEPH HUME. There would, moreover, be a fitness in the adaptation of such old, despised metal, to such a new and edifying service. For consider it. How valiantly did JOSEPH HUME fight against the old Tory corruption that granted thousands per annum to the DUKE OF YORK, for making his monthly visit to Windsor, to report officially, and of course filially, on the health of GEORGE THE THIRD, the King and Father! In those days, such attempts of JOSEPH HUME were considered as nothing less than penny-wise disaffection and pound-foolish treason. JOSEPH HUME was little other than a rebel against the second son of the Lord's anointed; and now he is lauded as the saviour of the moneys of his country. Would not the YORK bronze be very fitting metal liquidated and hardened into at least half of JOSEPH HUME?

Next, how many were the amendments, the forlorn hope divisions led by plain JOSEPH against Sybarite GEORGE? Why JOSEPH'S hand was over tracing writings on the walls of Buckingham Palace; on the walls of the Pavilion of the Brighton BEL-SHAZZAR—writing those terrible letters: letters fateful, prophetic as the three witches, the letters—Z. S. D. But in those days JOSEPH HUME was voted the vulgar disturber of the peace of the first gentleman of Europe. And now, where and what is the memory of the gentleman aforesaid? It is at the best dormant in old and ugly metal.

THE MYSTERIOUS SNOW-MARKS.

EXTRAORDINARY marks in the snow—when the snow lay the thickest—were observable for a long continuous distance not far from the BISHOP OF EXETER'S Palace, in Devonshire. Some folks, with awful looks, avowed the foot-prints had a certain cloven shape; whilst others, the stronger minded, suggested that, perhaps the BISHOP OF EXETER had himself been walking in his sleep. Science, however, has resolved the mystery, to the great satisfaction of the household of Bishopstowe. PROFESSOR OWEN, having examined the foot-prints, declares them to be the autograph of—nothing worse than a badger! Whether the badger was on his way to visit a church-mouse, even PROFESSOR OWEN cannot decide.

Our Russian Prisoners.

RUSSIAN prisoners at Lewes have a pound of meat daily, the Sussex Artillery three-quarters of a pound. We further hear that on the fast-day, the prisoners will be regaled at the private expense of the EARL OF ABERDEEN with the old national fare of roast beef and plum-pudding. MESSRS. BRIGHT AND STURGE have sent in a few bear hams for the banquet.

The Reading of the Will.

IF the EARL OF ABERDEEN will attend the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, on the First of April, to hear the Reading of the Will of the late EMPEROR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, it is very probable that the Noble Earl may hear something to his advantage.

POKINFUNKOFF, Chamberlain.

By Electric Telegraph.

Let MR. WILLIAMS, therefore, move that the Government be empowered to sell the Duke and the King at so much a pound—(if YORK only gets a penny per pound, it will be much more than he has paid)—and let the two bronze spendthrifts be duly melted into one honest man and true patriot. We hold the Duke and King so cheap that we are content to take them for a single "JOE."

A GOVERNMENT'S FAST.

A PROCLAMATION, BY PUNCH.

WHEREAS, a Proclamation has been issued at the recommendation of the late Government, appointing a Day of National Fast and Humiliation on account of the calamities which have befallen our Army in the Crimea, as if those calamities were owing to a supernatural cause, instead of being the natural consequences of mismanagement and incapacity on the part of the said Government and its subordinates; and the Observance of such Fast Day will inflict on the majority of the Labouring Population the Loss of a day's Earnings; whereby the Government aforesaid will punish them, their wives, and families, for its own Misdeeds, and sacrifice the Wages of the Workpeople for its own Stupidity, whilst the members of it, the aforesaid Government, and all other persons of Independent Property, or in official employment, individuals of the Classes called Superior, will sustain no loss or damage whatever through the said Fast Day's Observance, which will thereby be rendered a cruel imposition, and an impious mockery: Now, we, by and with the advice of our Council, in deliberation assembled, do hereby, with a view to prevent so great a wickedness, ordain and decree that each and every member of the late Government aforesaid, and all and sundry other Persons concerned in the Mismanagement of the War, and exhorting, persuading, or assenting to the Appointment of the aforesaid Fast Day, shall, on that Day, set apart and contribute, severally and respectively, one entire day's Income, and as much more as in their conscience they shall deem due, in aid of the National Patriotic Fund for the Relief of the Soldiers' Widows and Orphans: to the end that the Fast and Humiliation, on their behalf, shall be a Truth and Reality, and not a Pretence, a Hypocrisy, and a Sham.

Given at our Court in St. Bride's, Fleet Street, this 15th day of March, 1855.

King Libe Sir. Punch.

THE TRUTH WITHOUT BEING AXED FOR IT.—PETER THE GREAT is said to have "ruled by the hatchet," and NICHOLAS may be said to have ruled by throwing it; for it was by the enormous imposition he practised over the minds of his people that his great power was acquired.

MIRACLES WANTED.



THE appointment of a Fast and Humiliation Day on account of the losses sustained by our troops in the Crimea, is an acknowledgment that those losses proceeded from causes above our control. It is also a declaration that Miracles are wanted to prevent such losses.

What sort of Miracles are required for this purpose may be gathered from the Reports of the House of Commons' Committee of Inquiry into the State of the Army before Sebastopol: and from the correspondence from the Crimea which has appeared in the newspapers.

Miraculous agency is clearly necessary to prepare the beverage called Coffee from the green berry of that name, independently of the material appliances for roasting and grinding it.

Miracles are indispensable to prevent rain, and frost and snow, succeeded by a thaw, from happening in due season, and converting dust into mud. The mud having been formed, and become impassable, stores,

in order to be transported over it, demand a series of Miracles—in the absence of air-balloons. Spades, pickaxes, and crow-bars, that are good for nothing, and will not stand use, cannot be made good for anything, and serviceable without Miracles.

Miracles are requisite to cook the victuals of soldiers who do not understand cookery, and have no cooks.

Where baggage waggons, bat-horses, and a transport-system, do not exist, Miracles alone can be expected to call them into existence.

As Miracles are needful to open the eyes of the born blind, so by Miracles only can intelligence be imparted to the born fool, whether Commissary, or other officer: and if chaos exists at Balaklava or elsewhere, none but miraculous agency can reduce it to order in default of the presiding mind of some man of business.

THE SALE OF CLERICAL COMMISSIONS.

THE Church is superior in its organisation to the Army. The Ecclesiastical system of purchase is carried out in a more thoroughly commercial spirit than the military, inasmuch that capitalists, or others, may speculate in advowsons and next presentations precisely as in shares and stocks. Indeed, this may be called a sort of speculation in white stocks. The case of SIMPSON v. LAMIA, in a late number of Law Reports, illustrates this advantage which the clerical profession has over the military. Here we have an action on a contract for the sale of an advowson, brought by a respectable firm in St. Swithin's Lane, who regularly deal in that description of article, just as any neighbouring merchant or broker carries on his business. The Plaintiff, the son of a Clergyman, and as LORD CAMPBELL said, no doubt truly, a most honourable gentleman, appears as a speculator in a cure of souls transaction, involving ingenious management and clever calculation on human life, by which, if successful, it seems that he would have netted £3,000. And why not? The Church Market is market-overt; why should not anybody walk into it and job, just as, if so minded, he would dabble in the Funds? There are the Bishops in the House of Lords to put a stop to the scandal, if it is such. Meanwhile, though some Christians might object to this sort of traffic, it would be admirably suited to Members of the Hebrew persuasion.

However, in the purchase-system, the Church should go the whole hog. There should be a Church Exchange; and the daily papers, under the head of "Tithe Market and Glebe Intelligence," should be in a position to record all kinds of clerical negotiations, conducted on the principles of Free Trade. We know that Curates are done at a very low figure: and why should not Bishops, Deans, and Prebendaries be also quoted? It would be interesting to read the prices current of Rectories and Vicarages, so that we might learn what parsons are above par. Under an "Ecclesiastical Trade Report" the state of the Cloth Market might be given, and we might be informed that mitres are lively or spiritless, shovel hats flat or looking up, and so on. Why should not a benefice be bought at once, as well as discounted by the purchase of an advowson or of a next presentation? So let us have a Church Exchange built in the pre-medieval style of architecture; and in the centre of the court thereof let there be erected a statue of SIMON MAGUS.

BOOKKEEPING BY LADIES.—As a rule, we think that women generally are fonder of borrowing books than of lending them. We say nothing about returning them, for who ever did a lady a kindness without meeting invariably with a good return?

THE PEACE POLICEMAN.

If I met a ruffian who showed fight,
Dost thou think I'd truncheon him? No, like
BRIGHT,
I'd give him my hand, and say, "Don't smite,
But come along, silly!"

This morn I saw that violent man,
That savage wretch, TIM SULLIVAN,
His wife, poor thing, he kicked and beat,
And stamped upon her in the street.
He punched her head, he blacked her eyes,
He struck her in the mouth likewise,
My pity then began to rise,
And I said, TIM!

If I met, &c.

As TIM went on to break the peace,
And all the neighbours cried "Police!"
I said, "Forbear to beat thy mate,
And come before the Magistrate;
His Worship I will tell of thee,
And inform him of thy ferocity:
Thou must ita improperly see.
Now, I say, TIM!"

If I met, &c.

Forthwith TIM kicked me up the Court,
Which seemed to cause a deal of sport,
He rent my coat, he tore my cape,
He knocked my nose quite out of shape;
I let him, patient and resigned,
Maltreat me till he thrashed me blind,
For the Quakers and I are quite of one mind.
They'd have said, like me, TIM!

If I met, &c.

Says TIM, says he, as he hit me hard,
"Your dirty laws I disregard,
I'll bate ye out of your blackguard life!
What mustn't I larrup my own wedded wife?"
He licked me till his means did cease:
What do you think of a Police
Based on the principles of Peace,
That would say, TIM!

If I met, &c.?

GREEN GEESE.

THE olive branch is green, but the Peace Society, of which it may be considered the emblem, is greener. A memorial of that well-meaning but verdant body, addressed to LORD PALMERSTON, concludes with the following request:—

"Your memorialists, therefore, being deeply anxious to avert that further loss of life which would result from an attempt on either side to achieve a decisive military advantage by operations at Sebastopol, would humbly but earnestly pray that HENRICH'S Plenipotentiary to the Congress of Vienna may, with the least possible delay, be instructed to employ his instant and best efforts to secure, by an armistice, a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations."

An armistice, just now, how very timely! Don't strike while the iron is hot; let it cool first; wait till the Russians have got over Eupatoria and the death of NICHOLAS. Don't take Time by the forelock: let him fly. An armistice; by all means. How jolly for the garrison in Sebastopol; who of course would make a holiday of it, and not work away during the interval in strengthening their position with all their means! We have been accustomed to consider the members of the Peace Society as doves; but we now perceive that the majority of them are birds of a very different feather; birds whose feathers are written with; birds in season at Michelmas; birds whose stuffing is sage and onions, and whose sauce is apple.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE!—LORD JOHN RUSSELL arrived at Vienna almost at the same time that the Princess, the Emperor's baby, came into the world. "Welcome little Strangers!"

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE LONG FROST.



ARRIVED AT THE MEET, LITTLE TOM NODDY THINKS HE WILL HAVE A QUIET WHEED; BUT, AT THIS MOMENT,



THE HOUNDS MOVE FOR THE COVER, AND THE MARE BECOMES FULL OF PLAY AGAIN.



HAVING PICKED HIMSELF UP, TOGETHER WITH HIS WHIP AND COGN, T. N. JOGS ON WITH THE REST OF THE FIELD. AS THEY PASS BY SOME TURNIPS, TO THE DELIGHT OF EVERYBODY, A FOX GETS UP. THE MARE, WHO HAD BECOME ALMOST STEADY, IS AGAIN EXCITED, AND DASHES WILDLY AHEAD, AMIDST THE

EXECRATIONS OF THE HUNT, AND LOUD CRIES OF "HOLD HARD!" WHICH T. N. MISTAKES FOR ANXIETY ON HIS ACCOUNT; AND, GRASPING THE Pommel OF HIS SADDLE WITH BOTH HANDS, ABANDONS HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, WHICH, CONSIDERING THERE IS A FLIGHT OF HURDLES BEFORE HIM, ARE NOT VERY FAVOURABLE.



THE YOUNG CZAR COMING INTO HIS PROPERTY.



THE JUNGLE AND THE GARDEN

"UNDER CONSIDERATION."

A Tragi-Comedy in Three Acts.

ACT I.—"THE WAITING-ROOM."

SCENE.—*The Waiting-Room of a Public Office, not a hundred miles from Whitehall. The apartment is solidly, but by no means cheerfully furnished, with an oak table, six oak chairs—their leather-covered cushions much worn, and their backs painfully straight,—and an uneasy settle—formerly a seat in the old House of Commons, but now enjoying a dignified retirement: the floor is covered with oil-cloth of a rectangular pattern, and chilly colour: the fire is low and sulky, from excessive poking: the walls are ornamented with a map of Europe, date 1814, much fly-blown, and a Stationers' sheet Almanack: over the fire-place, clock with a repulsive expression of countenance, and an irritable tone of tick: on the table a Post-Office Directory of 1849: a pad, much bescribbled, and with every sign of a confirmed habit of drinking ink: three pens a good deal gnawed about the feather, and hopelessly split up in the quill: a paper-case with three half-sheets of paper, and an inkstand. Through the door is a view of the passage and Messengers' room beyond, with Messengers reposing. A busy traffic in newspapers is carried on throughout the scene, and luncheon trays are perpetually arriving full and going empty away.*

THE SCENE opens and discovers PERSEVERING MAN, with a bad grievance of twenty years' standing, GIFTED IRISHMAN, with strong claims and ditto brogue, and MONOMANIACAL INVENTOR, with a universally unacknowledged substitute for the steam-engine. The MAN with a GRIEVANCE stands firm before the fire. The GIFTED IRISHMAN is writing at the table, and the MONOMANIACAL INVENTOR is drawing diagrams with his finger on a window-pane.

Gifted Irishman (folding a note). That's the last I'll find him, anyway (*advancing to fireplace and accosting MAN with GRIEVANCE*). Fome morning, Sir, but sharrup. I think I had the pleasure of seeing you here yestherday, Sir—?

Man with Grievance. Probably Sir—I spend most of my mornings here.

Gifted Irishman. Well—I've had 'tin days of it here and over the way, and its tired I'm getting. But I'll be all right to-day I'm thinking.

Man with Grievance. Ten days—why I've been here pretty regularly this twenty years.

Gifted Irishman. Have ye now? Might I ask what you was waiting for?

Man with Grievance (calmly). Justice, Sir. I said I'd have it, when they refused me compensation or parliamentary inquiry in 1532, and I'm a man of my word, I mean to have it—compensation or inquiry.

Gifted Irishman. Sure I'd go in for the compensation: bother the inquiry.

Man with Grievance. The inquiry will bother them yet. However, since this ministry came in I have hopes. My case is under consideration.

Gifted Irishman. So's my testimonials.

Monomaniacal Inventor. And so is my galvanic propeller, gentlemen (*smiling fatuously*), at last—here's the letter (*pulls out long and very dirty envelope marked "On Her Majesty's Service"*), I've brought my diagrams—and, if they can't understand them, I've asked the Under Secretary to come down and see the model. It's in a loft, at No. 3, Brittles's Rents, Avenue Road, Pleasant Place, Holloway (*eagerly fumbling for a card*). If you'd like to call and see it, Gentlemen—it don't work yet—but it only wants—

Man with Grievance (testily turning to poke the fire). Humph!

(GIFTED IRISHMAN becomes suddenly absorbed in the Directory.)

Enter MESSENGER, all start eagerly.

Messenger (looking at card). MR. BLISTER?

Man with Grievance (hastily dropping the poker and seizing his hat). That's me—BLISTER, M.D.—Now then, my man (*moving out*).

Messenger (impatiently). MR. BUTTER's compliments, and if it was private business he's got a deputation, and if it's public business you'd better put it in writing and it will be considered.

Man with Grievance (bitterly). If it's public! Just you tell MR. BUTTER, MR. BLISTER's compliments and it's his claim to compensation or inquiry, and it has been put into writing fifty times (*lays out an aged portfolio swollen to an enormous size by papers*), and it's been under consideration ever since you were a little boy, Sir, and I want justice, and I mean to come here till I get it, and I can wait—tell him I can wait—I'm in no hurry—I can wait! (*He flings himself into a chair and smashes a pen*). D—me, I'm used to waiting! I like it! By JOVE, I like it!

(*Smashes another pen and grinds his teeth.* MESSENGER, who has listened calmly, turns to go.)

Gifted Irishman (catching him by the arm and thrusting a note into his hand). I say, my man, you'll take this to MR. BUTTER, wid my card (*gives a very yellow card, with several directions scored out*), and say, it's me was mentioned in that letter from the O'Dowd, the Member for Blarney—he'll know, and he saw MISTHER HATTER about it, yesterday.

Monomaniacal Inventor. I say, I'm the galvanic propeller (*tugging out his official letter*)—and if you'd say they acknowledged it, and it's under consideration, and I'm ready to explain everything, if he can only give me an hour of serious attention—mind—say serious, please.

Messenger (pleasantly, as he edges to the door). One at a time, gentls. Now then, (*to GAUNT STRANGER, who enters*). This way, Sir. What was it, Sir?

Gaunt Stranger. Jest tote in that case one of ye.

(SECOND MESSENGER brings in oblong mahogany-box.)

Now clear out smart, and give your boss my card, and say I've to be at the Ordnance Office at two, and I han't time to wait. There: up stakes—vamose—there.

Messenger (overcome with the straightforward energy of the GAUNT STRANGER). Well, to be sure!

Gaunt Stranger (looking fixedly at him). Waal, air you a-goin', or must I?

Messenger (cooing out of the room). Certainly, Sir—if you'll take a seat, Sir—immediately, Sir.

(*Exit MESSENGER, the others look on in admiration.*)

Gaunt Stranger (complacently). Waal, gentlemen—good morning—(*to MAN with GRIEVANCE*)—Heow do you do, Sir? Guess those critters ain't up to pace—(*to GIFTED IRISHMAN*)—We're go a-head, Sir, we air. (*Warming his hands at the fire*). Almighty bad grate that; all draught, and no radiating power. Guess you'll come to close stoves soon, if this weather holds on.

Man with Grievance. From America, I think, Sir?

Gaunt Stranger. Yes, Sir—came out last Cunar boat, Sir—twelve days' run, Sir. Brought a notion of mine here (*pointing to box*). Like to offer it to the old Country firs, Sir. Yes, Sir—(*looking at clock*)—ten minutes a-low, Sir, that clock thar. All your clocks air slow here, I guess.

Monomaniacal Inventor (who has been sniffing about the box). It ain't a propeller, Sir, is it?

Gaunt Stranger. Waal, I reckon it's a sorter propeller—a warlike engine, gentlemen. (*Rapidly unlocks box*). The American breech-loading Carbine. We use it in the field—(*as he speaks he brings out the weapon, screws, unscrews, demonstrates, dismounts, remounts, snaps, slaps, takes to pieces, puts together again, replaces the weapon, and locks the box, talking rapidly, coherently, and clearly all the while*)—but may be adapted to any rifle for service or sport. You bring down the trigger-guard so—which displaces the nipple-piece and breech, and exposes the chamber so; insert cartridge, bring up trigger-guard, sharp edge of breech-piece nips off the cartridge end and primes nipple so—will fire twenty shots a minute. You observe the primer, carries from twelve to thirty caps, inside the nipple—keeps caps dry, you see,—two regiments of our dragoons had 'em last Texan war—no ramrod, you see; loads with butt up or down, in or out of the boot—no need to bite cartridge—simple jint and pin, you see, Gentlemen, any armourer could mend that. It's been tried at Hythe; they fired 120 shots without cleanin' or 'ilin' or any thing. COLONEL FLINT, C.B., he put it through the ice into the canal, and it went off at the third cap. The Colonel promised to report—that's a week since—so I s'pose the Colonel ought to've reported before this. I'm to see the Master-General to-day, but they told me to bring it here first; so I've brought it, Gentlemen. But I don't calculate to wait long. If they can make up their minds this morning, right out, they can have it; and I'll start a factory that will turn out four thousand a week. But if they don't, I calculate to try LOUIS NAPOLEON, or maybe the CZAR, or some other European Potentate. I've made my arrangements. I can't stand the everlastin' waiting that goes on in this old Country of yours, Gentlemen. I can't really, Sir—yes, Sir—it ain't what we're used to, Sir, over the water, Sir, 'tain't really—no how—there's that fellow—

Re-enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. MAJOR—?

Gaunt Stranger (rushing to the door). Yas—that's me—all right—

Messenger (struggling for utterance). No, I was to say—

Gaunt Stranger. He'd see me—I know—

Messenger. No—no—that your arm was under—

Gaunt Stranger. Under eight pounds weight—seven pound seven exact. Go ahead (*ships up his box*). Good day, Gentlemen—Now then—Up hook.

(*Exit rapidly, pushing out the bewildered MESSENGER. All gaze at each other and draw long breaths.*)

Man with Grievance. That's an energetic man. But he'd never have waited for his rights as long as I've done.

Gifted Irishman. By the powers, but its too bad. Here's meself,

with two cousins magistrates, and connected with the O'Dowd, and mentioned to HAYTER, and can't git spaking to a dirty Undther Secretary, and there's that Yankee pushes himself in—

Monomaniacal Inventor. Ah—you see his nerves are a sort of galvanic propeller. Its just the same principle as my machine, Gentlemen—if you'd only let me show you—

Eater MESSENGER, pushed in by WATERPROOFER with rug, STOVE-MAKER with patent stove, and PRESERVED-MEATMAN with canisters. All talking at once.

Bewildered Messenger. One at a time, Gents, for goodness sake. This aint a tap-room: now for goodness sake (*coarsely*), if you'd only just sit down for a little.

Man with Grievance (bitterly). Here's chairs, Gentlemen, and a fire, and books, and writing paper. Do sit down and make yourselves comfortable.

Waterproof. But this is the fourth office they've sent me to since Tuesday, and I can't see anybody.

Messenger. If you'll put it in writing—

Waterproof (suddenly unrolling an eight foot rug). Confound it, how can I put that in writing?

Messenger. You should send in a specimen, Sir, and it would be considered.

Waterproof. Considered! Why it's six months since I was told it was "under consideration."

Stovemaker (philosophically). Oh bless you! there's three boards been a sittin' on my stove this two years.

Man with Grievance (to himself). I hope it was lighted.

Messenger (much disgusted). Well, I suppose Gov'ment is to be allowed to sit on things. You can't expect Gov'ment to make up its mind all of a hurry as other people does; can you now?

Preserved-meatman (with resignation). Well, there's one comfort, my meats is all the better for waitin'. They've had six cans of my soup and bouilli at the Admiralty this five year—under consideration all the time—and I'll be bound is as fresh as the day it was sealed—I'll be bound it is.

Man with Grievance. Ha, ha, ha! That's it, Gentlemen—that's the way we do it, in this free country—everything's "under consideration," Gentlemen. There's my case, for instance, (*taking out his portfolio*), ever since 1852.

Gifted Irishman. And my testimonials.

Monomaniacal Inventor. And my galvanic propeller.

Waterproof. And my rugs.

Stovemaker. And my stoves.

Preserved-meatman. And my soup and bouilli.

Man with Grievance. And do you really suppose, Gentlemen, with so much under consideration that government can find time to do anything?

Reenter GAUNT STRANGER.

GAUNT Stranger. Waal Gentlemen—good day—I left my hat here—It's all right—I've squared my business.

Man with Grievance. What, you ain't under consideration, then?

GAUNT Stranger. Waal, sir, I reckon the Lord upstairs told me I was, but I said, as a citizen of the United States I could not stand being under anything—and they might lump it or leave it—slik and straight—now or never—up or down—and as he didn't seem to know which end he was a settin' on, I vamoosed—and I'm off to Paris by the express to-night—guess LOUIS NAPOLEON's the man for my money. You're like your clocks in this cussed old country—too slow, a darned sight. Good day, Gentlemen.

[Exit, like a rocket: the Waiters upon Government remain UNDER CONSIDERATION.]

LADIES! ATTENTION, PLEASE.



VARIETY of letters from the same number of husbands, are now before *Mr. Punch*, all in a greater or less state of outrageousness. Their wives have been buying bargains, and have, of course, been cheated.

There are two or three sets of swindlers upon which these furious heads of families call *Mr. Punch's* waked wrath. But the majority of the victims howl because the money left to pay for their coats, or for the assessed taxes, has gone in rubbish purporting to be shawls, mantles, and dresses. This trash has been surreptitiously purchased by some silly ladies who have been deluded by lying and puffing circulars (craftily posted so as to reach households at hours when the marital eye is away, and on law papers, or bill books) in which it is stated that intrinsically valuable and usually costly articles are to be had, "for a few days," at something under half the legitimate price. The particular lie offered as a reason why

the silly lady must instantly rush and buy, varies—sometimes "Enlargement of Premises"—sometimes "Bankruptcy"—sometimes "Glut of the market"—sometimes "Dissolution of Partnership," but there is always some such lie, and as the silly lady has not her husband at hand to tell her that the advertisers are swindlers, and that a good article, of habitual use in London, will always fetch its value, the silly lady takes the coat or tax money, and the omnibus, visits the swindle-shop, and returns in glory. An elder matron, for a respectable trader in the neighbourhood, to whom the cheap thing is triumphantly shewn, or perhaps the husband himself (for it is quite odd how some men have picked up knowledge about such things), immediately apprises the silly lady that she has been "done," and then comes a scene—perhaps tears—perhaps a regular quarrel. In most cases, let us hope, the husband, like a superior being, only smiles, explains what *Mr. Punch* has here explained, and exacts a promise from his wife never to go buying bargains again without him.

Still, if he speaks a little severely, the silly lady has really no right to complain. She may be no judge of goods, but she has a conscience, and must know that if anything is obtained much below its value, somebody is being wronged and cheated. She went to the swindle-shop in the hope of getting an unfair advantage, and the knaves have been too many for her

silliness. We hope that her husband will not scold her—"she wanted to look her best," and "do him credit," and "she knows how hard money is to earn"—yes, M'm—*Mr. Punch* has heard all that before, but is indulgent. But if she is scolded, *Mr. Punch* enjoins her this penance—to listen silently—to kiss her husband, to promise him never to read another swindle-circular—and to go away and get him the nicest supper she can think of. If this penance is too severe, she may leave out the kissing, but not the supper.

THRASHING BY STEAM.

WE were much pleased by reading in the *Times* that at a recent meeting of the Sprotborough Farmers' Club, held at the Cropley Arms, Sprotborough, near Doncaster, there was a discussion on "the best method of thrashing grain." This was an agreeable change of conversation in reference to the subject of thrashing. All questions about thrashing have for the last twelve months resolved themselves into one—how to thrash the Russians. A fixed steam-engine was determined by the meeting to be the best thrashing machine for a farm of above 300 acres. For thrashing the enemy on a large scale a steam-engine might likewise be preferable to any other: and we should like to know whether that steam gun, with which *MR. PERKINS* engages to throw a ton of iron five miles, would practically answer the purpose of such a thrashing machine.

Shipping News.

THEY write from Marseilles that the "*City of Manchester*," a magnificent English steamer has arrived to receive horses and mules for the East." The *City of Manchester* itself might well spare a few other animals that, though on two legs, do bear a certain affinity to the quadrupeds above-named.

A MONSTER IN HUMAN FORM.—*YOUNG SMELL-FUNGUS* (of the Albany) calls matrimony "making ninety-nine lovely creatures unhappy to make one ungrateful."



A REGULAR OLD-FASHIONED MARCH WIND.

Old Gentleman is forcibly reminded of the days of his Youth, as he cannot recollect having been actually stopped by the Wind since he was quite a Child.

A DIRTY TRICK DEFEATED.

WHEN one clever man gets an appointment, it may be taken for granted that some twenty dolts get a disappointment, and if there is one lucky dog he is sure to be envied by a pack of unlucky dogs, who run for some little time howling at his heels, till they are kicked off, or beaten off, or drop off, from sheer exhaustion.

It may also be taken for granted, as a pretty general rule, that when a man prefaces an attack upon another, with a declaration of pure and disinterested motives, the chances are that he has some private grudge against the individual about to be assailed; for, as good wine needs no bush, an honest motive requires no apology.

Not long ago, MR. EDWIN JAMES, a man of considerable ability and of high professional standing, was selected to fill the office of Recorder of Brighton, to the great disgust, no doubt, of our friend BRIEFLESS and his old ally DUNUP, as well as of the whole tribe of HORRIDS and FLORIDS, every and each of whom would of course feel a peculiar fitness for the Bench which MR. JAMES has been called upon to occupy.

Of course the avenues of Westminster Hall have resounded with murmurs from at least a hundred hungry lips—allowing two each to every disappointed barrister—and we fancy we can hear the shrill voice of the indignant DUNUP, exclaiming, "Why, there's that fellow JAMES got the Recordership of Brighton, and I'm walking about doing nothing, with my hands in my pockets."

These feelings of bitter anguish among the wiggled destitute, may be natural, and so far excusable; but that the House of Commons should be called on to sympathise with the hungry yelpings of a disappointed pack, was a thing not to be tolerated. Accordingly, when a motion was made by a gentleman of the bar, who had perhaps good-naturedly consented to become the organ of the ill nature of others, the House scouted the proposition, and even the seconded of the business was so ashamed of it, that he apologised for the position in which he found himself. He had only done it because he had been asked; and as the result was rather humiliating to his own feelings, he will probably refrain in future from adopting a principle which would require him to cut his own head off in the event of his being thereunto requested.

Never was a motion so thoroughly turned neck and heels out of the House as the motion alluded to; and the Commons even went so far as to evince their disgust at the whole business, by refusing to allow the shabby transaction to appear on their journals. If the precedent were once established of permitting disappointment to vent its spleen upon success, through the medium of the Legislature, Parliament would soon be converted into a sort of vast spittoon for the reception of the spite of those whose mouths are always watering for that which falls to the share of others.

PHILOSOPHY IN ERMINE.

THE *Carlisle Patriot* reports of BARON PARKER that his lordship, with a serenity almost exclusive to the judgment seat, laid down a golden rule for all jurymen, which, if followed, would always assure them under any mistake the sweetest tranquillity of mind. They might by their verdict hang an innocent man; but—"if they seriously considered all the evidence on the one side, and arguments on the other, and were still convinced that the prisoner was guilty, they could honestly lay their hands upon their hearts, and not feel a single pang, even supposing another person were hereafter to turn out to be the murderer." This marvellous doctrine to insure unbroken rest between the sheets, even though the jurymen had to the beat of his judgment sent an innocent man to the grave, was laid down by the serene BARON PARKER at the late trial of the youth MONROE, aged 18, for the murder near Whitehaven in November last. MONROE was recommended to mercy by the jury—the evidence was loose and circumstantial—but no mercy was promised by the Judge. Well, presuming for argument, that the youth is innocent, and that nevertheless he is hanged upon the finding of the jury? Is it possible that no jurymen can feel a pang for the sacrifice of a guiltless fellow creature on the very threshold of manhood? BARON PARKER must have a very stony notion of the necessary qualities of the human conscience. A man to lay his hand upon his heart, and to feel no pang that—on the infirmity of human evidence—he has doomed the innocent, must hardly have human flesh; we should rather say a heart of the nether millstone torpidly reposing under the cuticle of a rhinoceros. Majesty has, officially, its conscience-keeper; we should be sorry if all juries allowed every Judge to be their conscience-maker.

WANTED, ANOTHER DETECTIVE POLICE FORCE, to look after the present one.

A DEAD BARGAIN.

THE following Advertisement presents "an eligible opportunity" to any one who is desirous of turning the dust of the dead to the purposes of living.

FREEHOLD LAND, near the city (half an acre and seven poles), in a densely populated neighbourhood (formerly a burial ground). The ground would pay well for removal, being superior to guano, and consent from the authorities has been obtained. Price of the entire estate, £2,500.

There is something novel at all events in the idea of advertising human remains as "superior to guano," and humanity ought to feel complimented at the position which the auctioneer has assigned to it. We don't know who "the authorities" may be, whose consent has given an impetus to this kind of speculation, but perhaps there may yet be time for friends or relatives to prevent these remains from being sold off as manure, and to rescue an ancestor from the dung heap, to which a whole grave-yard is about to be consigned by the auctioneer's hammer. We are not over squeamish, but there is something in the idea of handing over a whole burial ground as material for manure, which in our opinion calls rather for prevention than aid on the part of the "authorities."

BEAR-MOURNING FOR NICHOLAS.

MR. PUNCH has been favoured with an early exclusive copy of a notice about to be issued from the Lord Chamberlain's Office:—

"St. James's, March 10.

"Our trusty and well-beloved DAVID MITCHELL, most excellent and vigilant Secretary of the Zoological Gardens in the royal domain known as the Regent's Park, is hereupon ordered, in due observance of a late afflictive event, forthwith to place his bears in decent mourning. The Russian Bear is, further, to be fed for thirty days on black puddings. The Polar Bears are to wear black crapes on their left forelegs; and the Syrian Bear, a tie of black tape once round.

"By Command."

Lodging to Let at Windsor.

As a stall in St. George's Chapel is vacant by the lamented demise of our friend NICHOLAS, the question arises who is to fill it? Perhaps LORD CLAREMONT would be as eligible a knight as anybody to succeed his friend the Russian Gentleman, provided that he does not attempt to explain, or attempting fails to explain, that HARDOCK business.



"THAT'S MY NEW YOUNG MAN, BAKER. GUARDS AND FUSILEERS IS SO SCARCE, THAT I'VE GONE INTO THE MILITIA."

"GUESSES AT TRUTH" IN THE DARK.

THE publishers of *RAPHAEL'S Prophetic Messenger* send us, with a copy of their egregiously stupid book, a letter, in which they refer, in a tone of the most triumphant exultation, to certain two of their predictions, which, they say, have been fulfilled during the present year. Where a person takes about ten thousand shots at the target of possibility, it would be strange indeed if he did not hit the bull's eye once!

However, let us take *RAPHAEL'S* two predictions. The first is for February, and halts as follows:

"The conjunction of *Venus* and *Jupiter* indicates satisfactory feelings between the representatives of the people and her *MAJESTY'S* advisers; but at the full moon on the 2nd the luminaries are signifiers of the Privy Council, and they, being in quartile to *Uranus*, imply disputes and disorganisation in the ministry."

The above is vague enough to fit any prediction, and any child, any housemaid, who was in the habit of peeping into a newspaper, could have prophesied as much. We should like to know the month when disputes do not occur in a Ministry, especially a Coalition Ministry that had *Puseyites*, *Peelites*, and no end of petty politicians in it?

The second prediction occurs in what is called "An Astro-Biography of *QUEEN VICTORIA*." It tells us—no date being fixed for the accident—that

"Her *MAJESTY* loses the able advice and assistance of one whom she has long admitted to her counsels. I will not attempt to delineate particularly all the significations, but leave them to the investigation of the student, or their development by mighty time."

There is great wisdom in not saying too much in the above ingenious bit of astro-biographical information. A great deal is left to be determined by the "student," and as a twelvemonth is generously left open for the accomplishment of the prophecy, it would be rather curious, with a

Ministry so unpopular as that of an "antiquated imbecile" (*vide* *LORD PALMERSTON*), if *HER MAJESTY* had not lost the assistance of some minister or other. It required no *RAPHAEL* to tell us any such common-place certainty as that.

We will engage, if any one will offer us the engagement, to write as many *Raphaelistic* prophecies as they may be weak enough to print, or to pay for, and further, we will sign an engagement, under a very heavy penalty, that at least nineteen-twentieths of our prophecies shall turn out true. We offer the following dozen, as samples of our prophesying talent:—

January. An "Awful Conflagration" takes place within the precincts of the Metropolis. The atmosphere is illuminated for miles, and an elderly gentleman at *Isackney* is enabled to read the smallest print (say the *Morning Herald*) with the greatest ease.

February. A Lady of high rank receives a Valentine, filled with the grossest insults, and sealed with a thimble.

March. A gentleman's hat is blown off on *Waterloo Bridge*.

April. Several persons proceed to the Tower Stairs to see the Lions washed.

May. The Royal Academy opens in the First Week, and great excitement is caused by the "Portrait of a Gentleman."

June. The *QUEEN* and *FRANCE ALBERT* walk on the slopes at Windsor.

July. The *Green Bushes* is performed at the *Adelphi*.

August. Several servants in noble families are put on board wages.

September. The *Athenaeum* revives the discussion as to the *Auchership* of *JURIN'S* Letters.

October. An "Extraordinary Shower of Frogs" takes place in the provincial papers.

November. A strange-looking being, with a pipe in his mouth, supposed to be a likeness of *GUIDO FAWCETT*, is paraded in a chair through the streets of London on the 5th.

December. A little boy is taken ill the day after Christmas Day, and the Doctor has to be sent for in a hurry.

In the meantime, as no man is a Prophet in his own country, we recommend *RAPHAEL* to emigrate to America, or the Colonies, or Islington, or some distant part of the world, where there will be but little chance of his book ever being sent to us again. We cannot tolerate such rubbish, and encourage such ignorance.

"THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL."

THE grand point on which LORD PALMERSTON rested the defence of SIR CHARLES NAPIER was that "the gallant Admiral had brought the fleet back again in perfect safety." If all that was expected of SIR CHARLES was to bring the fleet home, what was the use of sending it out at all; and would it not have been a greater achievement for an Admiral to have kept it where it was before it started, if the only purpose of its going away was that it might come home again? We confess we have not been in the habit of measuring the merits of our naval heroes by the standard of a pilot's achievements. SIR CHARLES NAPIER's grand feat seems to have consisted of his arrival at Portsmouth, or rather as he happened to get home before the fleet, his greatest triumph arose after he had quitted his ship; for it was not, we rather think, until he had been some time on shore that the fleet was brought safe and sound to England. When SIR CHARLES NAPIER receives the thanks of Parliament we are afraid that the old form of "thank you for nothing" is the only form that can be adopted.



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 12, Monday. EARL GREY explained to the Government that they were really doing nothing towards military reforms, and he especially cut up the blunders of the Ordnance, and called on LORD PANMURE to stop that remarkable department from wasting any more money in "works" which usually turned out worse than useless. LORD PANMURE promised that everything that could be stopped should be stopped, and added that as we did not know how to make an original camp, officers had been sent to Belgium to translate the camp at Beverloo. He also stated that he hoped one of these days to have something more to say, which encouraging hope comforted the Lords, and they went away.

In the Commons there was a squabble about the scale to which the Government map of Scotland should be drawn. This has long been a sore subject, Mr. PUNCH is not quite sure why—whether the Scotch think that if their country is made to look big, English Chancellors of Exchequer will want to lay on more taxes—or what the fear may be, but there is some deep reason for this continued apprehension. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON complained that the Fifty Colonies were left unattended to while LORD JOHN RUSSELL went to christenings and congresses, and in the meantime there was a new war at the Cape, and a new revolt in Australia to be looked after. PALMERSTON and GEORGE GREY assured him it was all right.

Tuesday. LORD MONTEAGLE apprised the Lords that by a bill they were passing through Committee without a word of remark, they were imposing about £500,000 a year of new taxation, and acceding to a loan which was being taken secretly, after MR. GLADSTONE had declared that no loans should be resorted to. LORD GRANVILLE defended MR. GLADSTONE's consistency, which was of course the important point before them, and the bill went quietly through committee.

In the Commons, MR. HEYWOOD brought on his motion towards altering the law which interferes with a man's marrying two sisters. This occasioned rather a spirited debate, in which a good many family experiences were brought out for the edification of the House. SIR FREDERICK THESIGER held a brief against the alteration, and appealed to the laws of the ancient Jews, by one of which a Hebrew gentleman was interdicted from marrying his Hebrew lady's sister during his wife's lifetime, "to vex her." But as the advocates of the alteration did not ask leave to commit bigamy, in order to vex their wives, it did not exactly appear what this had to do with the matter, even if Christians were bound by Hebrew law. It is remarkable too that by that law a brother was expressly ordered to marry his deceased brother's wife, if she were childless, in order to keep up the family. LORD PALMERSTON, who has always been a lady's man, spoke and voted for the alteration, and so did MR. SPOONER, who is not precisely a lady's man to look at, though doubtless (very polite and agreeable). MR. CODDEN also was for repealing the Anti-Sister Law. MR. HENRY DRUMMOND was exceedingly sarcastic, abused the Papists and founder of Methodism, and tauntingly recommended MR. BOWYER, a Catholic gentleman, who had supported the motion, "not to go sneaking up lanes, but to marry his grandmother like a man." The motion was carried, notwithstanding a statement that 11,000 ladies, supposed to be the Eleven Thousand of Cologne, resuscitated for the occasion, had petitioned the QUEEN against the alteration. Mr. PUNCH does not, however, suppose that the bill will pass the Bishops.

Wednesday. For all the good, or harm they did, the Commons might as well have stayed at home and studied the new number of PUNCH.

Thursday. In the Lords, LORD MALMESBURY took another opportunity of displaying his "common sense," by asking a question about the Militia, in answer to which he was told by LORD PANMURE, that if he had read a Circular which had been addressed to the Commanding Officers of Militia he need not have made such an enquiry.

In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON was taken to task for something SIR ROBERT PEEL (who not being a Peelite has taken office) said at his re-election, about our foreign policy. LORD PALMERSTON intimated with delightful sang-froid, that he did not care what people were reported to have said "out of the House." The House then by a large majority rejected MR. LOCKE KING's bill for making the landed property of people who die without wills divide like other property instead of going in a lump to the heir. Next it rejected a motion of MR. WILLIAMS's for making landed property pay at Doctors Commons, in the same way as personal property. Thirdly, it rejected a motion of MR. CORBETT's for limiting to ten hours a day the work done in factories by females and young children. After these three rebukes to presumptuous reformers, the People's House went Home.

OUR DUST-CART.

SOME persons take more trouble in looking for pins than they would for stars.

There are two bores in Society—the man who knows too much, and the man who knows too little.

An Annuity too long Deferred maketh the heart sick.

Travelling, now-a-days, consists in living on railways, and sleeping at hotels.

The oddest Hasbandry we know is when a man in clover marries a woman in weeds.

Remorse is the tight-boot that pinches the sole.

A Woman's Ultimatum is "Shant!"

A great deal of Heartburn is caused by a man inviting you to dine with him, and giving you a bad dinner.

The bread of Repentance we eat is in many instances made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.

Visible Decrease of the Police Force.

THERE is such a scarcity of men now, that they are glad to take almost any one into the Police Force. Our tall policemen, who, in height, nearly took the shire out of our lamp-posts, are rapidly dwindling into mere boys. A policeman, of only five years back, would make a policeman of the present day look small indeed—a mere fly compared to a blue bottle. Should the diminution still go on diminishing, the Force will become "small by degrees and beautifully less," until at last we shall be seeing the ridiculous exhibition of a mere chip of a child, bound up in blue, like the *Edinburgh Review*, and not much bigger, telling a brawny giant of a brewer's drayman "to move on there, quick; or if he doesn't, he'll pretty soon make him."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

WE are requested to state that the entertainment that the BISHOP OF LONDON thought of giving at his Palace at Fulham to the Poor of Fulham, in consideration of the self-denial of the Fast, is postponed until the Bishop thinks better of it; and a good deal better, too.

A WONDER AT WOLVERHAMPTON.



ONE wonderful thing has happened lately. The sea serpent has again been seen. Another ghost has appeared, and frightened a person to death. The foul fiend himself has been running about in the vicinity of Exeter, leaving his mark behind him everywhere in footprints resembling those of a donkey, a wild goose, and a kangaroo. NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA—on the other hand—has suddenly vanished from this world. But a thing more marvellous than any of these marvels is related by the *Wolverhampton Herald* of the 28th ult. According to that journal, severe distress had been prevalent at Wolverhampton. During the previous week £200 had been subscribed at a public meeting for the relief thereof. A soup kitchen was established, and was in operation on Saturday morning: bread and meat were also distributed: and

thus 1750 of the hungry were fed. Now for the wonder, as related by our *Wolverhampton* contemporary:—

"During Saturday 1500 quarts of soup was prepared for the purpose of being given to the destitute on the next day (Sunday). At a meeting of the Committee, the same day, this good intention was unhappily frustrated. The Rev. Wm. DALTON attended the meeting, and opposed the feeding of the poor on the Sabbath. He said he gave the Committee credit for kind dispositions and humane feelings; but he did not see the necessity of making the distribution on the Sunday, after the relief administered that day. Mr. M. INGHAMSON and the Rev. Mr. LUSCOMBE supported Mr. DALTON's view."

We certainly are much more inclined to credit the stories of the ghost, the sea-serpent, and the devil, than the above statement about the Rev. Mr. DALTON. It represents that gentleman as so cruel a Pharisee, as so sanctimonious an impostor, as so unfeeling a hypocrite, that we cannot swallow it. A Clergyman of the Church of England trying to prevent his neighbours from performing an act of charity on a Sunday! Impossible! The *Wolverhampton Herald* must have made some strange mistake. Mr. DALTON must have been misunderstood. Therefore it would not be fair to conclude, from the further extract following, that he was rebuked by a Roman Catholic Priest:—

"The Mayor expressed his opinion upon the advisability of giving away the soup on the Sunday; as did also the Rev. G. DUCKETT, Roman Catholic Priest, who stated that the poor in St. Mary's Ward fully expected to receive the soup."

However, we are informed that

"After some discussion, Mr. DALTON gained his point, and it was ruled that the suffering should not be relieved on the Sabbath—placards being ordered to be posted instead, informing those interested that the soup would be given on Monday."

MR. DALTON's good intention—Mr. DALTON knows of a place paved with that material—was frustrated as well as the Committee's. His intention clearly was, in part, to prevent unnecessary Sunday work. But, unhappily,

"At a late hour on Sunday evening, it was discovered that the withheld provision had gone sour, and would have to be thrown away; and an extraordinary effort had therefore to be made to make an extra quantity for Monday morning, when tickets were issued at the school-rooms in connection with the places of worship."

So additional labour on Sunday evening resulted from the Reverend Gentleman's well meant interference. For, of course it was well meant. Its object, secondly, was, no doubt, to prevent the soup from being wasted: the generous Mr. DALTON having, we would suggest, rendered the distribution unnecessary, by having supplied all the poor of the town with their Sunday's victuals at his own expense. This good intention was baffled also: the soup had turned sour, as the milk of human kindness will sometimes turn, especially on a Sunday. It had to be thrown away: as the sour milk should be. Mr. DALTON's opposition to the feeding of the poor on Sunday arose from the combined motives of piety, charity, and economy. The *Wolverhampton Herald* perhaps was not aware of the circumstance that Evangelical Mr. DALTON had already fed the poor. Therefore it misunderstood the Reverend Gentleman. For we cannot suppose its statement respecting him to be a mere fabrication. That would be monstrous, too. The malignity that would invent such calumny is incredible.

But certainly, if we could conceive it to be true, however much we might doubt the report of the devil having broken loose in Devonshire, we should find little difficulty in believing that he was to be met with in Wolverhampton, in the orthodox shape of a gentleman in black, with a white choker: his "Sunday's best."

RUSSELL AND THE RABBIT.

LORD JOHN has been waylaid by the Jews in Prussia, who kindly thank him for what he has done, and what he no doubt proposes further to do for them. Of course he will be addressed upon the same theme by the Jews in Austria—a people to whom Austria owes so much. Mr. ADDISON in his *Spectator* (No. 495), says of the Jews of his day—

"They are like the pegs and nails in a great building which, though they are but little valued in themselves, are absolutely necessary to keep the whole frame together."

The illustration holds to this day, especially in Austria. How those great nails, the ROTHCHILDs, have helped to keep the House of Hapsburg together! Mr. ADDISON, however, was in advance of his day; and were he again alive and again in the Commons would, we fear, go to loggerheads with MESSRS. SPOONER and PLUMPTRE in the cause of the Hebrews. The peculiarities of their religion—eating only their own killed and prepared meats—are lamented by Mr. ADDISON.

"This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourse of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion."

Thus, admit a few Jews to the agreeable intercourses of the Commons and BELLAMY's, and they would speedily be converted into Christians. Any way, is it not a shame that those great nails, the Jews, should—not even one of them—be found in the Commons? Ill-used, long-suffering BARON ROTHCHILD! What a mighty peg hast thou been to many Houses; and yet ungracious Christians refuse you even a hat-peg in the lower House of Parliament!

STRANGERS TO BE "TAKEN IN."

ENGLAND sometimes boasts of her hospitality to foreigners, but we fear the allegory of "BRITANNIA holding out the hand of protection to the stranger" is not likely to be kept up by the following advertisement:—

AUX ETRANGERES PROTESTANTES.—WANTED, in a small school, near London, a YOUNG LADY, to teach French, needle work and music, and attend to the wardrobes, and to the young ladies personally. No salary, or only a nominal one, the first year. Address to A. W., &c.

The advertiser, it will be seen, requires a governess, a dress-maker, a music-mistress, and a lady's-maid, who are all to be united in one unfortunate *étrangère*, whose services are to be rewarded by "No Salary, or a nominal one for the first twelvemonths." There is something of the refinement of shabbiness in this limitation of the "No Salary" arrangement to twelvemonths; for it is pretty clear that no strength would be equal to the drudgery of four situations beyond a year, and of course at the end of that time another victim would be demanded on the same conditions. As each new martyr broke down under the weight of her engagements, after vainly struggling to go beyond the twelvemonths of gratuitous slavery, another, and another, would, of course, be invited to succeed, for it would take a long time unhappily to use up all the material of talent and industry seeking for employment in the educational market. We hope due weight will be given to the scruple which will not accept, even for the purpose of martyrdom, any but a Protestant. No wonder that the advertiser deems it prudent to make a special parade of faith, where there is such a palpable absence of charity.

OUR INSANTARY REPORT.

At a meeting of March Hares, it was unanimously resolved to present the KING of PRUSSIA with the freedom of St. Luke's.

Since the Kilt has been abandoned, it will devolve upon the Highlanders, it is said, to make all the breeches at Sebastopol.

The Marylebone Vestry met last week, and broke up again without saying a word!

The young fellow, who wanted an appointment at the Admiralty, and sent in his grandfather's certificate of baptism instead of his own, got a good berth instantly.

A Lady of respectability was detected by her husband last week in an "Awful Failure" shop in the Strand. Her excuse was she was going to buy "a bargain." The injured husband immediately put her into a cab, and he has since laid a formal complaint before her respected mother.

It is reported in Knightsbridge that an influential Puseyite "has just crossed the Rubric-on, on his way to Rome."

THE MILITARY MARKET.

(From our Horse Guards' Correspondent.)



HERE has not been such a heavy pressure on the military market for a long time. The flatness, which has characterised the Debates in Parliament upon all military subjects lately, has sensibly attacked the prices at the Horse Guards, and, there's no denying it, created half a panic. The consequence has been that Governors' pockets have been excessively tight for the last fortnight. Aunts and Mothers, also, have been unusually close, and younger sons, belonging to some of our richest houses, are now walking about town absolutely in want of a purchase, and they cannot get one. A few Cornets were done in May Fair as low as £450 each, but in "crack" regiments it is some consolation to know they fetched a "pony" or two more. The Light Buffs still maintained their figure, but the Heavy Greens, formerly in such demand in Belgravia, were quoted as being "the lowest of the low;" no one—not even tradesmen's sons—would have anything to do with them. There was a slight advance in Household Troops, and towards the afternoon there was a rumour in the best informed Clubs that a Captain in the Guards (Black) had positively been going a-begging for as small a sum as £800; a Colonel in the Royal Pinks was offered at £2000, but went without an offer; Majors relaxed a little, but Lieutenant-Colonels were not to be done at any price; old Generals as firm as ever.

The Exchange from the Militia into the Line is still in favour of the latter; but the consideration, even with the increase of respectability, and real silver at men, is so ridiculously small, that nothing worthy of the name of business was done. A large sum was offered for a choice regiment, and after many biddings, a sale was nearly effected for an amount scarcely worth mentioning, when unfortunately the negotiation was broken off upon its being announced that the purchaser (supposed to be the fashionable MARQUIS OF HORRIBLE D'HOY, who comes of age next week) had been suddenly seized with the small-pox. This threw a damper on all other sales. It is to be hoped that this gloom will soon clear away, for really, as a military market, the amount of money that has recently exchanged hands, has been so preposterously insignificant, that it must be completely unworthy the notice of any gentleman, much less an Officer; and if prices do not improve very quickly, it is greatly to be feared that in less than a year, we shall have no market at all.

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

THE Society of Friends (of Russia) have, to use their own expression, been "giving forth" an "appeal" on the subject of war: wherein, as apologists for the Government, they observe—

"We are not insensible to the difficulties of their position in this momentous crisis, in having to deal with a powerful enemy, and at the same time to stem the torrent of martial excitement in the public mind."

Accepting this as being the true state of the case, we think the "difficulties" of the Government might readily be reduced one half, if they simply were to cease attempting to withstand the current of popular enthusiasm, and devote themselves wholly to dealing with the enemy. This solution of the difficulty might not meet the views of the Society of Friends, but we are pretty sure that it would be approved of in every other society, where those composing it are really the friends of England.

Justice to the "Times."

OUR contemporary of Printing-House Square, says of itself, that it is a "thing which the British public require as much as they do their bed or their breakfast." We are quite ready to admit that the *Times* is as good as a breakfast, but we wonder that our contemporary should compare itself to a bed; for it is all over with a newspaper when the public begins to sleep on it. We have not yet discovered any affinity between our blankets and the sheets of the *Times*. When the latter become so dull as to admit of our sleeping on them, it will be time enough to talk of our contemporary as a bed—but at present the idea is premature.

MORE PLAGUES THAN PROPHETS.

A LEARNED doctor has lately come forward, claiming the merit of having foretold the death of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Considering that the event has been annually foretold in all the prophetic almanacks for the last ten years, we are not surprised at the rush which has been made to claim a share in the merit of the prophecy. We have been appealed to in various quarters to do justice to the prophetic visions of a variety of ZADKIELS, MOORES, OLD MOORES, and other dealers in Astrology.

Our old friend FRANCIS MOORE, Physician, insists that DR. GRANVILLE is not the only M.D. who foretold the death of the Czar; and one of the seers professes to have seen so far in advance, that he points to his almanack for 1843, wherein it is said, "Let the Russian Autocrat prepare for his destiny!" which it is urged, was a distinct prophecy of the event that has happened. It is true that the prediction was somewhat early, or, rather, its fulfilment has been a little late; but the prophet calls attention to the fact that he had advised the Czar to "prepare for his destiny;" and that twelve years would not be more than sufficient for such a preparation.

DR. GRANVILLE complains, that though he gave LORD PALMERSTON the benefit of his prediction, his Lordship did not act upon it; but that the Government went on just as if the Doctor had made no prophecy whatever. We can hardly blame a minister for omitting to act on a prediction, however respectable the source whence it may proceed, for it would be impossible to draw the line; and if the vessel of the nation were to be steered according to the second sight of anyone professing to possess the gift, we should find all the almanack makers in the kingdom urging their prophecies on the attention of Downing Street. Considering, moreover, that the prophets are usually very loose in their language, there might be some difficulty in knowing precisely what to do; for if we were a Premier we should be a good deal puzzled to know how to proceed on the prophetic information, that "the political effect of Mars joining Saturn in Capricorn, will be great;" nor should we like to propose a measure on the basis of the announcement that "the solar opposition to Mars from Gemini and Sagittarius, denotes a blow to more than one nation." On the whole, we think LORD PALMERSTON justified in ignoring the prediction of the "medicine man," who is a greater authority on "physics" than on the science of statesmanship.

* See ZADKIEL'S Astrological Almanack for October, 1843.

"DELICATE" CRIMINALS.

THAT very interesting individual, MR. CARDEN, who attempted to carry off with force an Irish heiress, and was sentenced to a long imprisonment for his lawless act, is about to be set at liberty on the ground of delicate health—a plea which ought, of course, to prevail in favour of other convicted criminals. We can imagine the applications that will be sent in from all the jails in the kingdom, when it is known that CARDEN is at liberty. JACK SCROGGINS, the burglar, will, no doubt, feel the want of his usual midnight exercise, and JOE LIGHTFINGER will terribly miss his afternoon saunterings in the park, where he was accustomed to carry on his trade as a pickpocket. Nothing will be easier than to obtain a surgeon's certificate, intimating that SCROGGINS is losing his accustomed bloom, and that LIGHTFINGER is looking daily more delicate. Every culprit may soon be converted into an interesting invalid, if indisposition is to be a good plea for the curtailment of punishment. We never yet knew a prison in which the inmates did not look ill, for they are generally a set of the most ill-looking fellows.

AGGRAVATED ASSAULT ON A FEMALE.

WE are sorry to allude to a cruel case of an aggravated assault committed by a gentleman of highly respectable position. He was sitting with his wife in the midst of an apparently amicable conversation, which happened to turn on the taste often shown by young men for entering the army. The lady innocently made the remark that it was "perhaps on account of the uniform," when her husband, without the slightest notice was guilty of an atrocity which for a moment deprived her of the power of utterance.

"Yes," exclaimed the unfeeling monster, "it is very likely the uniform, or perhaps they may be seized with an epauletic fit." This cruel outrage on common and every other kind of sense, caused a shock to the wife, from which she was some seconds in recovering. It has been said in extenuation, that the perpetrator did not foresee the mischief he caused, but if so, the result affords a fresh instance of the evil arising from an incautious use of such a dangerous weapon as punning.

BAKERS' AND BUTCHERS' WARNING FOR THE 20TH.—Give your orders, ladies and gentlemen, for remember the Fast Day is to-morrow.



FLUNKEIANA.

Flunkey (who does not approve of Bloomsbury). "No, Ma'am, I DON'T OBJEC TO THE 'OUSE, FOR IT'S HAIREY, AND THE VITTLES IS GOOD; BUT THE FACT IS, THAT ALL MY CONNECTIONS LIVE IN BELGRAVIA!"

"ANY OLD CLO'" OF NICHOLAS.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER has rewarded the fidelity of the Russian Guards, by presenting them with a parcel of old uniforms belonging to the late EMPEROR NICHOLAS. We hail this act as to some extent giving promise of amendment on the part of the new CZAR, who shows a disposition to get rid of some at least of the old habits of his father. We cannot say much for the Russian Guards if any enthusiasm is created by the arrival of a bag of second-hand clothes which they are called on to preserve as "a sacred relic and an enduring memorial for future generations."

Considering, however, that the late CZAR looked upon the officers of his army as mere flunkies appointed to execute his bidding, it is probable, that like so many valets, they may have expected their late master's wardrobe to be sent to them as their perquisite. It is to be hoped that the living Emperor has, together with the rest of the old clothes, got rid of his father's shoes, for if ALEXANDER is wise, he will not attempt to walk in them. We wonder that the refusal of the relics was not offered to MADAME TUSNAUD, by whom the best price is understood to be given for the left-off wearing apparel of departed royalty. Perhaps the Russian Guards may yet enter into negotiations with the energetic mistress of the Baker Street Bazaar, who will, no doubt be glad of the opportunity to place NICHOLAS "in his habit as he lived" among the other deceased Sovereigns, whose executors appear to have turned their old clothes into money, with the utmost promptitude.

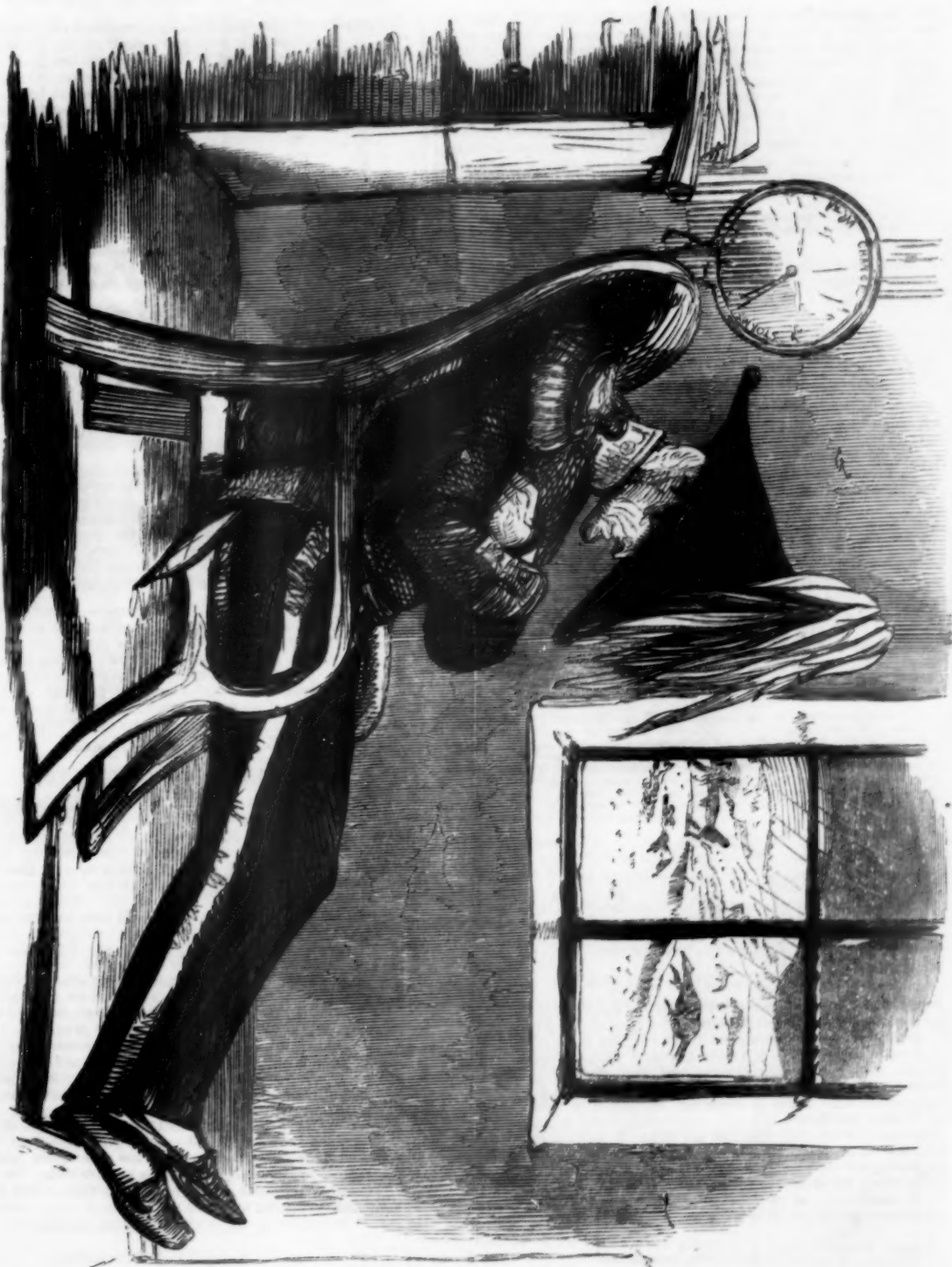
HEROISM KEPT IN ITS PLACE.

A LITTLE Drummer-boy of the 3rd Grenadier Guards has blossomed into a full-blown hero. He was in the thick of the fight at Alma, Balaklava, and Inkermann. He flew about the battle-field a very *Puck* or *Goodfellow*, with water for the wounded. "But for his care"—say the accounts—"many of the wounded would never have survived to receive surgical aid." PRINCE ALBERT has heard the story; and the Prince, with the feelings of a soldier—for is not H. R. H. a Field-Marshal—intends to present the boy with—with—with—(well, if it must be said)—with £5!

It is thus we cultivate true heroism. In France, for instance, the boy would have been spoiled. He would have been educated, promoted; and in time might have found one of his little drum-sticks converted to a Marshal's *baton*. We know better. We reward valour in a practical, business-like way; we pay ready money for it; and so have done with it for once and all.

Long-Eared Musicians.

In the musical world of Germany there is a sect, of which HERR WAGNER is said to be the leader, that has originated a new species of music, called "the music of the Future." Second sight has ceased in Scotland, but in Germany there are evidently pretenders to second hearing.



THE GENERAL FAST (ASLEEP). HUMILIATING—VERY !

MARCH 24, 1855.]

[Punch, No. 715.

THE GREAT EAST COAST RAILWAY



THE CAREER OPEN TO TALENT.

You there, you few there, you small exclusive crew there,
Fly there, you fry there, engrossing place and pay;
Birth there, and dearth there of all but money worth there,
Get there, you set there, get out of Merit's way.
Dunces and drones and dolts of high connection,
Blockheads of rank, the course to office clear;
Patronage must be changed for fair selection:
Now then, to Talent open the career!

Station, the nation, for any situation,
Needs not and heeds not; we want the man of skill,
Able, and stable, and trusty as a cable,
Fit for, with wit for, the post he has to fill.
Have him we must, and must, that we may gain him,
Give equal chance to peasant as to peer;
That is the only method to obtain him:
Therefore to Talent open the career!

New blood for true blood: that is how to view "blood,"
Glowing and flowing alike in human veins.
Why, "blood?" and "high blood?"—a booby may supply
"blood."

Not that!—we've got that—the thing we want is brains.
He who the first in Honour's walk advances,
Him we will honour, him will we revere;
England, thy plan must be the same as France's:
England, to Talent open the career!

Meet then, compete then, call Wisdom from the street then,
Choose not, refuse not, except for good and use;
Fly them and try them; a fair field don't deny them;
Mate them, and rate them, discerning swan from goose.
Fly all the flock on common terms together,
Which goes a-head will very soon appear;
Judge not the bird according to the feather:
Freely to Talent open the career!

Ever the clever, unswerving in endeavour,
Blinking and sinking the blazon and the crest;
Noting, promoting; a truth is this for quoting;
Surely, securely, we seek to get the Best.
Who could devise a more aristocratic
Scheme, than the line that's recommended here,
Perfect, consistent, sound and systematic?
So then, to Talent open the career!

THE FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW.

A LONG discussion has been kept up on the subject of certain marks on the snow in Devonshire, which have been pronounced in turn the impression of a cloven foot, the steps of a rat, and the trail of a badger. Science and ignorance have been equally positive in assigning these wonderful footmarks to a bird, a beast, or even a fish, while superstition insists that the hoof was that of a certain old gentleman. Since these marvellous effects have been perceptible in the snow, we have taken it for granted that the same sort of indentations may exist in ordinary mud, and we have carefully investigated the footmarks about our own premises.

The first result of our inquiry was to detect the print of a stout highlow down our area steps to our kitchen door; thence to our larder, and thence to our kitchen back again. On comparing the print with the boot of a policeman, whom we once surprised in our cupboard, and who made his escape in his stockings, we came to the conclusion that one of the force must have been the proprietor of the footsteps.

In walking the other day in Kensington Gardens we observed for a considerable distance a track of something that seemed to have swept along the mud from one end of the broad walk to the other. At first we thought it must have been a hair broom, then an aquatic bird, then a sledge, then a road-scraper; and it was not until we saw a lady advancing in a splendid silk dress, with which she swept up the mud wherever she went, that we ascertained the source of the mystery. Although we traced the phenomenon to its origin, we confess that we remained still in a state of surprise at the taste which induced well-dressed ladies to turn dust collectors, and to convert their silks and satins into machines for performing the office of scavengers.

A Bad Precedent.

THE vacant space in St. Paul's Churchyard is, it is reported, to be filled up; for otherwise the City Corporation says, it will be making a very bad opening indeed, because if the people are allowed to see so much of the Cathedral, they will naturally be wanting to see more.

THE SCHOOL FOR EMBEZZLEMENT.

WE have frequently called serious attention to the impolicy, as well as the cruelty of keeping clerks at starvation salaries, and we have argued more than once that when you announce your desire to employ a person at a rate of remuneration on which he cannot live honestly, you might as well advertise for a thief to enter your service. There has been a sad exemplification of the truth of this position at the Sheffield Sessions recently holden. There, among professional thieves and pickpockets, who were adepts in their lawless arts, stood a young man, aged twenty, a solicitor's clerk, who was indicted for embezzling about eighty pounds, the money of his employer. This youth's defence exemplified all the evils of the system which we have always set our face against. He begins by saying,

"I have been clerk to Mr. VICKERS since I was 18 years of age, a period of between seven and eight years. It has been part of my duty to collect the town trustees' rents and keep the rental."

After a service of so many years in a position of so much trust, it might be expected that the salary would bear some proportion to the responsibility incurred and the services rendered. The prisoner goes on to say—

"I had a salary of 10s. per week, which was not sufficient to keep me in board, lodging, and washing, and to support the appearance of a respectable clerk; and having no father to look after me, and keep me right, and my mother being poor, and not able to assist me, I thought that I might perhaps be able to pay back the money I had misappropriated."

Here is a youth entrusted with the collection of large sums of money, and paid by a pittance which it was almost physically impossible for him to live upon—a fact that should at least have been so fully present to the mind of the employer, that constant vigilance would have been exercised over the accounts of the inadequately paid servant. But notwithstanding that he was giving way to irresistible temptation for a long period, he adds—

"I was never asked to account for any rents until Mr. CLARK spoke to me about them on the 16th of this month—the day before I gave myself up to the authorities."

And a little further on he says, his employer "did not examine the accounts of the town rental," even after the defalcations were discovered. Thus the unfortunate culprit was not only kept at a salary on which he could not live, but he was even deprived of the safeguard of a vigilant exercise of supervision, which might have saved him from crime, or, at all events, would have prevented him from getting further and further into its meshes.

The Chairman of the Sessions concluded his sentence in the following words:—

"I am likewise bound to say, that the Bench feel you were placed under circumstances of extraordinary temptation. It is plain, from the fact of your being entrusted to receive the rents of the town trustees, when you had a salary of only 10s. a week to depend upon, and your being obliged to maintain a certain appearance and position of respectability, that you occupied a position of great temptation. Therefore we take the most lenient view of your case that we can do, and the sentence of the Court is, that you be imprisoned for three months on each of the two charges on which you have pleaded guilty—six months in all. The prisoner was then removed, weeping passionately, as he had been for some time."

Here is undoubtedly an instance of an addition having been made to the criminal population by the system we have exposed so frequently. Surely if those should be punished who are the causes of crime, there should be some penalty inflicted on those who grind down their clerks to such a scale of remuneration as to make honesty an almost impracticable quality amid the cruel temptations by which it is surrounded.

GENUINE SCOTCH SPIRIT.

STATISTICS relative to the quantities of spirits consumed in Glasgow have sometimes, if not many, been presented to the public. Glasgow has thus acquired a name which is nearly tantamount to that of CLICQUEOT. There is, however, good reason to believe that Glasgow is "na' fou"; na' that fou"; though there may be occasionally "just a wee drap in her ee"; for it appears that she is not only capable of taking care of herself, but also of caring for the common cause. A correspondent informs us that, as her contribution to the Patriotic Fund, next to the subscription of London, Glasgow has returned the largest sum, namely, about £45,000. This fact proves that Glasgow is under the influence of a spirit which is neither Glenlivet, nor Farintosh, nor Islay; a spirit which does, indeed, dispense toddy, but does not constitute an ingredient of that beverage—the spirit of bounty; and the "wee drap" which her "ee" may occasionally sparkle with may be regarded as an emanation of generous liquor.

THE HEADS OF THE ARMY.

A PHRENOLOGIST, who has examined the organisation of the British army, has expressed the opinion that it is remarkable for an excess of "Form" and a deficiency of "Order."

HONOUR TO BOXER.

AS SOON AS ADMIRAL BOXER returns to England, and the sooner that is the better, the Houses of Parliament should vote him a serenade, in acknowledgement of his distinguished services at Constantinople. The performance should be executed by the band of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and should consist of the Introduction to the *Creation* of HAYDN—music descriptive of Chaos.



FANCY PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL BOXER.

WHERE ARE THE PARK KEEPERS?

We shall really be glad when the war loses its interest as a topic of conversation, for when that time arrives—if nothing else should start up to take its place—there may be a chance that the Park Keepers will give up the practice of discussing it in couples, and will begin to look about them with a view to the discharge of their duties. At present those green-coated, gold-laced, and red-striped functionaries are so much taken up in criticising the war, and sketching—conversationally—the character of the “sort of man we want in the Crimea,” that they have no time or attention left for those rogues and vagabonds who are preying upon the public, and especially women and children, in the various Parks of the Metropolis.

We trust that, if the Conference at Vienna should lead to any result, LORD JOHN RUSSELL will at once communicate the fact to the Park Keepers, and thus, by relieving them from the further discussion of the war, set them free for the performance of those duties, which seem to be at present interrupted by the absorbing interest of their conversations on the state of things in the Crimea. When this topic is taken away, the officials in question will find themselves at leisure to look after some at least of the “gang of ruffians,” complained of by a Correspondent of the *Times*, who are, it seems, “in the habit of accosting ladies and female servants, and under the pretence of asking the time of day endeavouring to pick their pockets.” It is obvious that the “ruffians in question” resemble, in some respects, the Park Keepers themselves, for “they go about in parties of two,” which is the usual practice of the functionaries alluded to, who are generally to be met with in cozy couples. The habit of walking and talking in pairs shows a social disposition, but it does not contribute to that extended vigilance which the large area of the Parks would seem to require. It is perhaps natural that the Park Keepers should fascinate each other by their conversational powers, but it would be better if they were to reserve their chat for the evening hour, when the cares of office might be laid aside for the pipe, and when “genial discourse unblamed” might be indulged in over one or more of those mixtures which, whether in pewter or glass, are supposed to give a zest to friendly intercourse.

PATIENCE.—Waiting in a country shop, whilst they send out to get change for a sovereign.

THE CHURCH OF—GOLD.

THE POPE intends to lay his hands upon the Antipodes: he has only to make his hands meet on the other side of the globe—what more easy for a Pope!—and possession is taken. He, however, goes in a business-style to work. Here is the fact, the printed fact from the papers:

“The Pope is about to erect a colossal statue of the VIRGIN MARY at Rome, in celebration of the triumph of the Immaculate Conception dogma. Three hundred medals are to be struck of virgin Australian gold.”

Subtle, mysterious is gold—especially in the religion of Popes. Gold in fact, has a solemn antiquity, unknown to those—perhaps, most of all unknown to those who have the greatest handling of it. What, said TETZEL, when he hawked throughout Germany the Pardons and Indulgences, whose sale was to help to finish ST. PETER’S; when it only pulled out a fighting monk, one MARTIN LUTHER? TETZEL sublimated, deified the world-compelling metal. He said, very subtly, “It is gold, by whose virtue life was implanted in the Tree of Life. The first entity, or sperm of gold being united with the vegetable nature.” Thus, the hidden metal, the invisible gold wedding-ring that united ADAM and EVE was before them, and they knew it not. But leaving such company, let us return to a Pope, full-dressed for the nineteenth century.

That virgin gold should prettily typify immaculate conception is a thought quite Papal: that the gold medals will work miracles who shall doubt? In due time will not the virgin medal of virgin gold gently heave and palpitate; and will not the true believers in Australia forward their offerings to MARY the Mother,—their own Virgin Mother? It is further said that the POPE, for the comfort and benefit of the Antipodean faithful resolves to canonise a new saint; namely—ST. NUGGETT!

POLITICAL POTICHOMANIE.

THIS accomplishment is being just now so much practised, that if we have any confidence in the old proverb, we may almost wonder it is not more perfect. In spite however, of its imperfections, no political party is considered, nowadays, complete without it.

The art of Potichomanie, as every young lady reader is aware, consists in simply turning good glass into badly imitated porcelain, by painting it in what may be described as a sort of mental distemper, and plastering it with bits of pictures taken from old scrap-books, or some equally original and productive source. In Political Potichomanie the process is but little different: its effect being merely to transmogrify good Whig into good-for-little Peelite, by a kind of fusion or plastering together, which in Potichomaniacal parlance is termed a coalition. This operation is discovered generally, to involve some dirty work; and even the most skilful find it rather difficult to avoid making a mess of it. Want of durability is another of its faults, as its combinations very rarely stick together long, being always liable to fall to pieces with the slightest pressure. The jumble, too, of party-colours, which is inseparable from the process, gives a patch-work appearance, which is anything but congruous; inasmuch, when any specimens have found their way into a Cabinet, we consider they can only be looked upon as curiosities.

In political as well as common Potichomanie, the chief drawback is that in every experiment which has yet been tried, it has been found that it won’t wash.

RULES FOR SELF GOVERNMENT.

BY A PRUDENT OLD GENTLEMAN.

ALWAYS sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Never joke with a policeman.

Take no notes, or gold, with you to a Fancy Bazaar—nothing but silver.

Your oldest hat, of course, for an evening party.

Don’t play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Pull down the blind before you put on your wig.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there’s no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

In every strange house it is as well to enquire where the brandy is kept—only think if you were taken ill in the middle of the night!

Never answer a crossing-sweeper. Pay him, or else pass quickly and silently on. One word, and you are lost.

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.

Never offend a butler—the wretch has too many chances of retaliation!

Write not one letter more than you can help. The man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr tied, not to the Stake, but to the Post.

Wind up your conduct, like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are “fast” or “slow.”

A PORTRAIT AND A PUZZLE.



DE CUSTINE took the portrait of ALEXANDER, the new Emperor of Russia, when he was twenty years old. It is now on exhibition in certain columns, for the exercise of the curious. "He looks his exact age"—says CUSTINE—"which is twenty." A singular piece of sincerity on the part of the then Grand Duke, to look exactly what he was! "The habitual favour his face now denotes is mild and benevolent." Nevertheless, between the "smile of his eyes and the constant contraction of his mouth, there is a discrepancy that speaks very moderate frankness." We are next told that "the prince's expression is one of kindness—with small frankness! Smiling as a peach and just as close as the stone!"

"His step is light and gracefully noble—truly that of a prince. His air is modest without timidity, which is a great point for all about him, since the embarrassment of the great is really an annoyance to the rest of the world. If they fancy themselves demigods, they are accommodated by the opinion they have of themselves, and which they despair of making others partake of."

How the awkward demeanour of a king should embarrass the rest of the world, we can hardly discern. There have been louts and bores even in purple, and the world has "acknowledged demi-god" may be inconveniently very rare, if it ever existed in Russia.

M. CUSTINE has a second look at the present brain-new Emperor, whose phases of character would seem to change like the colours of a dying dolphin.

"The eyelid droops over the outer corner of the eye with a melancholy betraying already the cares of a more advanced age. His pleasing mouth is not without sweetness, and his Grecian profile recalls the medals of the antique or the portraits of the EMPRESS CATHERINE; but beneath that air of kindness, almost always countered by beauty, youth, and German blood, it is impossible not to recognise a force of determination that terrifies one in so young a man. This trait is doubtless the seal of destiny, and makes me believe that the prince is fated to ascend the throne."

Destiny—especially in Russia—always decreeing that a hypocrite should sit on the throne of the Czars. Nevertheless, there is so much contradiction in M. CUSTINE, so much of the amiable jumbled up with and contending with the despicable, that at best, ALEXANDER THE SECOND—if M. CUSTINE can be trusted—is but a puzzle. His manifesto, his maiden utterance as an Emperor—is at least a good specimen of imperial adroitness. He assures his loving subjects (otherwise loving subjects might revolt, and the Kalmuk, brother CONSTANTINE, show a grim front in St. Petersburg) that he invokes Providence to be "our guide and protector that we may maintain Russia on the highest standard of power and glory, and in our person accomplish the incessant wishes and views of PETER, of CATHERINE, of ALEXANDER, and of our father." With such lights to guide him, the new Emperor's path can hardly tend in the direction of the Temple of Peace, hired by Mr. BRIGHT and friends in Manchester; but must rather continue by the shores of Sinope, and in the war-fields of Golgotha.

However, it is for the very reason that ALEXANDER THE SECOND talks cannon-balls to his subjects, that he may even now be chewing the olive. He may, after all, have nothing about him of the bear, but the skin.

GLEE: CLICQUOT'S TEAR.

"I'll go," quoth CLICQUOT, very queer,
 "And drop a tributary tear
 On brother NICHOLAS's bier."
 Then all the Court did cry,
 "O Sire! your Majesty can't stand;
 Nor need you stir from Fatherland;
 Behold, the Beer is at your hand:
 The drop is in your eye!"

Good Spirits.

WHAT curious notions of cheerfulness are entertained by some people. For instance, the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* informed us a few days ago, in describing the sudden decease of a Tradesman, that "he was apparently in good health and spirits while he was remonstrating with his wife for having returned home in a state of intoxication."

THE GREAT DEVONSHIRE MYSTERY.

SOME Thing—we purposely use a guarded expression—has been walking, at night, in the snow, somewhere in Devonshire. It seems to have had but one leg, and, after proceeding up to a door, to have disappeared, as there are no backward traces. The marks this Thing has made are very mysterious, and have caused both trouble and terror. Nobody can say with certainty what the Thing is. Great numbers of guesses have been made, and numerous letters written upon the subject, and various drawings of the marks have been sent up to London by intelligent Devonians. Each correspondent who sends a facsimile of the marks, sends one utterly unlike that forwarded by anybody else, which naturally increases the mystery.

The humbler class in the neighbourhood, finding that the traces were not those of any animal with which they were acquainted, boldly reasoned in CUVIER fashion, and assumed that because the marks were those of some kind of hoof, they had been made by that curious compound of the graminivorous and the biped, into which mediæval imagination pictured the elder NICHOLAS. In a word—an ugly one—the marks were supposed to have been made by the Devil. His particular object in walking through the snow on one leg, when he might have travelled more pleasantly, or in going up to a certain door—and neither entering the house (unless through the keyhole) nor returning, is hitherto unexplained.

But this belief appears to have scandalised an excellent clergyman, who had no idea of allowing it to be supposed that in his parish that Party walked about, so he told his people that the Thing must have been a Kangaroo, a guess almost as bold as their own. Mr. MITCHELL, of the Zoological Gardens, has, with his usual benevolence, proffered to show a Kangaroo to the worthy pastor, without expense, the first time he comes to London. The reverend gentleman will be respectfully requested to observe the tail and its use, and to ask himself where the Thing could have put that article, unless it tucked it under its arm, as the other Party did his tail, in a certain poem.

Another person considers that the Thing was a Badger, from which announcement we are happy to think that this oracle never drew a badger; or, as we are less happy to surmise, never saw one that had been drawn in a picture. The marks, as described, were made by a uniped. Without unduly obtruding his superior general information, Mr. Punch respectfully observes that a badger has four legs.

A gentleman of Sudbury thinks the Thing in Devonshire was a Rat, because rats run about his brother's garden in Suffolk, and eat his potatoes. Possibly we misapprehend, and therefore under-estimate, the weight of this argument, but it has not yet convinced us. If it should do so before we go to press, we will mention the fact on the outside of *Punch*.

Mr. JAMES ALLIES, of Cheltenham, conceives the Thing to have been a Bird, probably a Wader, from the sea. Waders have two legs, and seldom pay calls at private houses; but if we dispose of these difficulties, Mr. ALLIES's suggestion shows an ingenuity unusual in people who write to newspapers. His solution explains the absence of returning traces, as the bird, after ascertaining what it wanted to know, may have flown away. But then, unluckily, so may the Party first alluded to.

It is distinctly stated by nearly all the correspondents that the hoof is not that of a Donkey. Their instantly thinking of this should not be considered egotistic. It shows practical sense, the readiest means of comparison and verification being at once adopted. We incline to believe that it was not a Donkey, especially as we think that LORD MALMESBURY did not spend his holidays in that part of the country.

Mr. FORSYTH, of Torquay, rejects somebody else's idea that it was a Green Plover; but thinks it was a creature very nearly resembling the latter, namely, a Toad. He considers that the marks were not foot-marks, but were made by the jumps of the reptile. This is a sad descent from the first grand guess, though both may be right, as we know who sat "squat like a toad" at the ear of Eve. But we cannot regard it as conclusive, and at present the world is uncertain whether the mysterious Thing of Devonshire were Demon, Kangaroo, Badger, Toad, Rat, Wader, Donkey or MALMESBURY. Henceforth, must evidently be abolished the old saying, "As Plain as Print," and we cannot help adding that most of those who have written upon the subject seem to have studied their zoology out of THORNDIKE HOOK's author—BUTTOON, the Great French Natural.

Bleeding at Oxford.

AN Oxford butcher was fined at Clerkenwell for bleeding certain lambs. The simple man was much surprised—was very visibly affected by the sentence. He said, "they always bled lambs at Oxford." We believe, too, that at that delicious resort of the wise, the gentle, and the good, Oxford tradesmen are apt to bleed other animals—calves and geese, and that much-suffering, mysterious animal, who, the more he is bled, the more he bleeds, namely, the "governor."

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE LONG FROST.



FORTUNATELY FOR TOM NODDY, HOWEVER, THE MARE SWERVES AT THE HURDLES, AND WITH THE EXCEPTION OF DROPPING HIS WHIP AGAIN, HE MEETS WITH NO GREAT INCONVENIENCE;



BUT COMING TO THE FIRST FENCE, THE PLAYFUL CREATURE GOES AT IT LIKE A SHOT OUT OF A GUN;



AND T. N. FINDS THAT THERE IS STILL A GOOD DEAL OF SNOW IN SOME OF THE DITCHES.

CONSPIRACY! POLICE!

MR. PUNCH—as a lover of order, and obedient subject; following all orders of Privy Council, even if they took him to Whitebait at QUARTERMAIN'S, or Johannisberg at the Star and Garter—Mr. Punch, then, gives notice to the authorities at Scotland Yard of a conspiracy on the part of certain disaffected persons who propose on the Fast Day (the plot was hatched out of pewter after sundry sittings at the Fiddle-de-dee and Bag Pipes)—to proceed to the house of the EARL OF ABERDEEN; and there and then, at a certain time, and on a certain signal, to eat—

each man not less than three sandwiches, and to empty not less than three tumblers—in due observance of the day. The more ultra of the conspirators will, it is said, consume sandwiches from bear hams. We give this intelligence that the noble Earl may take the readiest and most efficient way of dispersing the rioters, by having a sufficient dinner laid for them inside. In token of the noble Earl's pious observance of the day on his own account, he might, perhaps, be allowed to wait at table. (Court-dress and Garter not necessary.)

TROOPS FED BY FANCY.



HERE is a fine suggestion for the benefit of the Army in the subjoined extract from a recent article in the *Morning Chronicle* :—

"And again, where shall we find elsewhere our admirable regimental organization, and the traditional spirit that inspires every regiment with the firm conviction of its superiority over every other regiment in the service, and in the world."

Of course, every regiment in the service except one, must necessarily, at this rate, be inspired by traditional spirit with a great mistake. Every British regiment cannot be superior to every other regiment in the service, although it may be superior to every other in the rest of the world; and an anonymous military poet may have truly sung that of all gallant heroes, whether ancient or modern, there are none comparable (with a right-fol-de-riddle-iddle-ol) to the British Grenadier. But traditional spirit, as the *Morning Chronicle* knows, will inspire a firm conviction of many things, which common sense shows to be impossible—and which are therefore, as the profound old Father said, to be believed. It is this faith, so fervent in the British soldier, which we propose to utilize economically. Men who are so prone as our soldiers to take fancies for facts, would be susceptible of the influence of what is termed electro-biology; under which water is believed to be brandy, and chalk passes for cheese. The subject has merely to stare at a fixed point until his mind assumes the impressive state. The fixed point might be the end of the soldier's nose, on which he might be drilled to concentrate his attention at the serjeant's word of command. In a very short time he would fall into the required condition; when, at the mere bidding of the non-commissioned officer, he would enjoy salt pork rations as buck venison, and accept green coffee berries with enthusiasm for superior Mocha, ground and roasted.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 16, Friday. The Lords discussed the clumsiness of the mode in which horses are supplied to the army in the East, and the official defence was in clumsy keeping.

The Commons listened to SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, who begged that even in a time of war, a few hours might be spared—especially by those who could not be of the slightest use in minding military business—to consider the wants of the people in regard to Education. He introduced a very mild measure for the promotion of education, and was complimented on all sides for his pains; certain sectarians, who prefer that children should not be taught at all, to their owing their teaching and reclamation from vice to the slightest departure from the "voluntary" principle, alone objecting to his proposal. These voluntaries advocate a liberty resembling the celebrated Irish reciprocity, which was "all on one side." It is to be optional with an ignorant, negligent, or profligate parent, whether he will or will not have his children trained to honesty and industry; but it is not optional with society whether it shall or shall not be exposed to injury from those children when they grow up idle and criminal, because education has been withheld. Society will have to settle this little matter with parents, one of these days.

Monday. LORD LUCAN again, who manifested reluctance to accept his title of LORD UNLUCKY'S, considering himself a great general. The public is a little tired of these disputes about RAGLAN, CARDIGAN, LUCAN, NOLAN, et omne quod erit in An.

A great night for the Commons of England. THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER brought forward his new plan for arranging the Newspaper Stamp question. In the course of his speech the Right Honourable Gentleman, rising with an enthusiasm worthy of the occasion, announced to a breathless audience that he had taken counsel of "a personage well known to every member of the house, he meant Mr. Punch." The House sprang to its feet, and a burst of plaudits followed, which might have been heard at Temple Bar. PALMERSTON, unable to control his emotion, threw himself upon JAMES WILSON, smashing his hat, and sobbing loudly. DISRAELI's agitation prevented his doing more than waving his hand convulsively, and occasionally giving PAKINGTON a backhander, not for the first time. SIBTHORP danced about the house in an honourable and gallant ecstasy, and the Brigade broke forth into shrieks of delight, frantically adoring all creation to come and tread upon the tail of their coats. ROEBUCK smiled almost graciously, GRAHAM put his hat before his face, and BRIGHT fainted away. The strangers clapped their hands, the officials forgot to take them into custody, and even the stern Reporters were moved to remark, "Humph—some sense in that."

When the sensation had cooled down, the CHANCELLOR, addressing the still agitated House, repeated that he had sought an interview with Mr. Punch, "not with the view of inquiring how he managed his interesting periodical"—that was not a question even for a CHANCELLOR to ask, but "to ascertain Mr. Punch's ideas as to the stamping question. On this question Mr. Punch was admirably qualified to speak, as his impression amounted to upwards of 50,000 copies weekly (the Right Honourable Gentleman is reported to have said 40,000, but there is no reason to suppose that he understated the fact) a comparatively small portion of which impression was stamped for the country, while another portion was not."

The general recognition by the House of Mr. Punch's authority, rendered it unnecessary for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to indulge in the further eulogies with which he was prepared, and he proceeded to unfold his plan, which, in so far as it is based upon anything Mr. Punch had recommended, is of course admirable. But the necessity of legislation at all upon the question, and the expediency of legislation at the present moment, will form the subject of a future discussion.

Tuesday. LORD LYNDBURST, roused into animation at learning that his friend Mr. Punch had condescended to give counsel at this crisis, rose in the Lords, and delivered a most lucid, logical, and crushing address upon the mean, shuffling, cowardly conduct of KING CHICQUOT of Prussia. He embodied all Mr. Punch's invectives,—only omitting, mercilessly, the one excuse which the latter finds, under a cork, for "FRITZ"—and, in short, placed on record an Act of Accusation which will be the defence of the people of Prussia when they hint to CHICQUOT that MIVART's is a very comfortable hotel for abdicating sovereigns. LORD CLARENDON, too, on the part of Government, admitted, verbally, that there was much of truth in what LORD LYNDBURST had said, and this, from a high officer of the Crown, meant that it was all true. So CHICQUOT's people know what VICTORIA and her people think of KING FRITZ.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON significantly said that this was not a time to talk about Poland, but that Austria knew the opinion of England as well as she did herself.

A motion for opening certain instructive national exhibitions on the Sunday, was brought on by SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY. The House rejected the motion, by a majority so large as to remove the question far away from any field of sectarian or conventional battle, and to place it in a more hopeful condition than it ever before held. The numbers were 235 to 48, giving the enormous majority of 187 against Parliamentary interference. A more distinct intimation by Parliament of its approval of the course advocated by Mr. Punch, and the real protectors of the Sunday, could hardly have been given. Parliament will not lend to Mammon—ever eager to rush in—the aid of one single legislative relaxation of the laws which warn him off the day of rest, but apprises those who have already done much to make that day one of rational, healthful recreation, that the rest is in their own hands.

Wednesday. The Lords and Commons went to church to hear the BISHOP OF SALISBURY and MR. HENRY MELVILLE preach. The former intimated that the chances of a favourable result to the war would be improved by our subscribing to erect a Protestant church at Constantinople, and the latter was very eloquent upon the sins of the people. Then the noblemen and gentlemen went away, and in due time had their dinners. As, however, they had ordered a Fast for the outsiders, a great many thousand persons went neither to church nor to dinner that day.

Thursday. Nothing of consequence in the Lords, except that it was promised that a bill on the law of Partnership should be introduced too late to be passed this session.

The Commons showed that they had profited by Mr. MELVILLE's sermon. To night no angry speeches were delivered, no spiteful questions were asked, no evasive answers were given. The Government attempted neither job nor humbug; the Opposition tried neither misrepresentation nor faction. Not a single falsehood was uttered, no

speaker suppressed a truth, or made an uncandid statement. There was no talking for talking's sake, or to be reported to a constituency, and no member forfeited one pledge he had given on the hustings. In fact, there was No House.

Friday. In the Lords, and "elsewhere," the Government informed the country that we are to have the aid of 15,000 Sardinian soldiers, for one year, at the price of one million of money. LORD BROUGHAM proposed certain measures for the improvement of the administration of justice, (as more frequent assizes, and the appointment of public prosecutors); but, of course, the LORD CHANCELLOR declared that such measures would be objectionable.

In the Commons, it was explained, that the wretched tools furnished for work in the Crimea, were chiefly supplied by the Colonels. They used to supply clothes, but now have gone from the Tailors to Tooley Street.

Those eminent opponents, LORD PALMERSTON, and MR. DISRAELI then proposed and seconded a vote of thanks to MR. MELVILLE for the sermon that had done them so much good. LORD PALMERSTON said that it had quite opened his eyes to real orthodoxy, and MR. DISRAELI said that he hoped never to make a spiteful speech again.

The LORD ADVOCATE introduced a bill for promoting Education in Scotland, but Mr. Punch will be much surprised if the Scotch clergy permit "any interlopers." LORD PALMERSTON regretted that there were so many seats in Scotland, and hoped that the rising generation would not perpetuate them, for which highly offensive expression his Lordship was, no doubt, made singularly disrespectful mention of, in a hundred of the pulpits of the North, on Sunday last.

MR. LINDSAY then made a tremendous attack upon our mode of conducting the war, and stated that out of the Eight Millions and a Half demanded on the Ordnance Estimates, Two Millions had been wasted, through delay, official incapacity, and routine. Government, of course, answered as per rule—the officials were very worthy men; everything was done for the best; and even BOXER, the Bully Admiral, was praised. After that, of course, Mr. Punch supposes that he need not say any more.



Dr. Andrew Smith as he Appeared when Requested to Spend Money.

RATHER AN UNLUCKY HIT.

Is the report of the exercise of the Militia somewhere in the suburbs we read that in firing their muskets "the excellence of their practice struck every one present." We are glad that we were not present to be struck, as it seems everybody was, by the firing of the Militiamen. We hope that some Member of Parliament will move for a return of the killed and wounded of the bystanders on that occasion—though it will be necessary to get a list of all who attended, for as "every body present" was "struck," the casualties must include the whole of the lookers on who happened to be on the ground while the Militia were practising. It is all very well to know that these Volunteers are dead shots, but it would be more satisfactory to feel that the fact had been proved at the expense of the enemy, instead of being shown at the cost of a crowd of gazers formed of our own countrymen.

"UNDER CONSIDERATION."

A Tragi-Comedy in Three Acts.

ACT II.—"PERMANENT AND PARLIAMENTARY."

SCENE.—The PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY'S Room in the Waste Paper Department. A lofty, well-proportioned apartment, with book-cases well-filled with the standard books of reference, bearing on the business of the Office. A couple of oak wappans, laden with files of papers, Parliamentary returns, blue books, notes, motions, and orders of the day, a standing desk with more papers and returns. A writing table, crowned by a double nest of pigeon-holes, crammed with papers, and almost covered with baskets of papers tied in bundles, and carefully stamped, numbered, and winstoned on the back. Through the wall over the table protrude the ivory mouth-pieces of various speaking tubes communicating with different rooms in the office.

The PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY is standing at the desk, hard at work on a half-finished draft-despatch.

Enter MESSENGER with card.

Messenger. The HON. JARREZ BLUDYER, Sir, and MR. MACTEAR, with a memorial from St. Kitts.

Perm. Assist. Sec. (looking up angrily.) BLUDYER? St. Kitts? I don't remember having made any appointment.

Messenger (referring to the enamelled slate which hangs on the wall). There's none on your slate, Sir, and they didn't say.

Perm. Assist. Sec. Tell them it's impossible I can see them to-day, and ask them to get an appointment fixed in writing. (Exit MESSENGER.) Confound those colonial grievance-mongers. They seem to think one has nothing to do but listen to their long-winded stories; and I've this draft to finish for to-night's post.

(A shrill whistle heard from one of the speaking-tubes.)

Perm. Assist. Sec. (shouting up the tube from which the whistle has proceeded). Yes?

Voice (from tube). Do you know anything about the case of JOHN STAGGERS?

Perm. Assist. Sec. (up the tube). Yes—I've the papers—here.

Voice (from the tube). Will you send them up. He's got an appointment for twelve, and I want to run my eye over the facts before seeing him.

Perm. Assist. Sec. (chuckling). Do you? (Up the tube.) There are three baskets full.

Voice (from tube). The Deuce there are!

Perm. Assist. Sec. (up tube). Shall I send up my abstract of the case?

Voice (from tube). I wish you would.

(PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY rings, and looks up papers.)

Enter MESSENGER.

Perm. Assist. Sec. Take this up to LORD EMBINGTON.

(Gives single sheet of foolscap. Exit MESSENGER.)

Perm. Assist. Sec. (going back to his desk). I shall never have this draft finished in time. If it don't go to-night we shall be thrown over till next month's mail, and there will be a precious row in the House of Assembly.

(Resumes his writing and has just got thoroughly absorbed in it, when

Enter PARLIAMENTARY ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. How do FAGGEE? (yawns.) Well—those educational beggars kept us at it till two this morning. Devilish good speech that of BRIGHT's. What a pity that fellow has pinned himself to those peace-mongers. Gad! what a slashing leader of the movement-men he'd make. I say—he was down on our Office—too—pretty smartly, about some want of attention to some deputation or other. Didn't you see it in the Times?

Perm. Assist. Sec. How the deuce am I to find time to read the newspapers?

(Fidgeting at the desk.)

Parliam. Assist. Sec. (poking the fire). Eh! I suppose you're kept close at it? By the bye, there was that troublesome ass, PROBYN, asking a question about us—as usual. I told him to give notice. You'll find it in the notice-paper. It stands for to-night. You must give me the facts.

(PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY leaving his draft with a sigh, gets the Parliamentary notice-paper for the day, and gives it to PARLIAMENTARY ASSISTANT SECRETARY.)

Parliam. Assist. Sec. Here it is (reads)—"Mr. PROBYN to ask the Under-Secretary for the Waste-paper Department, whether an appointment to a clerkship in that Office has recently been made of a person previously declared incompetent in another Department, and if so, to inquire by whose representation and at whose instance the appointment was made." Did you ever hear anything so infernally impudent? By Jove, now they've got that committee of ROEBUCK's, the House thinks

it may inquire into anything. It's enough to disgust one with the Public Service. Do you know what the fellow refers to? He's got hold of some cock-and-bull story, I suppose—eh?

Perm. Assist. Sec. No—its true enough. It's young FANTAIL, LADY CROFFER's nephew—you know. He had a probationary clerkship in the Bottle and Jug Department, but they couldn't make anything of him, and got rid of him somehow. And now they've berthed him here.

Parliam. Assistant. Sec. Oh yes—I remember old GENERAL POUTER blew up about it one day in the lobby—and threatened all sorts of things—if his nephew was'n't done justice to. I suppose he frightened the whips; and so we've got young FANTAIL. Well—what am I to say to PROBYN? Infernally troublesome fellow. I wonder what business it is of his?

Perm. Assist. Sec. H'm. Of course you can't deny the fact.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. No—but I suppose it doesn't follow that because young FANTAIL was incompetent for one office, he was incompetent for all. I can talk about the cruelty of blasting a young man's prospects at the threshold of his career—and so on. And then I'll pitch it in about old FANTAIL's services.—He was something somewhere, once—wasn't he? At all events, POUTER's the lad's uncle, and I can talk about him—and then I'll pitch into the Civil Service blue-book, and get a laugh out of that Oxford man,—what's his name? JOWETT's notion of the clerks in the public offices being examined in Latin and Greek, and Algebra—and their moral requirements. Oh yes, I can ride off capitolly on the blue-book if it comes to the worst—old POUTER will make a whip for us! By the bye, if you can give me a couple of hours or so, this afternoon, I want you to put me up to the facts for HADDOCK's motion about Newfoundland. Hang me if I've any association with the place, but fogs and cod fish. Come up into my room, there's a good fellow, and we'll go into it.

Perm. Assist. Sec. Eh—I've a dispatch here, to settle for to night's mail.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. Oh! never mind that—It'll keep till next month. The motion comes on to-morrow night, and I shall only just have time to cram for it—as it is.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. Mr. SKIMMINGTON, Sir.

Perm. Assist. Sec. Confound Mr. SKIMMINGTON—Say I'm particularly enraged.

Messenger. He brought a note for LORD EASINGTON, Sir.

Voice (down tube). See SKIMMINGTON, and be very civil to him.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. SKIMMINGTON—by Jove—its SORT's brother. You remember SORT SKIMMY, at Eton, FAGGE? He's in for Swilbury. He sits below the gangway, with those conceited young fellows on the front bench—LAYARD's lot, you know—and we want to soap him over.

Perm. Assist. Sec. But this brother of his, he's a regular bad bargain; his friends are going to ship him off to the Cape. They want a district magistracy for him,—he's a most unfit person for it.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. Well, but we must have SKIMMY, for love or money: so do be civil to his brother. Has he got any testimonials?

Perm. Assist. Sec. Oh, of course he has,—they all have. You don't suppose we go by testimonials! (*Rings. Enter MESSENGER.*) Ask in the Clerks' room for Mr. SKIMMINGTON's papers. They should be with the gentleman who registers the testimonials. (*Exit MESSENGER.*)

Perm. Assist. Sec. Seen that pamphlet of GREG's?

Parliam. Assist. Sec. Oh, you mean "The One Thing Needful,"—yes. It's smartly written enough, and there's some truth in it; but there's a fundamental blunder. His "One Thing Needful" is a well-organised Civil Service: *Our* "One Thing Needful" is Parliamentary Influence. These theoretical writers will never remember that Government in this constitutional country must have votes, and that votes must be paid for.

Enter SKIMMINGTON, JUN., a young gentleman of decidedly "raffish" exterior.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. (with great politeness). Pray sit down Mr. SKIMMINGTON—I think we were at Eton together—or, no—it must have been your elder brother.—Well—we've had your papers under consideration—capital papers—in short, I don't remember to have seen a better list of testimonials altogether. (*PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY nudges him*) Eh? (*Aside*) What is it?

Perm. Assist. Sec. (aside). Mind what you're at.—Don't commit yourself till we've seen 'em. Remember the STONOR case.

SKIMMINGTON. Well—I don't know—Yes—I think they were a tidyish lot.

Re-enter MESSENGER.

Messenger (aside to PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY). Please, Sir, the gentleman as has charge of the testimonials is gone out, Sir, and he didn't say when he'd be back, and he's took the key of his drawers with him, Sir, and they can't get at the book, Sir.

Perm. Assist. Sec. Gone out—which of the gentlemen is it?

Messenger. Mr. FANTAIL, Sir.

Perm. Assist. Sec. (aside to PARLIAMENTARY ASSISTANT SECRETARY). There—that young FANTAIL again—he's off with the key of his drawer.

We can't get at SKIMMINGTON's testimonials, and really I don't remember anything about them. Tell him they're under consideration.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. I had hoped to be able to announce to you that your affair was all settled, Mr. SKIMMINGTON: but we're obliged to be very particular now-a-days. However, you'll be glad to know your testimonials are under consideration,—I may add, under favourable consideration. Remember me most kindly to your brother. Say it gives me great pleasure at all times to oblige an old Eton chum, will you? Good morning. Call,—let me see,—call any day next week.

Perm. Assist. Sec. (to MESSENGER). Will you say I shall be glad to see Mr. FANTAIL when he returns?

SKIMMINGTON (brightening up). What! CHARLEY FANTAIL. Oh, he won't be back to-day. He and I have an appointment at two—at JIMMY SHAW'S. There are some rattling sports to come off, and CHARLEY'S backed his brown bitch "Jossy" against my "Crib." But I shall see him there,—and if it's any message I could take—

Parliam. Assist. Sec. No, thank you; it's of no consequence—good morning. (*SKIMMINGTON bows and exits.*)

Perm. Assist. Sec. (ironically). A nice youth that for a district magistrate.

Parliam. Assist. Sec. (carelessly). Oh! he'll do for the Zooloons. Besides, we must have "SOFTY" off that bench below the gangway. Now, then, come to my room, that's a good fellow—about that Newfoundland motion.

(*Exit.*)
[PERMANENT ASSISTANT SECRETARY glances at his half-finished draft—sighs—and follows his Parliamentary associate.]



FANCY PORTRAIT.

MR. COMMISSARY-GENERAL FILDER.

HUMOURS OF THE MARKETS.

IN a somewhat lively article on the state of trade in America, we read that "Scotch pig continued dull." This remark occurs in a passage relative to iron; but to us it seems to smack of irony, at the expense of Scotland. We must confess that we never noticed in the Scotch Pig any more dullness than we have seen in the English Hog, or in the Sow of the South-West of Ireland. The same article tells us that "Provisions were without change;" a state of things we do not quite understand; and we suppose, therefore, that the purchasers were without change to pay for them. Returning to our mutton, or rather to our pork, we find that not only was "Scotch pig dull," but "other descriptions were quiet." This is so far satisfactory; for any kind of pig when otherwise than quiet is excessively disagreeable. We have alluded to this matter chiefly for the purpose of protesting against the vagueness of terms employed in speaking of commercial affairs in the newspapers. Dull pigs, firm cotton, lively flour, and strandy rum, are articles we confess ourselves unable to conceive with that exactitude which should belong to all commercial details.



EDUCATION IN THE MINING DISTRICTS.

Jemoimer. "BIST THOU A GOIN TO SKULE, ELOYZA?"

Eloyza. "NOT HI, JEMOIMER. THEY GID US TEA AND BUNS LAST WEEK, AND WE SHA' HAN NO MOORE TILL CUM CRIMUS; SO MUTHER SAYS AS HOW IT AIN'T NO USE."

THE LORD CHANCELLOR IN DANGER.

THE other day, as the LORD CHANCELLOR was delivering a judgment in the House of Lords, a terrific noise was heard on the roof, and his Lordship bobbed down his head with instinctive alarm, while the other Peers who were present, either rushed to the door or crouched beneath the benches for safety and for succour. An inquiry was instantly set on foot, and it was ascertained that a tremendous block had been permitted to fall on the roof through some error in the principle of what may be called *STONE'S CONSEQUENCING*. His Lordship had been carefully going through a case, and dividing the heads, when his own head was nearly divided by a rocky mass, which illustrated the law of descent in a most effective manner. The Chancellor had just alluded to the custom of taking *per capita* when a crash was heard in the roof that induced several of their Lordships to take to their heels, leaving the Chancellor almost alone as a kind of "remainder man."

It is to be hoped that precautions will be taken to avoid in future these sudden alarms, which are conducive to neither the comfort nor the dignity of justice. We must entreat the masons employed about the House of Lords to be careful in preventing dry rubbish from being shot into the midst of a quantity of law, which is generally obscured enough by the dust of antiquity without any more dust being thrown into the eyes of the parties by such a casualty as that to which we have alluded.

A YANKEE ATTEMPT TO "CLAW" PUNCH.

LAST week arrived at Mr. Punch's office a neat, square, deal-box of American growth, brought to the Britishers by steam-packet. In this box was a lobster's claw, that—in the sublime imagination of the munificent donor—showed a resemblance to Mr. Punch. "By the advice of friends" the Boston owner of the claw transmitted the wonder to London, that it might be seen of Punch how his illustrious fame "not only covered the earth, but the vasty deep." This was really very touching homage from Boston to Fleet Street.

By the same packet arrived the Boston papers; wherein is duly advertised the capture of the lobster, and the determination of Mr. ——— "whose *Medusa Fluid* and *Galvanic Hair Dye* are meeting with a great sale in England," to present to Mr. Punch the claw aforesaid. This is smart—very.

THE RETURN OF THE COURIER.

ABOUT the end of last year we were startled by an Advertisement of a certain Resilient Boddice, quoting an opinion in its favour from the *Courier* newspaper. As the only newspaper of that name with which we were acquainted was that *Courier* in the Strand, which had long ago departed this life, and been buried in the bowels of the *Globe*, we expressed some curiosity as to the restless shade of an Editor of what we supposed was the defunct journal we were once acquainted with. To our astonishment we have lately learned the fact, that there is still a *Courier* newspaper, which is also a Church Reform Gazette, and Theocratic Review, or at least at the date of our comments such a paper was, and may be still, in existence.

It says something for the state of the Religious World, that the Editor of a Religious Periodical can so far unbend his mind as to offer critical opinions on "Resilient Boddices." The subject seems to be a good way off from Theological Controversy, but as we have sometimes heard of the Church Military, we do not see why the Church Millinery should not have its representatives.

HIBERNIAN HUMILIATION.

THE Electric Telegraph, on the evening of the Fast Day, transmitted from Dublin the following item of intelligence:—

"HUMILIATION DAY."

"The day was observed very strictly here, nearly all the shops were closed, and business of every kind suspended; it was, in fact, a complete holiday."

The evening observance of this holyday of humiliation at Dublin we presume to have been a public display of fireworks.

Mr. Punch has looked very closely at the claw; which, upon inspection, shows that the Woolly Fluid and Telegraphic Hair Dye are alarming failures. There can be no doubt that both Fluid and Dye have been tried by our smart friend upon the boiled lobster claw to turn it from the dead scarlet to the living black. But the experiment is an alarming failure, quite as great as the smart attempt of our magnificent Boston friend to puff his "Pythones Fluid and Meteoric Hair Dye" to a credulous generation by means of unsuspecting Punch. Therefore, Mr. Punch begs to return the lobster claw in a way most suitable to his own feelings.



Nelson Vindicated.

AMONG the numerous popular errors that descend from generation to generation is the absurd notion that NELSON was always sea-sick in a Naval engagement. We take leave to deny the preposterous supposition, for we defy any body suffering from sickness at sea to give an order for anything—except perhaps a glass of brandy and water—which he might accomplish by a convulsive effort. If NELSON had really been sea-sick at the Battle of Trafalgar, his celebrated speech delivered just before going into action would have come down to posterity in the following form:—"England (here! Steward!) expects (a basin!) that every man (Steward, I say!) this day will do (Steward!) his duty (basin!)"



THE CONFERENCE.

King Cliquot. "I SHAY OLE FELLOW—LET'SCH IN—I WONT MAKE A ROW, AND I'LL SHSTAND
LOTS O'CHAMPAGNE."

GENERAL FAST AND GENERAL SLOW.

THE Government in earnest to war resolved to go;
So they appointed GENERAL FAST in aid of GENERAL SLOW;
And sure success and victory will crown our arms at last;
SINCE GENERAL SLOW will quickened be by dashing GENERAL FAST.

We soon shall make some progress in tanning Russian hides,
Now GENERAL FAST in joint command with GENERAL SLOW presides.
We're safe both OSTEN-SACKEN and GORTSCHAKOFF to beat;
As they've not only GENERAL SLOW, but GENERAL FAST to meet.

With GENERAL SLOW our forces had got into a scrape,
Because the gallant officer could not untie red tape;
Hence want of food and clothing, of fuel and of hut;
But GENERAL FAST will draw the sword, and that red tape-knot cut.

You know not half the wonders that GENERAL FAST will do,
Of every British rifle he'll make the ball fly true;
Beside imparting common sense to martinets and fools,
And making useful implements of good-for-nothing tools.

At fighting GENERAL SLOW is acknowledged unsurpassed;
But yet the battle's better half must be fought by GENERAL FAST;
He'll make the batteries crumble which bombs alone cannot;
He'll give our shells an impetus, a lift unto our shot.

Unto our Congreve rockets precision he'll impart,
Direct the Briton's bayonet to pierce the Russian's heart;
And then our camp he'll purify from nastiness and stench,
And teach our soldiers how to cook and manage like the French.

And GENERAL FAST will do away with pedantry and form,
Which let our gallant soldiers freeze, with means to keep them warm;
He'll have the porter drawn and drunk to quench our heroes' thirst,
The wounded see attended to, and get the sick men nursed.

But GENERAL FAST to GENERAL SLOW in this our time of need,
Will render his assistance by being fast indeed;
There's more for GENERAL FAST to do for GENERAL SLOW than kneel,
He must arise and stoutly put his shoulder to the wheel.

THE SUNDAY OF THE FUTURE.

THE Sabbatarians have triumphed gloriously in the House of Commons. By a majority of 235 to 48 on SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY'S motion, the House decided that the inspection of pictures and statues, and objects of natural history, in the National Gallery and the British Museum, shall be on Sunday a forbidden thing.

The House of Commons has thus asserted a great principle; for the practical acknowledgment of which, we are happy to announce, its majority on the motion of SIR JOSHUA will not shrink.

The public will hardly be surprised to learn what we are about to state. On the contrary, it would, doubtless, be much disappointed at not receiving that information. The members of the majority against SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY'S motion have unanimously agreed to exemplify their faith by their conduct, in debarring themselves of those gratifications which they think it their duty to deny others on a Sunday. The Sabbatarian representatives will really represent the people, excluded, by their votes, from the British Museum and National Gallery. Accordingly, they have mutually pledged themselves to observe the Sabbath, by turning every picture which adorns the walls of their own private rooms to those walls, or by covering it up with calico or brown-holland. All statues also, adorning their mansions or their grounds, will be carefully veiled on the same sacred day; and any stuffed animals or birds—even birds of Paradise—will be likewise put out of sight. Not exactly on that sacred day—we were wrong in saying so—on the preceding night before twelve o'clock.

It is quite clear that there is a good time coming—and very soon too. None now but respectable householders can get a draught of beer on a Sunday at the times when they are most likely to want it. This pleasing restriction of individual liberty was enacted last session. Parliament now refuses the public access to the works of art and nature on a Sunday: next we may expect that it will refuse that public all access to beer, except beer in private cellars; and conscientious Members will of course set the example of locking their own cellars, giving the key to the clergyman, and going without wine on that day. Kew Gardens will then be closed, and, of course, Hyde Park; for if to gaze on productions of genius be sinful, how much more sinful to stare at vanities, emblazoned chariots, superb horsemen, fine ladies, and finer flunkies, on the day of sanctity! Finally, at the termination of the war, when the question arises what to do with the army, which by that time will, perhaps, have been organised, that question will be settled by employing the army to invest our principal towns every

Sunday, and maintain them in a state of siege, so that the inhabitants shall be penned up within their walls, prevented, utterly, from sallying forth in the profane quest of fresh air, and reduced to the necessity of either going to sleep or going to church—or of doing both.

Shortly after Easter, when the Sabbatarian majority of the House of Commons shall have set the example of covering up their own pictures and sculptures on Sunday, a resolution will be proposed for enveloping King Charles's statue at Charing Cross, that of the Great Duke, and the little Dukes, and all other public statues, with tarpaulins, from Saturday at midnight, to one second past twelve on the night of Sunday.

In the meantime, constituencies should watch the conduct of the Sabbatarian Members. If one of the 235 Saints who opposed the resolution of SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY has his boots cleaned on Sunday, or takes a drive, or eats a warm dinner, unless by medical order, he is a humbug and a hypocrite, and unworthy of the suffrages of free and independent electors.

A NICE MAN FOR A NICE PLACE.

NEWSPAPERS often contain curious advertisements for a situation. Here is one copied from the *Morning Post*—

MATRIMONY.—A Gentleman 34 years of age, highly connected, amiable disposed, prepossessing appearance, occupying a high social position, who, from his retired style of living, has not an opportunity of selecting a suitable partner, Wants so Meet with a Young Lady of equal rank, elegant manners, and agreeable person, under 26 years of age, with £1,000 a-year in her own right, or £20,000. Should any gentleman possess sense enough to discern the hollow system of fashionable life in the choice of a husband, also may object, what is often difficult to find, an honourable, warm-hearted and affectionate one, whose rank, character, and independence, are all that is desirable. The strictest honour may be relied on.—Address "TO PELHAM."

The situation wanted by Mr. "PELHAM" is of a domestic nature: still it is not a low, menial one, but one which would be pronounced, by persons inattentive to WALKER, high-menial. A hymeneal situation is that which "PELHAM" advertises for, at £1000 a-year, board wages. We should like to see "PELHAM,"—not only in order to know what that appearance is which its own proprietor describes as prepossessing, but also with a view to ascertain what sort of a person is that gentleman, who, although "highly connected," and "occupying a high social position," nevertheless has so limited a connection, and moves so little in society, that he, "from his retired style of living, has not an opportunity of selecting a suitable partner." The difficulty experienced by "PELHAM" in finding a partner suitable to his wishes is probably considerable: youth, beauty, and £20,000, or £1000 a-year, are a description of goods at a high premium in the marriage-market. "PELHAM" does not enter into particulars as to his own pecuniary means, but whatever they may be, it is quite manifest that he is an individual of large expectations. He had better limit them, as far as matrimony is concerned, to a reasonable measure: and be content with going for equal rank, and comfortable circumstances. A widow left in possession of a prosperous public-house, would perhaps be, on his part, the object of hopes which might be regarded as not quite irrational. At the same time we apprehend that "PELHAM" would have reason enough for contentment, should he succeed in obtaining the hand of a middle-aged person, who, possessing sense enough to disregard the hollow system of fashionable life in marrying for a maintenance, supports herself in a condition equal to his own rank by the industrious conduct of a mangle. In either case we would recommend the lady to satisfy herself of the willingness of her suitor to contribute, in the event of marriage, his exertions towards their common maintenance, and to make sure that "PELHAM" would not object to pull at the beer-engine, or turn the other machine.

The King of Prussia's Pledge.

It has been suggested that HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA should take the pledge. But what good would that do? He has broken too many pledges to the Allies to be expected to keep the pledge with the Teetotallers.

A WAG ON WAGNER.

We do not know what HERR WAGNER'S new musical theory may consist of, but we should say that "the Music of the Future" must be composed principally of "Promissory Notes," made payable at two, three, or six months after date.

MUCH OF A MUCHNESS.—It is difficult to say whether it is the worse, a desponding view of war, or a BAIGHT one.

A PHENOMENON.—A Barrister refusing his Fee.

THE SHORTEST ACT ON RECORD.—The Act ordaining the Fast, for it was an Act of no provisions at all.



FRIENDLY, BUT VERY UNPLEASANT.

Lively Party (charging ELDERLY GENTLEMAN with his Umbrella). "HULLO, JONES!"
[Diagnos of ELDERLY PARTY, whose name is SMITH.]

LORD CAMPBELL ON ORNAMENTS.

LITERARY Mgn take a proper pride in LORD CHIEF JUSTICE BARON PLAIN JOHN CAMPBELL, because that aristocrat has risen from the ranks, and though, like *Dogberry*, he hath now two gowns (Peerage-gowns, with two Coronets to match), and everything handsome about him, he was once a Reporter for one of the morning newspapers. The STRATHEDEN Coronet and the CAMPBELL Coronet adorn the family of the shrewd Scotchman who worked his way up, perseveringly, as Scotchmen—(to their credit be it inscribed)—usually do, and the Reporter's Gallery looks down affectionately on an ennobled colleague. But it is to be feared that reciprocal, or at all events discriminating interest, is not taken by LORD CAMPBELL in the order whence he sprung.

In sentencing a Clergyman, who had married a couple at a wrong hour and without license or witness, and had made a false entry in his register-book upon the subject, his Lordship, after dwelling impressively upon the heinousness of the offence, and calling the offender a flagrant violator of the law, and of truth, and a suborner of perjury, showed that law was in earnest, for he doomed the peccant priest to twelve months' imprisonment.

But LORD CAMPBELL is stated in the papers to have added a hope, that after the culprit (who combined literature and teaching with his spiritual duties) should have undergone his sentence, he "might yet become an Ornament to the Literary World."

Deeply grateful that anything so humble as the "Literary World" should be noticed from the Bench of Justice, we would beg, with the utmost humility of respect, that LORD CAMPBELL would let it shift for itself in the matter of "ornaments." His own private taste in that line is, as we have seen, unexceptionable, witness the two Coronets that adorn his house. But he does not choose quite so well for his friends as for himself. We do not wish to say a harsh word of the offender whose sentence we have mentioned—his offence was grave, and his punishment is crushing, and needs no aggravation. But his Judge's opinion of its enormity is what gives point to his compliment to Literature. He regards a man he sentences as a most wicked

COMFORT FOR BLUECOAT BOYS.

THE *Fast Day's Times* contained a notice of a General Court of the Governors of Christ's Hospital, held on the previous day; when a report was received from the Committee of Almoners with a view to the improvement of the discipline and education of the children in London. Not having been favoured with a perusal of this document, we are unable to say whether or not it recommends any relaxation of the humiliating discipline which prescribes for the unhappy Bluecoat Scholars that unspeakably ridiculous and uncomfortable dress of gaberdine and yellow petticoats, which they wear, and the absurd tea-saucer cap which they cannot wear. Dress of the Founder's period! How would a London Alderman like to march down Cheapside in the costume of the time of EDWARD THE SIXTH?—about as much, perhaps, as to partake of a contemporaneous civic dinner, instead of the banquet which is now customary at Guildhall. If the dress serves to denote that the wearer is a recipient of charity, a simple badge would answer the purpose just as well. Suppose it necessary to stamp him with a mark of degradation, this could be managed without annoyance to his bodily feelings. Nothing more would be requisite than, giving him the usual clothes of youth, to decorate the back, or the bosom, or the sleeve of his jacket with a great B, which would stand either for Bluecoat Boy or Beggar.

NOON DAY TRUISMS.

LOVE, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot, are things, which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

It has been humanely given to Members of Parliament to admire their own speeches, or else they never could speechify so much as they do?

Every Woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instantly.

A Tragedy is often the safety-valve of Insanity.

The man who lends an Umbrella is a real philanthropist—sacrificing himself for the benefit of his species.

The life of a Fool could no more go on without excitement than a Pantomime could without music.

There is a craving in almost every man's breast for a Latch-key.

Every Woman's Mother has been beautiful.

criminal—and hopes he will become an Ornament of the Literary World, whose jewellery, LORD CAMPBELL seems to think, should include "Newgate bracelets."

But we must not be very angry with his Lordship. He has promulgated curious sentiments at times. His celebrated and most pleasant Life of LORD BACON lies before us, and in page 184 we find him treating of a certain weakness of that great Judge's—the habit of taking bribes from those who came before him for justice. "BACON," says LORD CAMPBELL, "sometimes, doubtless, decided against those who bribed him, but this was inevitable, where, as occasionally happened, he had received bribes on both sides, or where the bribing party was flagrantly in the wrong [otherwise than in corrupting the CHANCELLOR], or a common law Judge had been called in to assist, or where, from the long list of bribes, they could not all be borne in recollection at the moment when the decision was to be pronounced."

Passing on to the general summary of BACON's character, LORD CAMPBELL says, in page 226—only forty pages later—

"I find no impeachment of his morals deserving of attention."

Most men are worse than the sentiments they utter. Some men are better. LORD CAMPBELL is one of these latter. His Lordship, or any other of the English Judges, would instantly plunge into the deepest dungeon, and otherwise castigate with the most laudable rigour, any villain who should seek to bias the impartiality of Justice by the tender of the largest, or smallest, or other conceivable bribe-offering. No one will suppose that despite the above passage, his Lordship does not consider a Judge's receipt of a bribe the vilest immorality. It is his indulgent nature that will not remember a man's fault, and so, with all scholarly leisure and judicial authority, he publishes the two paragraphs which we have brought a little—not much—nearer than in his book. And thus, having duly sentenced the evil parson, he proceeds to comfort him with the hope of a brilliant literary destiny. Well, we cannot quarrel with kindness, but we rather wish it had been one of CAMPBELL's Pleasures of Hope to anticipate that the man would in time become a Bishop, and an Ornament to the Episcopal World; or, resigning the clerical for the secular gown, study Law, and become a Judge,

and an Ornament to the Horsehair World; or, opening a new scholastic establishment, become an Ornament to the Schoolmasterly World. Himself, too, a literary man, and a distinguished one, LORD CAMPBELL desires a rival with Newgate antecedents. On the whole, *Punch* appeals from LORD CAMPBELL's good nature to LORD CAMPBELL's good taste.

THE COLLECTION MANIA.



THE success of the sale of the BERNAL Collection of old and middle-aged crockery, has brought into sudden publicity a number of other Collections which we presume will soon be submitted to the hammers of the Auctioneers and the minny-hammers of the Community. We shall soon be hearing of the JONES Collection, the SMITH Collection, and a hundred other collections which the proprietors will be desirous of puffing into notoriety, and perhaps even asking the nation to purchase for the public benefit. Such is the mania for middle-aged crockery that we should not be surprised to find our old friend the Willow Pattern exalted into a "Curiosity," and the familiar cheese-plate of our childhood with its Chinese pagoda, its impracticable bridge and impossible fruit tree, described as a

"Tazza," and knocked down at a fabulous price to some noble simpleton.

We could ourselves get up a very taking Catalogue from the contents of our kitchen dresser and plate-rack, aided by a small selection from our store closet. A choice lot might be formed of a pair of jam-pots of 1846, with the original labels, inscribed respectively, "Strawberry" and "Gooseberry," from the well-known collections of MESSRS. CROSSE AND BLACKWELL. Another lot might consist of our *plateau de pomme de terre*, or old potato dish, with its original cover surmounted with cauliflower knob, and supposed to have been used at the betrothal of WILLIAM OF NASSAU (Street, Soho), to CATHERINE OF BRUNSWICK (Terrace). Some interest might be got up by a little previous puffing for an oval vessel or egg-cup, with rim of plain gold, which might be advertised as the same that was used at one of the public breakfasts at St. Peter's Tea Gardens, Isle of Thanet, in the palmiest days of Margate prosperity.

Our salad bowl might easily have a chivalrous interest hung about it by referring its pattern to the days of SALADIN, and we might anticipate much competition for the possession of our very ugliest mug if we could make the public believe that it had once been in the possession of some famous Collector, who had given for it ten times as much as it was worth, in order to sell it again by auction for a hundred times its value. We can only say, that if the nation will buy our collection of crockery, we will let it go a bargain; and we will wash our hands of the whole lot—down to our soap-dish—for a sum far less than one day of the Sale of the BERNAL Collection has realised.

"MINISTERS GONE—GONE—BUT NOT GOING."

It must be very hard for a Minister to turn out; but it is just as hard that a newly-appointed Minister should have no place where he can "turn in," after having joined the Government. We can make some allowance for adhesiveness to place; but it is rather too bad that, when a public servant is dismissed, he will not pack up at once, and resign the official residence to the proper occupant. We met with no less than two instances of this kind of thing in two consecutive paragraphs of the *Globe* of last Tuesday. In the first place we observe that, "the RIGHT HON. W. GLADSTONE still occupies the official residence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,"—a proceeding which seems to us to be neither Right nor Honourable, when we remember that SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is the individual who now holds the office, and is entitled to occupy the house, instead of being, perhaps, obliged to take a lodging, to be near his work, in Downing Street.

Case number two is that of SIR JAMES GRAHAM, who, we are told by the *Globe*, "still occupies the Admiralty," though, fortunately for the country, he has no business there; and "SIR CHARLES WOOD," it is added, "goes there after Easter." Perhaps "after Easter," such are the sudden changes in Cabinets, SIR CHARLES may have no occasion to go at all; or perhaps SIR JAMES GRAHAM thinks if he can linger a little over his luggage, and get the washerwoman to disappoint him about sending home the linen, he may be in again before he is well out; or he may only have to move a door or two higher up in the direction of Downing Street. We cannot help thinking that SIR JAMES must be very much in the way at the Admiralty just now, where the new Secretary is, or ought to be, very busy, and where it must be very awkward for the new servant to be coming constantly in contact with the old one, who though dismissed is still hanging about the premises. When we discharge a footman we expect him to leave the house, and when we dismiss a First Lord we hope

that he will leave the Admiralty; for though we do not anticipate that the latter would be as mean as the former, who might probably thwart the new footman by upsetting his plate-basket, hiding his table linen, and putting the clock weight into his tea-urn, we should, nevertheless feel more comfortable if the old Minister quitted the official residence on the new one's appointment. We do not suppose that SIR JAMES GRAHAM will induce the occupants of the servants' hall, the Clerks, and the Messengers, to continue the blunders they have been making at the Admiralty, under the stewardship of SIR JAMES himself; but we think delicacy should suggest his putting his few things together, sending for the carrier and a cab, and getting away at once, for it is some time since he threw up his situation.

KING CLICQUOT.

Who rules the kingdom, till of late
Which was a leading German State,
But he has made it second-rate?
KING CLICQUOT.

When NICHOLAS the Tanks attacked,
Who joined the league against that act,
Then out of his engagement backed?
KING CLICQUOT.

Who feigned to hold with the Allies,
But to co-operate denies,
And, underhand, to thwart them tries?
KING CLICQUOT.

Swayed by domestic feelings weak,
His people's good who does not seek,
But plays the traitor and the sneak?
KING CLICQUOT.

By private ties who only bound
Breaks those of honour, like a hound,
And yet his head continues crowned?
KING CLICQUOT.

Who has a crafty project planned,
Denmark and Holland to command,
Meanwhile betraying Fatherland?
KING CLICQUOT.

Who Russia would abet, as base
Accomplice, to enslave his race,
If he but durst the danger face?
KING CLICQUOT.

Who, double-minded, double sees?
Whose conduct with his gait agrees?
Who breaks his nose 'gainst apple-trees?
KING CLICQUOT.

Whose dirty tricks have brought about
His nation to be quite shut out
From Europe's Council? Germans, shout—
KING CLICQUOT.

Who vacillates 'twixt knave and fool?
Who's the CZAR's satrap, pander, tool?
Who is no longer fit to rule?
KING CLICQUOT.

The Belly and the Members.

THE Lower House has generally been called the House of Commons, but if many more Faints are appointed, it will shortly be known as the House of Short Commons—and in time, if we persevere in humiliating ourselves very much, the people may rejoice in having a House of No Commons at all!

TRUE Heroism consists in passing the Bottle when you see that there is but one glass of wine left in it.



A SKETCH,
SHOWING THE DECENT MANNER IN WHICH THE "FORM OF PRAYER" WAS RETAILED
ON THE FAST DAY.

NOTION FOR A NEW TAX.

THERE is too much reason to fear that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is at this moment considering what new tax he shall propose on bringing forward his Budget after Easter. We are happy to have it in our power to offer him a suggestion for making things pleasant in that respect—as far as it is possible to make such things so.

The New Tax which we recommend is a Tax on Livery. Already there is a Tax upon Servants; but this Tax includes Waiters, who are generally dressed like Clergymen, only a great deal better than the majority of Curates. It is the man, merely, that is taxed; the absurdities superinduced upon him are all free, except powder. Now, we say, put a duty on the plush also, and the shoulder-knot, and the cockade: let every master or mistress be assessed for that domestic whose hat, coat, or waistcoat is decorated with lace, or who wears red, blue, yellow, or green breeches. Let the tax be called the Livery and Plush Tax.

Here is a tax which would fall on those who can well afford it: a tax, not on a necessary, nor even a luxury, but on a mere folly and absurdity, which it would not abolish, but if it did, would do an exceedingly good thing.

Promotion by Purchase.

HITHERTO, only such men as were born with silver spoons in their mouths could command this promotion; but for the future, let us hope that the silver test will be done away with, and none will be admitted into the QUEEN'S Service but those who display their *Brilliantia Metal*.

A SEAMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

HAPPILY the class of *Trunions* is not extinct. There yet survives at least one individual of that order of British naval heroes. BOXER still flourishes. Hurrah for BOXER! What a fine old figure-head does ADMIRAL BOXER make in the evidence of MR. A. STAFFORD. The medical authorities wanted a steamer to ply between Scutari and Constantinople. MR. STAFFORD had an interview with BOXER on the subject—subjoined is a portion of his examination in reference thereto:—

"What passed at that interview?—It was a very short one; the result of it was a refusal to grant the steamer. ADMIRAL BOXER would not entertain the idea.

"Can you not describe to the Committee what passed?—Well! ADMIRAL BOXER is a seaman of the Old School, and he did not know my name when he spoke to me.

"The CHAIRMAN. That would not have made any difference in his civility, I hope? (Laughter.)—He was afterwards very civil to me.

"But what did he say?—(Witness was evidently very reluctant to repeat exactly what fell from the 'seaman of the Old School,' and the question was not answered.)

What did ADMIRAL BOXER say? Well—nothing worse—let us hope—than what he said in the presence of a certain clergyman, and for which as the clergyman, the other day, told the committee—he apologised. We may presume that he used nautical expressions—of the Old School. BOXER appears to be rather addicted to this kind of speech, by the examination as thus continued:—

"Did he treat others on similar business in the same way?—Yes.

"Is it not a notorious fact that ADMIRAL BOXER greatly insulted almost everybody who applied to him on a matter of business?—I cannot say he insulted me, but I believe his language was often insolent to others.

"Was it ever complained of?—Well, I think it was spoken of in the place rather as a good joke than as a matter of complaint."

Of course. Jolly old BOXER! Rough old BOXER! Tough old BOXER! Fighting old BOXER too, doubtless if he can get a chance! If abusive old BOXER also, what then? BOXER's bark is probably worse than his bite—except to the enemy. But in the meanwhile must we not also say obstinate old BOXER, impracticable old BOXER, blunder-headed old ADMIRAL BOXER? And is it not time to add, superannuated old BOXER? We should like now to see ADMIRAL BOXER on comfortable half-pay, standing at a club-window, with a great medal on his coat hanging by a blue ribbon, and a double eye-glass on his waistcoat, suspended by a black one, and a large bamboo cane in his fist. There it would delight us to hear old BOXER growling at the Government, and the existing order of things, and delivering benedictions on the people in the street, in the phraseology of a Seaman of the Old School.

ON LORD LYNDBURST'S SPEECH ON PRUSSIAN POLICY.

Bravely, wisely hast thou spoken, and thy stern words are vibrating,
Not alone in our own English ears, which heard thee with such pride,
Nor alone the tuneful echo of thy eloquent debating
Rings responsive in the hearts of those who battle by our side.

For wherever Falsehood's hated, and where Treachery is odious,
And the wiles of Royal Pedants are a fingermark for scorn,
Shall the glad reverberation of thy noble words melodious
Bid the generous exult, and make the coward-hearted mourn.

And methinks poor FREDERICK WILLIAM in his grand *Sans Souci* palace,
Must have felt his dull blood burning and his heart unkingly quail,
When he read thy bold Philippic, and have vainly plied his chalice,
For his pulse is beating quickly and his sodden cheeks are pale.

And he hears a voice reproachful and he sees his grandsire scorn him,
With his cold grey eyes expressive from his portrait on the wall—
Does the conqueror of Zorndorff, with his cynic wisdom warn him,
That on Russia's exaltation ever hangeth Prussia's fall?

And the gen'rous German people, like that ancient soldier frowning,
On the dull scholastic sophistries which fill poor FRITZ's brain;
In their whisperings of shame, perchance may tell of men uncrowning
Monarchs who had lost their manhood, kings too impotent to reign.

Out upon thee, FREDERICK WILLIAM! shame upon poor Prussia's
honour,
That a pedant and a trifler fills the mighty FREDERICK's throne;
Rouse thee, arm thee like a King! lest the affront thou put upon her
Wake thy country to the claiming of a spokesman of her own!

Lest thy father's truckling maxims, which have been thy education,
Bring a terror, and dishonour, and invasion to thy gate:
While thou'rt left the bitter bye-word for the scorn of every nation,
And Europe views, unsorrowing, the Royal Trickster's fate.

A CROOKED LINE.—The confusion on a certain uncertain Railway is said to be such that there is scarcely a man that knows his own Station.

LITTLE EASE FOR DRAGONS.



"The present spur interferes greatly with the dragon's comfort; he cannot take it off, and must do all his dirty work, and even sleep in it."

The only comfortable position in which the dragon could sleep, with his spurs on his heels, would of course be on his side. But, proceeds the Captain, alluding to the scale which protects the dragon's shoulder;

"With the present contrivance the Dragon cannot use his sword-arm with full effect, and as it projects beyond his shoulder, he cannot sleep on his side: he must lie flat on his back, or not at all."

The dragon thus lying on his back, the only support for his heels would be afforded by his spurs, supposing his couch to consist of any ordinary material. An extremely soft feather-bed might admit the spur, and thus in some degree rest the heel: but feather-beds seldom occur to dragons on actual service; the cold ground is usually substituted, and on *terra firma* it is manifest that the dragon could not lie tolerably on his side on account of his shoulder scale, nor on his back by reason of his spurs. Therefore it may be concluded that the pleasantest bed for the dragon, accoutred as he is, would practically be a bed of moderately warm mud.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 26. In the House of Lords a grievance was urged which must at once command the pity and sympathy of everyone possessed of the smallest feelings of humanity. It was stated, upon high legal authority, that Solicitors, as a body, are so ill paid by the bills which they can lawfully make out, that they are obliged, in justice to themselves and families, to violate morality and wound their own tender consciences by charging their clients, extortionately, for unnecessary work. Let us hope that in a Christian country such a piteous appeal will not be made in vain, and that some method may be devised by which Solicitors may become rich, and buy houses, and horses, and heraldry honestly, or at all events legally.

In the Commons it was announced that new blockades of the northern seas were to be ordered, this time in earnest. On the question of the Sardinian contingent, Mr. DISRAELI (forgetful of what that good Mr. MELVILLE had told him, and for which he had been so thankful at the time) let off some spitefulness at Lord PALMERSTON about the militia, but the PREMIER retorted, rather damagingly, that if there were anything to complain of on the point at issue the fault was that of Mr. DISRAELI's *chef*, Lord DERRY. The Newspaper Stamp bill was then debated, with no great display of wisdom or common-sense, but Sir BULWER LYTTON made the bold declaration that the Conservatives ought not to be afraid of cheap literature, and indeed ought themselves to defend the Throne and the Altar at a low figure. Mr. PUNCH therefore awaits the prospectus of the *Penny Protectionist*. Mr. HENRY DRUMMOND made an onslaught upon the *Times* newspaper, and stated that it was perpetually laying on new Barristers to supply its articles. Supposing the allegation to be correct, Mr. DRUMMOND, as a moralist, should be glad that Barristers are so honourably and usefully employed, instead of their occupying themselves professionally. The second reading of the bill was carried by 215 to 161.

Tuesday. In the Lords, the Irish Militia Bill was read a second time, and it is to be hoped that the Irish regiment which lately paraded in a blanket uniform, and with shillalags for rifles, will speedily be more decorously appointed.

In the Commons, Mr. PHINN proposed that the QUEEN should be asked to order Lord JOHN RUSSELL to request Austria, Russia, and Prussia to restore the Kingdom of Poland. He stated his belief that Austria had repented the robbery, and would like to make reparation; and he quoted a remarkable passage from Lord CASTLEREAGH, who saw, and said, years ago, that Russia by occupying Poland had Vienna and Berlin completely in her power. As Austria will probably throw over the Allies, the condition of Vienna may not much frighten Count BUOL, and as for CLICQUOT, he is one of the boys that fears no noise when the thundering cannons roar. Lord PALMERSTON stated that it would be highly inconvenient if anything more were said upon the subject, so nothing more was said. Major REED then made an attack upon one military nuisance, the system of purchase, and was logically encountered by its defenders, who said that if it were abolished, the other nuisance of patronage must be let in. Lord PALMERSTON stated that there was a good deal to be said on both sides, and Major REED's proposal for an enquiry was rejected by 104 to 70.

Wednesday. The Bill of Exchange Bill was considered by the Commons, and referred to a Committee. The object of this measure is to give very effective and summary remedy against people who do not take up their bills. More than one of the speakers dared to promulgate the narrow-minded and tyrannical doctrine, that no man should put his name to a bill unless he saw his way to meet it when due. It is thought that a meeting of Swells and Discounters will be held at the West-End to protest against so unconstitutional a fettering of the currency. A small measure of Church Reform, introduced by Mr. FREWEN, was duly rejected, and a bill for enabling Ministers to dodge from one place of profit under the Crown to another, without facing their constituents, was also thrown out.

Thursday. The Lords talked over military business.

In the Commons, the eternal LUCAN affair came up again, but it cannot be regretted; for it drew from DISRAELI, the People's Friend, the highly delightful clap-trap, that he hoped the time had not come when a Nobleman was not to be considered as one of the People. Sir WILLIAM CLAY then carried a bill for the abolition of Church-Rates, which seemed to be pretty well abolished already, seeing that no parishes pay them unless the majority desire it. Sir WILLIAM also proposed to meet the objection that the poor ought to have church-room, by providing that a certain part of all churches shall be free-seats. The Church's pretended friends are incensed at this, declaring that if church-rates are taken away, churches become private property, and the State, not supporting them, has no right to dictate their arrangements. Mr. PUNCH read this pleasing argument as he was steaming up the river past Lambeth Palace; it threw him into a state of wonderment, which lasted until after he had passed Fulham Palace. He has not quite recovered; which may excuse his error in believing that the State really gives the Church some little trifling support besides these rates. He is, however, going to write to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to ask about Bishops' incomes. Mr. MILNER GIBSON brought in his bill on the subject of Education, making about the fifth at present before the House. Mr. PUNCH promises to attend to the survivor, if any.

Friday. In the Lords, the CHANCELLOR moved the adjournment for the Easter holidays, until the 16th April. Lord ELLENBOROUGH objected to so long an adjournment at such a crisis. Lord GRANVILLE with his usual *saisette* assured the Earl that not the least harm would be done to the national interests if the House took a month's holiday instead of a fortnight. Lord ELLENBOROUGH moreover professed his dissatisfaction that more ships are not to be sent to the Baltic, and also wished ten kept at home to defend Portsmouth and Plymouth, as it was certain that Russia would make a "diversion" on our shores. The Earl, it seems, knows the value of our blockades.

In the Commons, the Budget was promised for the 20th of April. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON gave notice that he really could not bear Lord JOHN RUSSELL's absence any longer, and if he did not come home directly after Easter a disturbance must be made about it. Sir DE LACY EVANS recommended that more reinforcements should be sent to the Crimea, and it is understood that Colonel SIBTHORP, who declared the other night that he desired to die for his country, and who has been buying up great lots of Mr. BERSAL's old swords and spears, is going to throw himself upon the foe like ARNOLD VON WINKELRIED. Sir JOSEPH PAXTON then indicated a few trifling faults, which an examination of the huts at the new Aldershot camp, had enabled him to discover. They were not grave faults (for Government work), but still they were worth notice. Double the necessary quantity of boards had been used, the roofs were badly constructed, would let in the water, and would have to be replaced in two months, the ventilation was execrable, and, to go to the bottom of the subject, namely, the foundations, at first there were none at all, and then there were laid foundations of tremendous strength, as if mansions and not huts were to rest upon them. Gently intimating that any "common sawyer of a country village" could have taught the Government authorities more than they seemed to know, Sir JOSEPH quietly left the matter for the consideration of the House. Mr. PUNCH cannot help seeing (even though blinded by tears),

that these little practical exposures, by practical men, of the inaptitude of the system which provides so pleasantly for his beloved aristocratic friends, will do dreadful mischief, unless some means be found to stop them.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL FOR ENGLAND then did a good thing. He introduced a bill for abolishing the testamentary jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and the SOLICITOR GENERAL FOR IRELAND (supporting his colleague, and promising a similar boon to his own country) said a good thing. He declared that the nation felt that these courts were "an abomination which ought to be instantly swept away." The House was then counted out for the holidays, and Mr. Punch, ever anxious to do the best for his protégé, Parliament, feels that it could not make its exit from the stage with a better speech to "take it off" than this uncompromising utterance of the energetic Mr. WILLIAM KEOGH.

THE WAY TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

A Town and Country Eclogue.



RIEND DAN'I, where bist gwian?"

JACOB cried

Unto a brother swain across Cheapside.

Roared DANIEL, "Off to Zydnum.

Makes to goo

And see the Crystal Pallus. Thee come too."

Above the street-noise JACOB bawled,

"How much?"

"No moor," shouts DANIEL, "nor a shillin touch."

"A shillin!" echoed JACOB, grinning,

"Een,

But there's the Raail—how much be that a-piece?"

"Raail!" DANIEL answered, with disdainful smile,

"How vur dost think 'tis? Only seven mile."

"Ah!" JACOB hollowed, "then thee 'st goo a-voot."

"That's how," cried DANIEL, "I intends to do't."

JACOB pulled off his hat and scratched his head,

"Well!—I should like to see the place," he said.

"Then come," said DANIEL, "if thee bist inclined, Come along, JAACUP, and improve thy mind."

"Here goes!" cried JACOB, and his hat replaced,

And so they two their way to Sydenham paced,

JACOB on this side, DANIEL upon that,

And thus beguiled the road with mutual chat.

"What stuff and nonsense 'tis that zum volks say,

As how this please beant nigh enough to pay!"

"A set o' lazy chaps them Cockneys be,

Yas! can't the fellers walk like you and me?"

"'T'ood do moor good to 'um by half than ride,

Wi' one another stuffed and stewed inzide."

"The very thing they wants is wholesome air,

Shut up in smoke and roke, and all that there."

"'Tis buusses, cabs, and rail kicks down the tin,

And not the money paid for gwian in."

"A shillin each all our expense will clear."

"And lave us two or three to spend in beer."

LORD PALMERSTON'S PUZZLE.

OUR clever PREMIER has matched *Falstaff's* dissertation on Honour with a discourse on Merit. "What," LORD PALMERSTON asks the House of Commons,

"What is merit? It is opinion, the opinion which one person forms of another. . . but his opinion is sure to be disputed by a great many interested judges, and is certain to be denied by all friends of the persons who are unsuccessful candidates."

With these indistinct ideas on the subject of Merit, the noble lord will have a difficult problem to solve, the next vacancy that occurs for a Bishop or a Judge. Merit in many cases no doubt is a debatable thing; but the question is, what ought a Government to do in those instances wherein Merit is undisputed and indisputable? This is the question—though we should have said that there could be no question about the matter, if the Government had not exhibited so wonderful a preference of obscurity to reputation in its treatment of BRIGADIER MAYNE.

A CRY FROM A POLICE COURT.

"It is now nineteen long weeks ago," as they say, or used to say, in the melodramas, that, sitting in this very chair, opposite this very inkstand, we called upon LORD PALMERSTON to do "justice to Hammersmith." The cause of complaint was the miserable broken-down abode which was allowed to serve as a Temple of Themis for that highly respectable suburb. From a report in the *Morning Herald* of a few days ago, we find the suitors still complaining of being kept out in the wet for want of a waiting-room, and the Magistrate still lamenting his inability to get the grievance remedied, but advising the dissatisfied parties to lodge their complaints at the Home Office.

Though a Police-court, held in a small first-floor, approached by a sort of ladder outside the building, without any room for the accommodation of the public, may be a good subject for a joke, we are not quite sure whether we are right in treating it as a mere laughing matter, or whether the public will take altogether the ludicrous view of the question. The Police-court is the only one to which the poorer classes are in the habit of resorting, or indeed can resort, for the redress of their grievances. The Police Magistrate is the poor man's Judge, for the idea of the County Courts being available for the working-classes, however useful these tribunals may be to the small tradesmen and the middle-class, is a myth of which the public mind should be disabused as quickly as possible. The administration of justice is, in no case, a fit subject for parsimony; and more especially where the poor are concerned, there should be no niggardly economy to prevent them from being provided with a convenient Court as well as with an able Magistrate.

The Hammersmith Police-court, if we are to believe the report in the papers, is in such a condition, that it is a standing reproach to those whose duty it is to provide a substitute. We wonder some of those Members who are fond of asking questions in the House of Commons, do not get up and ask a question as to where the responsibility really rests, of allowing the public to be inconvenienced, and the Magistrate to complain in vain, that the evil is not remedied. Has the "Home Department" recommended, and the "Treasury Department" sanctioned the outlay? or is it in the "Department" of neither, but in the "Department" of some other "Department," which can't, or won't move? or is it in the Woods and Forests "Department"? or in what stage of the ruts of routine has the slow coach of the public service become immovable? Considering that every session adds to the number and importance of the cases entrusted to a Police Magistrate, seeing that now he is invested with powers over the liberty of the subject possessed by no other Judge, that he can imprison for six months without a jury, that he can inflict penalties commencing at five pounds, and doubling every day, to an indefinite amount, and that he has larger powers, and, of course, therefore, greater moral responsibilities, to say nothing of legal liabilities, than any other judicial authority in the kingdom: it is hardly compatible with the position he occupies to house him in such a hole as the Police-court at Hammersmith.

As LORD PALMERSTON undertook to hear all grievances, it is possible that when at the Home Office he may have "recommended," and the Treasury may have sanctioned the outlay required by the public convenience. If this has been done, although his Lordship is no longer at the Home Office, his recommendation will be carried out as a matter of course, though the recent shuffling of the official cards may have justified some delay in completing the praiseworthy intentions of the present head of the Government.

Colonel Sibthorp's Handsome Offer.

THE Colonel, on the 29th ult., assured the House of Commons that his "main ambition was to sacrifice his life and fortune, if it should be necessary, in his country's service." We understand that, immediately after the recess, Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE will move for the "appointment of a Committee to determine upon the surest and earliest means by which the ambition of the gallant and sacrificial Colonel may be carried out." No opposition whatever is expected to the motion.

"Sons of the Clergy."

Mrs. O'THINGEMMIR says "she knew a 'Father of the Church' once—he was an old man, and highly respectable, because she recollects he had a large family of Adrowsons—and these Sons must have been remarkably good young men, for they were run after by everybody."

COUSIN SILENCE OF PRUSSIA.

CONSIDERING that KING CHICQUOT has now no voice in Europe, together with other well-known circumstances which need not be more particularly alluded to, might not we venture to say with *Falstaff*, "Carry Master Silence to bed?"

THE GOVERNMENT ROOT OF EVIL.—Routine.

SHROPSHIRE RABBITS.



SOMETIMES foreigners are at a loss to understand the almost idolatrous attachment which is manifested by the humbler classes, in our agricultural districts, towards the country gentlemen. A case which we find reported by our energetic Protestant contemporary, the *Shropshire Conservative*, pleasingly illustrates the relations which produce the ardent devotion in question—very much in question.

A Shropshire Baronet, one SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, of LOTO, (a descendant of TOTILUS DE LETON, mentioned in Domesday Book) prosecutes his own Gamekeeper, JAMES WELLS, at the Lent Assizes. The man's crime, as we gather from the report in the above journal, was the sending two dead rabbits, by his wife, to a grocer-friend, named BUDGETT. There is no doubt that the two rabbits were SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON'S,

and according to that Baronet's testimony, WELLS had no right whatever to take them, and therefore stole them. SIR BALDWIN, as an economical man, has a perfect right to look after his rabbits, the rather that the Baronet is reported to have sworn thus, "The rabbitkins belong to my kitchen-maid, the only perquisites I allow," and, as a moralist, is also fully justified in punishing a delinquent.

In fact, it does honour to the Roman sternness of SIR BALDWIN'S virtue that some circumstances, which might almost have inclined a weaker master to spare his servant the disgrace of the dock, did not move him. He had engaged WELLS against his better judgment, for, says the report, "I objected to him because he was married, and old." The culprit, when brought before his master by a policeman, said, "that he had been in the habit of sending MR. BUDGETT a hare every year, and this year sent him the two rabbits instead, thinking there was no harm in it." MR. BUDGETT confirms this, "has known the prisoner for ten years as an upright, honest man," and from his knowledge of other Shropshire aristocrats adds, "I knew it was the custom of liberal landlords to allow their gamekeeper this privilege." Then ANDREW CORBETT, Esquire, a Magistrate, was able to testify that he had "employed WELLS as his gamekeeper for six years, and considered him a strictly honest, sober, and honourable man." The DUKE OF CLEVELAND'S agent had "known him sixteen years," and on the strength of such knowledge had recommended him to MR. CORBETT, and, finally, the Rector of Wem, whose parishioner WELLS was, had known him for five or six years, as "a most honest and straightforward man, whose character was beyond all praise."

But all this presumptive innocence and admirable character weighed nothing with SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, who did his duty like a man, and a magistrate, stood up for his kitchen-maid and her rabbit-skins, and prosecuted his old Gamekeeper at the Assizes. The Jury convicted him, after nearly an hour's deliberation, adding a recommendation to mercy, and LORD CAMPBELL had to sentence poor old WELLS. Perhaps the hideous enormity of that criminal's guilt did not strike the Judge with such appalling terror as it had done SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON—perhaps ermine feels a contempt for rabbit-skins—but SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON and his kitchen-maid were not to be wronged with entire impunity, and though the former at length relented, so far as to join in the Jury's recommendation, JAMES WELLS was sentenced to one week's imprisonment.

In the days when horse-stealing was a capital offence, an unfortunate thief, on receiving his sentence, murmured his unnatural complaint that it was rather hard he should be hanged for stealing a horse. The Judge was held to have made him an unanswerable answer. "You are not hanged for stealing a horse. You are hanged that horses may not be stolen." This view of the case, no doubt, consoled the felon, and he went, exultingly, to the gallows. It is to be hoped that SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON, or at least his friend the kitchen-maid, went with this little drop of comfort to WELLS'S cell in Shrewsbury gaol, and explained to the married, honest, upright, old Gamekeeper that he was not disgraced and imprisoned so much for sending two rabbits to a grocer, as that rabbits (at least LOTO rabbits) might not be sent to grocers. Or

perhaps the Baronet or the kitchen-maid condescended to call on poor Mrs. WELLS (if the former's objection to the marriage has been got over), and signified to her that this is the reason for locking up her old husband.

Mr. PUNCH depends, of course, upon the accuracy of the report in the *Shrewsbury paper*. There is no reason for suspecting that any undue colouring has been given to apparently simple facts, for SIR BALDWIN LEIGHTON is, we believe, a Tory gentleman, and the *Conservative's* Toryism seems preternaturally vivid. We may therefore accept this case of SIR BALDWIN, his rabbit-skins, and his kitchen-maid, as one of those illustrations of agricultural life which should be offered to intelligent foreigners in explanation of the devoted idolatry manifested by the British Yeoman towards the British Squire.

A GRAND NATIONAL PICTURE.

THE following grand picture is nearly finished, and will be exhibited at the French Exposition in May. The subject of it is *Gallies and the Lilliputians*. You see poor JOHN BULL prostrate on his back—and a swarm of little Government officials running over him, from the crown of his head down to the sole of his top-boots, and busily engaged in tying his hands, and pinning him helplessly to the ground, by means of little bundles of red tape. JOHN has been asleep, but you can observe that he is just waking up, for he has already got one eye half open, and besides there is an ominous energy in his right leg, as if he were concentrating all his strength into it previous to striking out with a most vigorous kick. The execution promises to be very fine. Several portraits of the aristocracy are introduced, and amongst some of the prominent figures that stand out, notwithstanding their Lilliputian proportions, the most boldly, can be recognised several prominent characters who have recently been making themselves notorious in the affairs of the East—such as the amiable BOXER, the efficient DR. ANDREW SMITH, the practical FINDER, the rational MENZIES, and our very charitable Ambassador at Constantinople.

VERY WIDE OF THE MARK.

"MODERN instances" have a strong tendency to the refutation of the "wise saws" of antiquity. It was an old saying that "every bullet has its billet." On the truth of the adage grave doubt has been thrown by the Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post* in the Crimea. That gallant officer and writer represents a British battery as firing "at the distance of 1700 yards" against a steamer which had for a long time "annoyed the Inkermann attack with its shot and shell." He adds—

"Sixty rounds were fired by the artillery, but only six struck the vessel. The Russians returned our fire with 200 shots from their battery without doing us the slightest injury."

What an awful waste of powder and shot! but if every ball had told, would the waste, on the whole, have been greater or less? Meanwhile, those who complain of the paucity of successful dramatic pieces, should observe how very few hits have been made in the Theatre of War.

Lord Aberdeen on his Travels.

LORD ABERDEEN is about to go to the East. It is given out that he retires to Egypt. This is not the fact. We understand that penitentially moved, his lordship will go straightway to Scutari to place himself at the disposal of MISS NIGHTINGALE in the hospital. It is supposed that the late premier will be set down to making lint. This is but right. Heaven knows, his policy has made a sufficient number of wounds!

A MOTHER'S ADVICE.

"If your husband is in the habit of sleeping after dinner, never, as you value good temper, think of disturbing him; because I have learnt this through life, my dears, that if a man is not allowed to take his 'forty winks' he invariably feels (s)naappish for the remainder of the evening."

Fritz at the Door.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF has, it appears, moved that the KING OF PRUSSIA, who has been so violently knocking at the door of the Vienna Conference Chamber, should be allowed at last to come in. The PRINCE was induced to make this promise, in consequence of a telegraphic despatch, in the following terms, sent by KING FRITZ to ALEXANDER II.:—"Tell 'ee what it is. If don't open door, blest if don't pick lock with corkscrew."

A CONTRADICTION.—If Truth is to be found in the Bottle, how can she, also, live at the bottom of a Well? For ourselves, we should say that there is something fundamentally wrong in this.



LIFE IN LONDON!

Isabella. "WELL, AUNT, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE LONDON? I SUPPOSE YOU WERE VERY GAY!"

Aunt (who inclines to embarrassment). "OH YES, LOVE, GAY ENOUGH! WE WENT TO THE TOP O' THE MONUMENT O' MONDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' ST. PAUL'S O' TUESDAY—AND TO THE TOP O' THE DOCK O' YORK'S COLUMN O' WEDNESDAY—BUT I THINK ALTOGETHER I LIKE THE QUINT OF THE COUNTRY."

VICE-KING CARLISLE.

CARLISLE *le Debonnaire*, is about to make his solemn, Vice-Regal entry into Dublin, to the delight of that loyal, impulsive, and affectionate city. Nothing can more happily illustrate the affectionate feelings existing and increasing between England and Ireland, than the accession of HIS EXCELLENCY VICE-KING CARLISLE to the throne of Phoenix Park. We think of other times of rule; of other Vice-Kings; and straightway we think of the triangles. We reflect upon the accession of CARLISLE THE DEBONNAIRE, and we hail in the event, the assurance of the gentlest, and the kindest, the best-tempered of potentates. We believe it would give his Majesty very acute pain to say "No" even to a highwayman; who indeed, were he to demand of the KING OF DUBLIN "Your money or your life!" his Majesty would make courteous answer, "whichever it may be most convenient for you to make available."

We are, however, glad to find that KING CARLISLE's good-nature does not make him the less forgetful of the State accessories. For instance, he has already appointed all the officers of his household. The Master of the Horse is—LORD OTHO FITZGERALD; and we have no doubt whatever that the animal will do every credit to the horse-flesh knowledge of his Lordship. Then, we have the greatest hopes in the durability of the CARLISLE dynasty from the fact that the confidential office of Gentleman of the Bedchamber (combined with Extinguisher-in-Ordinary and Warming-Pan-in-Waiting) is entrusted to the astute experience of—GEORGE BAGOT, Esq.

Due notice will be given of the public entry. The Latch-key of the City will be presented to his Majesty on his debarkation at Queens-Town. He will enter into Dublin, drawn by eight white horses, amid a shower of sugar-plums. White doves will be let loose from all corners, and white lambs will appear in the laps of Erin's beauties thronging the windows.

We understand that the only precautionary measure thought to be necessary to the tranquillity of his Majesty, will be to issue an affectionate address to all the Carmen of Dublin; beseeching them not to drive in a body to Phoenix-Park and insist upon the VICE-KING there and then knighting every mother's soul of them; for in the event of such a demand, his Majesty would feel it impossible, consistent with his public and private character, to refuse them.

TAKING PLACES IN PARLIAMENT.

MEMBERS of Parliament are naturally anxious to get into snug places, and we are therefore not surprised at a conversation that occurred in the House of Commons the other night on the subject of securing places, which it seems is found to be rather difficult. A Member may, it appears, get a good place if he will subject himself to a sort of religious test by attending prayers; but a complaint has been made that this display of external piety will not secure a snug place for the whole of the evening. Perhaps it would be advisable to adopt the same system as is pursued at some of the theatres, where the payment of a small fee will be the means of retaining a place to the end of the performances.

The House of Commons might easily engage a few place-keepers, who might call out the name of the "party" that had taken the place—such as, "Radical party, one in front!" "PEEL party, two in the back row!" "Whig party, one at the back and two on the second!" It might be convenient if the Members would come to an understanding that if a handkerchief or glove is left on a seat, no one else should attempt to occupy it, or, perhaps if members would leave copies of their own speeches in the places they have left, there would be a still greater probability that everybody would get as far away from the place as possible.

Backs Fitted to their Burden.

We find by one of the answers given to the Committee of Inquiry into the state of the Army before Sebastopol that "panniers were sent out in great abundance to the Crimea." We trust that these panniers were properly distributed, and that every Head of every Department was allowed a pair to himself of these most appropriate appendages.

Since the *Roi d'Yvetot* mounted a throne, there has been no such halcyon promise as the accession of VICE-KING CARLISLE. Nevertheless, the wretched littleness of party will reveal itself. For instance, a night or two since, at a very elegant *re-union* (we suppress names) in Dublin, the question arose whether the VICE-KING would visit the people of Ireland with his Lecture on Pope. Whereupon, a distinguished barrister and illustrious contributor to the "*Nation*," knitting his brows and clenching his hand, observed—"The Pope is it? His Excellency had better leave his Holiness alone in Ireland. We won't stand that from the Saxon, anyhow."

With the exception of this slight outburst—it was immediately smothered—the accession of KING CARLISLE to the emerald throne of Ireland, has been hailed with affectionate welcome. His Majesty deserves all confidence: for his sceptre will be a feather; and the feather—if his Majesty may choose it—plucked from the Bird of Paradise.

Should his Majesty have occasion to hold a Bed of Justice, he will, it is well understood, hold the same in the Strawberry Beds.

ANECDOTE FROM SYDENHAM.

A WELL-KNOWN advertiser of a miraculous Ointment, which is stated, by himself, to cure everything, including diseases, hams, and smoky chimneys, recently visited the Crystal Palace. On entering the Pompeian House, the word on the threshold,

SALVE!

met his eye. He instantly sent for the Secretary and offered a handsome sum if his own name could be prefixed, "so that the public might know whose salve to ask for." The Directors are considering the application.

Louis Napoleon in the City.

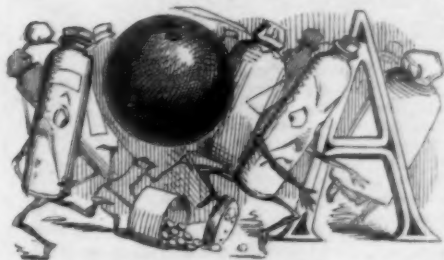
THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH are expected to dine with the LORD MAYOR—who will receive a Grand Cross on the occasion, all the Aldermen being also duly enrolled in the Legion of Honour—during the approaching visit. As a delicate compliment to the Imperial guest, GOG AND MAGOG will, for that occasion only, be sworn in as special constables.



THE MEMBER FOR NINEVEH DIGS OUT THE BRITISH BULL.

COMMON THINGS FOR HIGH OFFICIALS.

MEDICINES AND HOW NOT TO STOW THEM.



Among common things may be enumerated Medicines. These are either drugs, or mixtures of drugs, which are certain substances chiefly vegetable and mineral, and a few animal, very generally employed in curing diseases. They

are common things here, because diseases are common; and the demand for drugs and medicines creates the supply in this country, where the market is stocked by private enterprise. But though diseases are very common in the Crimea, medicines are not equally so, so little so indeed, that very lately the answer to every application for any one of those articles was, "We haven't got any." This deficiency was not owing to any parsimony on the part of the House of Commons, or to absolute want of foresight on the part of the Government. It was anticipated at the War Office that battles would involve wounds, that wounds would necessitate dressings, that hard service would be attended with sickness, and that sickness would require medicines. But, owing to ignorance of the nature of these common things on the part of certain authorities, very few of the medicines intended for the troops ever reached them, and might as well have been thrown to the dogs, as *Macbeth* desired his attendant to throw physic, which is another name for medicine. The money which they cost was of course thrown away too; and as very many drugs are imported from remote countries, they are, though common things, uncommonly expensive: so that the amount of money which has thus been wasted is immense.

To gentlemen at the heads of Departments, medicines generally present themselves in bottles of coloured liquid, in boxes containing little pellets called pills, or in small folded papers enveloping powders, of various smells and tastes, for the most part nasty. The bottles, boxes, and papers are labelled with directions for the use of their contents, in regard to which the consequence of any mistake is sometimes serious. Those gentlemen have also perhaps seen medicines in course of preparation at druggists' shops, but probably without noticing any of their sensible properties except their odour; therefore the following particulars with respect to the common things in question will no doubt be new to those same gentlemen.

The majority of drugs, of which, as aforesaid, medicines are made, are soft or brittle substances. None are so hard but that they can be pounded in a mortar, except steel and other metals, very few of which are administered in their metallic state. Most of them are easily crushed and broken, many are soft, pasty, or greasy substances, that yield to the least pressure; and a very large proportion of them are actual fluids, that is to say, substances resembling water in the property of being liable to be spilled and lost. They are kept, to a considerable extent, in glass bottles, the breakage of which is often occasioned by a mere fall; and when a bottle, containing a medicine, breaks, of course the medicine runs out. Hence, also of course, results the waste of the medicine, but this is not always the only result.

Among medicines there is one which is called Sulphuric Acid: better known, as a common thing, by the name of Oil of Vitriol. There is another named Nitric Acid, or Aqua Fortis. Both these acids are highly corrosive, and destroy most things which they come into contact with. Not only that, but they actually set some substances on fire. One of these substances is Oil of Turpentine; which is likewise a medicine. Sulphuric and Nitric Acids are kept in glass vessels: they would eat through any other. Therefore in freighting a ship with medical and ordnance stores, if the poverty of transport were so extreme and utter as to necessitate so ill-assorted a cargo, it would be unadvisable to stow the shot and shells and medicines together, putting the former on the top of the latter. For, in the event of the ship's pitching much, as in a storm, not only might it be expected that the cannon balls and the bombs would pound up the drugs and medicines, one with another, in a premature and promiscuous manner, but also that they might break, amongst other things, the acid and oil of turpentine bottles already mentioned, the contents of which, escaping and mingling together, would immediately ignite, and run about blazing in all directions. Among the commonest of common things in medical stores are gums, oils, ointments, spirits, and ether, which are highly combustible. The two last articles being particularly inflammable, would instantly catch fire, and set the others burning. In a few

moments the shells would be roasting over the medical bonfire, and they would presently explode, together with the powder-barrels, scattering burning timbers, broken bottles, amalgamated materia medica, and dismembered sailors, over the ocean.

The gross official ignorance of common things, and especially of medicines, considered, it is wonderful that this catastrophe has not been itself a common thing in the experience of the transport services.

QUESTIONS THAT DON'T ANSWER.

THERE seems to be always a certain number of members of Parliament who are continually asking a variety of questions which have no importance, which seldom get answered, and which are obviously asked for the mere purpose of giving trouble or annoyance to somebody. We sometimes endeavour to trace questions of this class to their ultimate result, and we frequently find that they lead to nothing but a consumption of time, and occasionally not even to that, for they appear to drop to the ground, like the abandoned offspring of those who are ashamed to own their parentage.

MR. APSLEY PELLATT now and then puts on the paper a notice of a question which seems to promise no other result than a little petty annoyance or trifling embarrassment to somebody or other, who has in some way alarmed the scruples of this very conscientious patriot.

The other day we observed a notice of a question, which in tracing the Parliamentary Intelligence, we do not find to have been put, according to threat, or if it was put, it seems to have been too insignificant to be recorded, with or without the answer that it has—or has not elicited. The question related to the appointments of four gentlemen to some offices under the Attorney-General some long time ago, but we have no clue to the object of the question, or as to whether it was directed against one or all of the four officials, or against the Attorney-General; or if not why not, or how otherwise?

Since the Government were weak enough to be bullied into the revocation of an appointment once made, and to sacrifice an individual on account of their own fault, as they did in the case of Mr. Stowen, they may expect to be frequently called on to turn people out of their situations, for every one who holds a place is sure to be the object of the envy and small malignity of hundreds of others by whom the place is wanted. The dirty trick happily failed in the case of the Recorder of Brighton, for LORD PALMERSTON has the sense to know that Judges and Magistrates cannot in these days be turned in and turned out on light grounds; for the independence of the Bench is rather too necessary to the liberty of the subject to be trifled with, for the gratification of personal spite, or even at the will of the Minister.

SURLY SENTIMENTS.

By a Professed Old Grumbler.

No Woman drinks Beer of her own accord,—she is always "ordered" to drink it!

Experience is a Pocket-compass that a Fool never thinks of consulting until he has lost his way.

An Ugly Baby is an impossibility.

When a Man has the Headache, and says "it's the salmon," you may safely conclude that he has been "drinking like a fish."

The moment Friendship becomes a Tax, it's singular, at every fresh call it makes, how very few persons it finds at home!

The Literary Fund Dinner.

SOME difficulty has been encountered in the selection of a fitting chairman for the approaching solemn festival. The high place was offered to a very distinguished special pleader, illustrious by his force of eloquence and gravity of visage. He, however, declined the honour as, under the circumstances, a little too perilous. At length, however, the BISHOP OF OXFORD has been prevailed upon to preside. Is not this pleasing fact an evidence, on the part of the Committee, of a desire to cast oil upon the troubled waters?

The Militia in Bed.

Two militia officers, billeted at a public house, refused to sleep in a double-bedded room. These warriors evidently have no thoughts of active service: otherwise they should make up their minds to the chance of sleeping, not in double beds, but in a single bed, and not sleeping there in twos but in two hundreds. May we be so coarse as to suggest the bed of glory? A bed, none of the softest, and tacked up with a spade.

"FRENCH WITHOUT A MASTER."—This is promised to Paris on the 16th inst.

THE WONDER AT WOLVERHAMPTON EXPLAINED.



Wolverhampton Herald had been led to make the statement in question by some strange mistake.

In this supposition *Mr. Punch* is delighted to find that he was right. The Mayor of Wolverhampton, *MR. SHIPTON*, has favoured *Mr. Punch* with a letter, remonstrating with him on his remarks in reference to the report above mentioned—remarks which, *Mr. Punch* begs to remind the Mayor, were all hypothetical. And *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in announcing, on *MR. SHIPTON*'s authority, that his hypothesis that *MR. DALTON* had not tried to prevent an act of charity on a Sunday, was perfectly correct. *MR. SHIPTON* informs *Mr. Punch* that "the Sub-Committee appointed to superintend the production of the soup, stated their inability to be ready with a sufficient quantity for delivery before Monday." *MR. SHIPTON* further says, that there existed "weighty reasons of an official character" against "the Sunday distribution, even if the Sunday distribution had been possible." That it was impossible, *Mr. Punch* presumes to have been the principal reason why *MR. DALTON* objected to it; and no wonder that this objection was shared by a very large majority of the Committee.

Mr. Punch further suggested, that if *MR. DALTON* opposed the feeding of the poor on Sunday, it was because he had already fed them himself. *Mr. Punch* is additionally gratified by the discovery, from the Mayor's letter, that he was so far right in this surmise also, that *MR. DALTON* was "one of the most forward," if not "the foremost in promoting the Town Meeting, and raising the fund," having himself contributed £20 towards the £200 collection, besides distributing largely from his private purse to his own parish poor.

The readers of *Mr. Punch* will admit the accuracy of his suppositions in explanation of the Wolverhampton wonder to have been extraordinary. Lest any of them should, however, have conceived opposite views, he rejoices in being enabled to exhibit *MR. DALTON* to them in the character, not of the Sabbatarian Pharisee, but of the Good Samaritan.

A LESSON FOR THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

THE part of *Polonius* at the British Court does not appear to be performed so well as it might be. In a letter to the *Times*, signed "H," complaint is made that the crush and rush in the ante-rooms, on the occasion of a Royal Drawing Room, are intolerable; that ladies and aged persons suffer dreadfully from heat and fatigue: all which misery might be remedied by an easy arrangement. But the incompetency of *Polonius* is more particularly evident from the subjoined extract from "H's" letter:—

"The drawing-room commences at 2 o'clock. Many ladies, to avoid the bear garden they would otherwise have to pass through, go at 12 o'clock; and as no seats are allowed, they are compelled to stand for two or three hours."

That is much more than any rational person would stand who had the option of going; and the only wonder is, that the inconvenience of having to stand so long does not cure that of the crowd. What a shame it is that *Polonius* does not provide seats for the people who come to pay their respects to their QUEEN!—as HER MAJESTY, when she comes to know how her visitors are neglected, will no doubt command him to do. *Polonius* cannot say that respect for the SOVEREIGN requires that

they should remain standing in her mere waiting-rooms: but were he to assert such an opinion, it might be proper to remind him that the congregation does sit occasionally, at least, even in Church.

ODE TO MR. LAYARD.

LAYARD, whose energy and perseverance
From Nimrod's human-headed bulls with wings,
Did of the sand of ages make a clearance:
Those giant-idols of Assyrian kings;
Those monuments of sacred story, which,
Britain's Museum, thanks to thee, enrich,
Whereat a peep were not an ill-judged boon
To working men on Sunday afternoon.
As in unearthing Ninevite antiquities
Thou strovest manfully, thou now dost strive
From mess and mire of blunders and iniquities
The British BULL to extricate alive;
JOHN BULL to disinter, and disencumber
His shoulders of official lumber.

The lure of office cannot woo
Thee from thy duty, nor the frown
Of power deter; nor can pooh-pooh,
Or angry clamour, put thee down.
LAYARD, thou art a man of pith,
Of resolution, and determination,
Not to be bullied, coaxed, or trifled with
By knaves who want to burke investigation;
The bush thou beatest not about,
Thy question goes directly to the mark,
And so the truth thou gettest out
Of some that fain would keep it dark—
The truth, the sad truth, which the Clerks of PERL
Tried unavailing dodges to conceal.

Thou from unwilling witnesses hast wrung,
How England's dying soldiers were neglected,
Tracing the causes whence their misery sprang,
What incapacity hast thou detected!
Mismanagement belief that passes,
Which wholly unaccountable appears,
Except we should suppose that actual asses
With real hoofs and hides, and tails, and ears,
Had formed the Mal-administration,
Which has so nearly smashed the British nation;
And there are Commons, people say,
'Mong which such donkeys may be heard to bray,
Although of that sagacious race
Some wake the echoes of Another Place.

LAYARD, persist; to thy herculean task,
Tenaciously as wax of CRISTIE, stick,
From Folly and Misconduct tear the mask,
Not caring how the Asses kick,
Expose the mischiefs of Routine,
In spite of Placemen's interested bowl,
Of Humbug's gentle voice and decent mien,
Let neither dealings foul,
Nor blunders, thy research escape,
And snap the ties of that Red Tape,
In whose pestiferous folds JOHN BULL, entangled,
Is writhing like LAOCOON:
And if not quickly liberated, JOHN
Will stand a serious chance of being strangled.

The War in Black and White.

THE evidence taken by the Committee on the State of the Army before Sebastopol, shows that LORD RAGLAN is always writing—at his desk till early morning; that Commissary FIDLER is continually writing also—quill driving for seventy-two hours at a stretch: and that writing constitutes, to an equal extent, the employment of the heads of the Medical Department. Nothing but pen ink and paper!—one would think the present struggle was a paper war: and we cannot be surprised that affairs in the Crimea are stationary.

DIRECT FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

THE last despatches of LORD RAGLAN were nearly sent back from the Horse Guards to the Custom House, for some one had waggishly inscribed on them, "A BOX OF DAYS."

WE ARE NOT A NATION OF SHOPKEEPERS.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Foreigner. Is it true, as NAPOLEON said, that you English are a "Nation of Shopkeepers?"

Englishman. There never was a greater calumny. I can assure you there is nothing of the Shop about us. BRITANNIA'S trident is not exactly a yard-measure.

Foreigner. But still there are certain of your institutions and customs that are worthy of a label in a shop-window, and the price, I think, could easily be put upon them.

Englishman. You must be jesting—but, perhaps, you would not mind mentioning just one or two.

Foreigner. Certainly, and you must tell me frankly if what I advance is true or not. First of all, I am informed that all promotion in your army is to be bought for so much money—that a Lieutenant—a Captain—a General—*n'importe quoi*—is bought with no more difficulty, with less *embarras*, than we should buy a *melon*, or a *brioche*, or a jar of *cornichons*. I ask you if your Ministry of War is anything better than a big military toy-shop, where grades of all rank, both high and low, are to be purchased at all prices, precisely much in the same way as we should purchase in the *Passage des Panoramas* drums, and swords, and cocked hats, for our little children to play with. NAPOLEON did say that the *bâton de maréchal* was in every French soldier's knapsack—but excuse me, with you English, it would seem to be in your father's breeches-pocket—the pocket, to be sure, where the gold is kept!

Englishman. I admit the sarcasm—there is unfortunately some little truth in what you say. But the same traffic—

Foreigner. Does not exist elsewhere, you will say. Pardon me, once more. How about your Church?

Englishman. Our Church, Monsieur, is perfectly pure—free from any reproach.

Foreigner. Oh! excessively pure. There are no traders inside your Temple. How then, pray, comes it that every day "Livings," as you call them, are put up for sale? Tell me, how is it that a Clergyman can go to market as easily as a farmer? and can buy his 200 or 2,000 "souls" with as much facility as the latter can buy as many pigs?—and the chances are, that of the two he would get the souls much cheaper.

Englishman. I will grant that such things, to our great scandal, do occur occasionally.

Foreigner. No—not occasionally—but frequently. Your poor Parishes are sold by auction—sold, like your cattle, at so much a hundred. In the East there are slave-markets for the body—but in England alone is there a slave-market for the soul. It is most shameful!

Englishman. You are severe, Monsieur. However, there is no other instance.

Foreigner. No other! Why, it was but yesterday, that your seats in Parliament were almost openly sold in public. You went to an agent, as you would go to the box-office of a theatre, and the man could tell you at once, to a fraction, what was the price of every seat in the House. The only difference was you paid more for the *Comédie* in the one instance than the other.

Englishman. But the same practice no longer exists.

Foreigner. You know that it does—only the commerce is carried on much more secretly. Besides, have you not "Election Committees" almost always sitting to inquire into votes having been sold? Is there not every session some inquiry going on into an election that has been notoriously won by the force of hard money? You must be aware that there are as few "free seats" in your Parliament as there are in your churches. Talking of churches, look at your system of pews—Money!—money!—money!—you can have nothing, unless you pay, as in a shop, so much for it! Your national figure should be drawn like one of our *Dames du Comptoir*, a grand lady that sits at the counter, and makes out the accounts, and sees that everything is properly paid for.

Englishman. However our Law is free from any suspicion of corruption.

Foreigner. With pride you may say it, but you know it requires a fortune almost to go to law. Justice is about the dearest thing in England—it is not given, but sold, and sold very dearly. A poor man cannot afford to go to law—he would be ruined before he was heard: more than this, England is about the only country, where a husband receives, what is called "damages" for his wounded honour—plastering it over, so to say, with bank notes—deriving a profit out of his wife's very shame. Then, tell me, about your Law of Divorce.

Englishman. I regret to say it is very bad.

Foreigner. Nothing can well be worse! Why, your rich man for his £2000 can get his Divorce,—but for the poor man there is no hope—his wife may be a confirmed drunkard, a most depraved creature, a lunatic, or a criminal even, but still he cannot get rid of her, unless he is in a position to pay the above sum for the liberation. Divorce in your England is a luxury within the reach only of the rich. *Mon*

pauvre ami, over the door of most of your Institutions might really be inscribed, as at a place of amusement, "PAY HERE." You pay your money—and you are admitted, and no questions asked. And, yet, you will tell me you are not a "nation of Shopkeepers?"

Englishman. Excuse me, Monsieur, I would rather not answer any more questions.

Foreigner. But the facts I have given you prove but too plainly that you are in many respects *une nation de Boutiquiers*, and what is worse, *Shopkeepers for the benefit of the Rich*. You sell your commissions in the army, your livings in the church, your votes at elections, your seats in Parliament, and your pews, and your divorces, and various other commodities, none of which do the poor ever buy, but which are trafficked in, *marchandé*, solely by and for the rich. My dear friend, take a foreigner's advice: "*Fermez la boutique*." As you would say, "Put up the shutters as quick as possible," or else you will find, one of these beautiful days, when everything else is sold, that the glory of the nation will be "the next article!"

MILITARY HORTICULTURE.



THE following is the rather Cirque-Olympian address that the French Emperor made to 11,000 troops at a review the other day:—

"Soldats! l'Armée est la véritable noblesse de notre pays; elle conserve intactes d'âge en âge les traditions de gloire et d'honneur national. Aussi, votre arbre généalogique, le voici (il montre les drapeaux); il marque à chaque génération une nouvelle victoire. Prenez ces drapeaux, je les confie à votre honneur, à votre courage, à votre patriotisme!"

The above may be very theatrical, but it is very telling, especially with a people so theatrically-given as the French. Every Parisian General who harangues his troops is a GOMERIAL for the moment, declaiming on the boards. But if LOUIS NAPOLEON had had to address an English army, he would have had to change his style of appeal. Thus, probably, would he have stirred up their martial ardour:—

"Soldats Anglais! Votre Armée est en vérité composée de la noblesse de votre pays. Riche en argent, si non en gloire, elle conserve intactes de jour en jour les traditions de routine, de népotisme, et de financisme nationale. Aussi, votre arbre généalogique, le voici (he unfolds several flags, with beautiful long streamers of red tape). Du sommet des Horse Guards, dix-huit siècles ont contemplé cet arbre fleuri. Maintenant, mes braves, il est temps de le planter à la Porte. Prenez donc ces drapeaux. Je les confie à votre patriotisme, à votre courage—de même que je confie à votre dévouement, à votre piété filiale, les vieux Généraux qui brûlent de courir avec vous, s'ils peuvent marcher, à la Victoire! God Save the QUEEN!"

With the above address, ringing like a French trumpet in their ears, there is no knowing what our brave soldiers in their enthusiasm would have done!

"Gentlemen, Make your Game."

(A Hint to Lord JOHN.)

THE Plenipotentiaries, who are talking away at Vienna, are just a *partie carrée*. We think it would be much better for them to finish the Conference at once by having a rubber of whist. Russia might take Austria as a partner, (and it would not be the first time they have played into each other's hands), and so play it out against England and France. Whichever side scores the "four points" first, wins the game.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

AN extract from an Austrian paper says—"Mount Olympus smokes like a volcano." We hear that, directly this became known in London, the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* immediately quitted home with half-a-dozen empty bottles and corks to match.

MOTTO FOR THE SHORT-HAND WRITERS IN THE GALLERY.—"Everything by 'Turns,' and nothing Long."

MR. TOM NODDY'S FIRST DAY WITH THE HOUNDS AFTER THE LONG FROST.



THE MARK EXTRICATES HERSELF FROM THE DIFFICULTY SOONER THAN ONE LITTLE FRIEND, AND GETTING AWAY FROM HIM, TAKES A LINE OF HER OWN.



T. N. FINDS RUNNING AFTER HIS QUARRIED VERY LABORIOUS. HE RESTS HIMSELF ON A STILE, AND HAS ANOTHER QUIET WEED.



THIS REPRESENTS THE PRECISE MOMENT WHEN TOM NODDY, AFTER MUCH EXERCISE, MEETS A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN RETURNING WITH THE MARK. THE SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN IS ASSURING T. N. THAT HE HAD A DEAL OF TROUBLE TO CATCH HER, AND THEN IT WAS TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE HE COULD MAKE HER LEAVE THE "OUTER"—AND THEN ONLY A-GAVE HER WAS QUITE "BLOWED."—(N.B. The simple Countryman hopes T. N. will remember him.)



A HINT FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

SHOWING HOW ALL THE WEIGHT OF OUR HEAVIES MIGHT BE PRESERVED, AND MORE FAIRLY ADJUSTED.

A RETIRED BISHOP.

It is seldom that the world bears the retirement of a Bishop; and if such an event should occur, it is not very likely the public would have to be appealed to for a provision for his old age, on the cessation of his labours. There does, happen, however, to be a BISHOP just now, who, having contributed to the harmony of his fellow-creatures for a long series of years, would be glad to enjoy the repose to which his good works—his Opera, and other services, fairly entitle him. We allude to SIR HENRY BISHOP, whose compositions have been more permanently popular than those of any other English composer, and whose ballads of twenty years ago have not lost any of their freshness.

We have had a variety of "other lips" appealing to "other hearts" during the last quarter of a century, but no lips appeal to the heart with more effect than those which are the medium of the melodies of BISHOP. He has already given in Exeter Hall a Concert consisting entirely of his own compositions, and it is very high praise of his genius to say that there was nothing like monotony in the performance. But few composers could bear such a test, and we doubt if a whole night with even our old friend BACH would not be too much of a good thing for any but the most ardent admirer of those chromatic scales, which are so heavy as to be appreciated only by those who estimate music by its weight, as they would purchase their coals or sell them.

So much delight was afforded to the audience of the last Concert, that another is about to be given from the same fertile source, and for the same worthy object. It might seem that one who has contributed so largely and so successfully to the public amusement, would hardly need to make any further exertion. But when BISHOP began to write, the publishers had not begun to pay the prices which more modern, and less meritorious composers have succeeded in obtaining. BISHOP was the pioneer to the popularity of music, by cultivating a musical taste of which others have reaped the benefit. Formerly it was customary to express depreciation by comparing a worthless article to

the value of "a mere song," but had BISHOP written in the present day, when many "a mere song," without one tenth of the popularity of some hundreds that he has composed, has realised large profits, he would be one of the wealthiest Bishops in a land remarkable as ours is, for episcopal opulence.

THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK.

Few have penetrated into the private recesses of the Bank. Though everybody has heard of the Bank parlour—which the imagination furnishes with a Bank sideboard, complete, with a cellaret to hold some of those refreshing drafts which the cellars of the Bank are known to be able to supply—we cannot form much notion of the Bank kitchen: for the Bank of England is above all suspicion of dirty work, though there are some Banks which might find a kitchen useful for the purpose of cooking their accounts. In our opinion, the Bank requires very little domestic accommodation,—for beyond the Bank parlour and the Bank cellar, we see no necessity for anything but a bed-room, where the directors might take their "rest."

National Economy.

WHY are milkmaids generally Welsh? Why are hodmen for the most part Irish? These questions may not admit of easy solution, but there is no difficulty in accounting for the circumstance that the great majority of army-surgeons are Scotchmen. The authorities prefer Scotch surgeons, expecting that those officers will, in the discharge of their duty, be actuated by the national disposition to save. This expectation appears to be fulfilled: but perhaps economy would be better consulted on the whole, if the doctors were encouraged to save men rather than expenses.

THE CONFERENCE POLKA.

From *Le Diable à Quatre* (Points.)

CUE FOR THE ORCHESTRA: — "Have written to consult their respective Governments."

WRITE off, TITOFF, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what the Czar will say?
His Council's votes he has to poll,
Ere giving up Sebastopol!
Write off, TITOFF, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what the Czar will say.

Bustle, RUSSELL, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what LORD PAM will say?
Yet JOHN BULL, in his farmer's tone,
Grumbles at dawdling PALMERSTON.
Bustle, RUSSELL, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what LORD PAM will say.

You're canny, BOURQUENEY, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what L. N. will say?
Already at the Tuileries
There's chafing at these fooleries.
You're canny, BOURQUENEY, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what L. N. will say.

Do all, BUOT, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what your Court will say?
Acting frankly 's worse than senna,
Rhubarb, ja'ap, to Vienna.
Do all, BUOT, fiddle oddle lay,
You don't know what your Court will say.

All lies, ALLIES, fiddle oddle lay,
This is what Europe means to say,
Hang your higgling, hold your hagelin',
Leave it to CANROBERT and RAGLAN;
Juggling talk will not end such fray,
Ram your guns and fire away.

A Great Pity.

WE owe the greatest part of our National Debt to MR. WILLIAM PITT, "the Heaven-born minister." We only regret that the National Debt, since it is almost more than can be borne by us, cannot be "Heaven-born" also.

BALLAD OF THE BOAR.

(From our Sackville Street Correspondent.)



"MR. BURKE ROCHE, M.P. for Cork, is about to be raised to the Peerage."

"ESCAPE OF THE WILD BOAR FROM THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, PHOENIX PARK.—Considerable excitement was occasioned amongst the pedestrians in the Park on Sunday evening, upon its becoming known that the wild boar had escaped from the gardens. The ferocious brute managed to break from its den. The keepers pursued, and in a short time came up with him, making towards the gate leading to the city. With the assistance of some Policemen they fortunately contrived to secure him."—*Dublin paper.*

You 'Vx heerd From the dublin Diurnals, no dout,
How The grate Big wild Boar from The faniX broke Out;
And Rush to the Gates on the side nearest town,
Intending a Feast of Great pride and renown.

This Noble old Boar The Police di d rUn After,
And Captivate bAck with great shouting And laughTer;
But Truly its 1 of the burNingest ShamEs,
To Call him FeroCious and Thun kind of naMes.

This noble oLd Boar pick'd a Leaf up of "SawnDers,"
Which a Nobleman dropPed in Bestriding the Gardens,
And read how BURKE ROCHE, (thAt's the Member, my Dear),
Was about to be Glorified in To a Pzer.

"BeDad," says the Boar, "it's a Great Day for pork,
It's Me wih be off For to Canrass ould Cork:
Long Life to BURKE ROCHE, and All good Luck, and More,
For leAving a Chance to ANotHer great Bore.

PHYSIC FOR INFANTRY.

THE suspicion that the affairs of the British Army are directed by old women, has, as regards the Medical Department, received a curious confirmation. The *Times* Correspondent in connexion with the "Sick and Wounded Fund," writes word from Balaklava, that the troops have actually had sent out to them as a remedy for Dysentery, DALBY'S Carminative? He says that—

"Two dozen bottles of this precious consignment adorn—a shining row—the shelves of the Balaklava dispensary. Its merits are canvassed in productions which bear the signature of ANDREW SMITH, M.D.; and surgeons, harassed by innumerable duties, are gravely asked to report on its action in the cases of adults."

The want of Cavalry in the Crimea is no doubt very great; but DR. ANDREW SMITH appears to have considered that we have no troops at all there, except Infantry consisting of mere infants. Should DALBY'S Carminative fail to relieve the sufferings of our little soldiers, perhaps DR. SMITH would next recommend the Regimental Surgeons to try DUFFY'S Elixir, which not producing the desired effect, to have, next, recourse to MRS. JOHNSON'S American Soothing Syrup—an anodyne likely to prove a real blessing to Grenadiers. Certainly it is desirable that troops who may sometimes have to bite cartridges should get on with their teething. But if this kind of medicine is to be administered to the Army, a corresponding change ought to be made in the diet of the soldier, who should be supplied with rations of HARDS' Farinaceous Food, or *Tons-les-Mois*, or Soojie, with the occasional variation of "Tops and Bottoms."

How to get Double Rations.

First Soldier. I say, who the Deuce has been eating all the Lean off this Pork?

Second Soldier. I have.

First Soldier. Then who the Deuce do you expect will eat all the Fat?

Second Soldier (in the quietest manner).—Why, I will.

[Takes the Fat, and eats it with evident glee and enjoyment.]

CRIMINAL LAW REFORM WANTED.

COMMON law has, by an "alarming sacrifice" of the lawyers, been reduced in price, and even Chancery has been subjected to some reforms, which provide that "all these suits must be cleared off" within something like a reasonable period; but Criminal law appears from the following letter to be greatly in want of amendment.

"Sir.—On the 24th inst. I committed a woman for trial at the approaching Quarter Sessions at Chelmsford for robbing her master of one pennyworth of milk. The expenses incurred at Petty Sessions amount in this case to 15s.; and the probable expense of the trial at Quarter Sessions will be £4 or £5. I give publicity to this case in order that the attention of members of the House of Commons may be drawn to LORD CAMPBELL'S 'Criminal Justice Bill.' County expenses may well be heavy. We call aloud for cheaper justice. I am, your obedient servant.

"Police Station, Chipping Ongar, Essex."

"THE COMMITTING MAGISTRATE."

It really does seem very hard that, because JONES is robbed of a pennyworth of milk, one ha'porth of which must be chalk, a whole county is to be taxed to the tune of several pounds, for the purpose of bringing the thief to punishment. In addition to the sums mentioned in the above letter, there will be the expense of keeping him in gaol till trial, and during any imprisonment that may be inflicted on the culprit who has violated the sanctity of JONES'S milk-jug.

LORD CAMPBELL, who sees the working of the monstrous evil, has brought in a bill, giving to the Justices in Petty Sessions, and to the Metropolitan Magistrates, the power of dealing summarily with those paltry cases, which entail so much delay and expense on all parties concerned,—from the prosecutor down to the prisoner. Of course, the proposed measure is met by a cry for the preservation of the good old privilege of "Trial by Jury;" which "good old privilege" would gladly be relinquished by nineteen prisoners out of twenty, who entreat the Magistrate to "dispose of the case at once;" and show a lamentable disregard of the blessings of the British Constitution, by begging that they may not be sent before a jury.

These "twelve men in a box" who are popularly supposed to be the great palladium, &c., &c., of every petty thief accused with an offence, are in fact a bug-bear which criminals are generally anxious to avoid, for in those cases when they have the option of being sent to take their trial, they almost always "leave it to the Magistrate." As to prosecutors they are constantly trying to back out of prosecutions rather than incur the trouble and loss of going to the Sessions, and are quite angry sometimes with those Magistrates who will not exceed their powers by dealing summarily with matters over which they have no jurisdiction.

To remedy these evils, LORD CAMPBELL has introduced a Bill, which will of course, be opposed by the habitual declaimers on the virtues of Trial by Jury—an institution of undoubted value, but its machinery is hardly required to try a culprit who is anxious to plead guilty, and who would much rather avoid being confronted with that formidable little party of twelve which is supposed to ensure the liberties of his country; though it is pretty certain to curtail his individual liberty by subjecting him to a lengthy imprisonment. Some are for limiting the operation of the new bill to London, but the proper course is to appoint fit Judges in the country, who may be relied on as thoroughly as the Police Magistrates in town, for surely that ought to be good for the provincial goose, which is desirable for the metropolitan gander.

The old system is sometimes defended on the ground that the unpaid Bench in the counties forms a "good school" for country gentlemen; but it is quite at variance with the spirit of the age, that this school for adults should be kept at a serious loss to the public, both in money and convenience. If the ignorance of the rural gentlemen needs enlightening, though we hope that such is no longer the case, the work of education might be done without burdening a prosecution for stealing a pennyworth of milk with several pounds expense, or saddling a county with enormous costs to vindicate the sacredness of property in a Swedish turnip.

Different Circles of Civilization.

WHERE there is a looking-glass in the room you will generally find a knot of Frenchmen assembled round it.

Where there is a fire in the room you will generally find a group of Englishmen hanging in front of it, with the backs of two or three of them, their coat-tails uplifted, turned elegantly towards it.

"HER MAJESTY'S FOOT."

AN old General, who was laid up very badly with the gout, upon being told by his friends that it would be impossible for him to resume his command, declared most positively that he was determined to go, *goutte qui goutte*.

THE HEIGHT OF POLITENESS.

Gentle Pickpocket (to Policeman). "I say, Policeman, your hankerchief is hanging out—you'll lose it, if you don't take care."

THE AARONS COLLECTION.



The accounts of the enormous quantity of money which is being obtained for the late Mr. BERNAL's crockery, have (as we expected, and indeed said would be the case) stimulated the ambition of great numbers of "Collectors" all over the country, and we shall speedily hear of new announcements of sales of the most interesting character. With the proverbial shrewdness and energy of his race, an exemplary member of the Hebrew persuasion, who resides in Houndsditch—we violate no confidence in naming Mr. ISAACHAR AARONS—has taken Time by the forelock, and indeed given the old fellow a good pull. For the last few days a sale of miscellaneous articles "collected by a gentleman" has been under the hammer of Messrs. AMINADAB, BROTHERS,

Whitechapel, the celebrated Auctioneers, and, from the prices obtained, it would seem that the virtuosi of the East End of London are as capable of appreciating artistic and archaeological treasures as their West End brethren who throng Messrs. MISTY AND CHIRASSON's famous rooms. We subjoin a few of the lots and the prices they fetched:

Lot 19. A cup and saucer, said to have been in POPE's mind when he wrote the lines about "Great ANNA" taking "tea" at Hampton Court, 3s. 6d. Lot 20. A spoon, history unknown, but from the initials F. B. engraven on it, believed to have belonged to FRIAR BACON, 2s. 6d. Lot 25. A cylindrical pot, of red ware, seven inches high, and a hole in the bottom. From some earth, resembling mould, adhering to the inside, it is thought to have been a Roman or Chinese funeral urn, 4d. Lot 30. Statue in plaster of an undressed youth, very young, writing. The head is lost, but the statue is stated by the owner to be one of the HORATIUS composing his Opera, bought in for 1d. Lot 31. The knife with which Mr. N. T. HICKS mended his pen before writing a letter to the proprietor of the Victoria Theatre, accepting an engagement, in the year 1812. After a brisk competition between two theatrical amateurs, it was secured for 1s. 1d. for the Whitechapel Museum. Lot 33. A silver watch, originally purchased by a sailor on landing at Portsmouth, and pawned by him at Gravesend before re-embarking. What renders this relic more painfully interesting is, that he has never been heard of since, 11s. 6d. Lot 37. A ruler, found in pulling down a house in Milton Street, and most probably, therefore, used by the immortal MILTON when a schoolmaster, 6d. Lot 40. A note of the Bank of Elegance, warranted by Mr. AARONS to have been given to him by FAUNTLEROY on the morning of his execution. This interesting document has therefore a double value, as establishing the fact that Mr. FAUNTLEROY did not escape to America, 1s. 6d. Lot 41. Half a sheet of MS. music, apparently the original, but if not, a very neatly written copy, of the first part of the celebrated air "God Save the King," 1d. Lot 43. The plate on which a sandwich was handed to CHARLES PHILLIPS, Esq., during the trial of Courvoisier, 2s. 6d. Lot 49. A cornelian seal, which from its having the device of a swan, and the initials S. S. A., the proprietor has no hesitation in guaranteeing to have been SHAKESPEARE's, the letters implying SHAKESPEARE, Swan of Avon. He also states himself to have found it behind a chair in ANN HATHAWAY's cottage, 5s. 6d. Lot 51. Three wooden legs, formerly belonging to that number of Greenwich pensioners, all of whom received NELSON in their arms at Trafalgar, and afterwards shot the man who wounded the hero, 10s. 6d. Lot 55. A salt-cellar, long used at a tavern near the Thames, where the DUKE OF WELLINGTON once stood up out of a shower of rain, 5s. 9d. Lot 53. The umbrella offered to his Grace upon that occasion by the landlord, but politely declined on the grounds that it was gingham, and that the carriage was coming up, 3s. 6d. Lot 55. The stone which COLLINS flung at the head of KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH. The owner was very violent with a bidder, who questioned the authenticity of this article, from its being a paving-stone which the auctioneer was unable to lift. Mr. AARONS made several affidavits upon the subject, and offered any additional number, but it remained unsold, and has since, we understand, been claimed by the Whitechapel Paving Board. Lot 57. One of the watering-pots used on the day of the Opening of London Bridge—slightly leaky, nozzle wanting, 1s. Lot 60. The pistol with which, according to the catalogue, "MR. PERCEVAL SPENCER shot Mr. BELLINGHAM, for not coming out of the House of Commons." An objection was taken to the lock, which was a

percussion one, that contrivance not having been invented in 1812, the date to which the description seemed to point; but on the owner's undertaking to have it altered to flint, the pistol went off at 7s. 6d. Lot 63. Several pieces of orange peel, warranted to have been collected in Boli Court, and to have been some of those which Dr. JOHNSON used to hoard so mysteriously, bought in for 14d. Lot 70. A marble paper-weight, made of a piece of the Equator, brought home by a horse-marine, 2s. 3d. Lot 71. A set of cupping-glasses, supposed to have been in SHAKESPEARE's mind's eye, when he exclaimed "Cup us till the world goes round." They would not have hurt the eye much, as the lancets are all broken, 3s. 9d. Lot 73. An autograph of SHAKESPEARE's, being a receipt for the price of his *Tragedy of Edward the Fourth*, the body of the receipt being in the handwriting of SAMUEL PEYS, and the signature witnessed by POPE. This trebly interesting document was at last knocked down to the Whitechapel Museum for £1 3s. 6d., the Secretary and Treasurer of that Institution bidding against one another, in humble imitation of the officials of Marlborough House and the British Museum.

"EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY."

It may be true enough that "every dog has his day," but they must be extraordinary dog-days indeed—days in which insanity may be supposed to prevail—when dogs in general become such very lucky dogs as the animal referred to in the following advertisement:—

LADY'S LAP-DOG FOR SALE—a beautiful small dog, with long silky white hair. It has been reared by a lady, and will only be sold to a person of rank. Price £40. Address, prepaid, to L. L. WARRINGTON'S Library, Hyde-Park Corner.

The dog above described seems destined to enjoy a series of days, which no mere every day dog could hope to experience. The brute in question is evidently destined to an aristocratic career; and has already in its capacity of lap-dog been accustomed to no other lap than the lap of luxury. Its life seems to have been one uninterrupted loll in the arms of elegant ease, and having been "reared by a lady," its promotion to the aristocracy is to be secured by its sale to "a person of rank," and the fashionable organs will in due course perhaps be called on to chronicle the elevation of this lucky dog to the Peerage. Of course, the white hair of this creature is described as "Silky," for Nature has considerably bestowed a superfine coat upon this drawing-room pet, or boudoir boultedogge.

SENTIMENTALITIES.

By a Sentimental Young Lady, de l'âge de 35 ans.

THE heart is a nursery of the tenderest plants to which the least chill often proves most destructive.

White hair is the chalk with which Time keeps its score—two, three, or fourscore, as the case may be—on a man's head.

Two's a secret, but three's none.

The heart-strings will snap, just like harp-strings, from excess of cold and neglect.

Goodnature is a glow-worm that sheds light even in the dirtiest places.

Man has generally the best of everything in this world—for instance, in the morning he has nothing but the newspaper to trouble his head with, whereas poor Woman has her curl-papers.

Kindnesses are stowed away in the heart, like bags of lavender in a drawer, and sweeten every object around them!

There's no Doubt of it!

An advertisement in the *Times* begins with

NON SINE FIDE.

This must allude to the renewed engagement at the Italian Opera of VIARDOT GARCIA, who is announced to appear in the *Propheta* in her old character of *Fides*.

GENEROUS PLEA FOR OLD-MAIDISM.—Your Pink of Perfection is always considered by judges the best Single.

THE BATTLE OF THE PIANOS.



A WAR has recently broken out between the two houses of TINKLE and CRASHER, which reminds one by its inveteracy of the Wars between the Houses of YORK and LANCASTER. The instruments of warfare are two Pianos, which are being brought to bear against each other, on either side of a party wall, which divides the abodes of the TINKLE and CRASHER families. Hostilities were commenced about Christmas last, when the piano of MRS. TINKLE opened with a species of ball practice in the shape of Quadrilles and Polkas, to which the piano of MRS. CRASHER replied by a sort of canonade of old Canons. For a time there seemed to be a truce, and Overtures of a rather peaceful nature

were heard to proceed from MRS. TINKLE's cabinet, when MRS. CRASHER suddenly brought up her cottage in great force, and poured in a volley with deafening effect upon the enemy. This movement was met on the other side by a quick succession of forced marches, including the Wedding March and the March from *Le Prophète*. Upon this the enemy attempted a *fortissimo* movement with damaging effect, and brought up some of the heaviest pieces of VERDI's division, which were played off against all the great guns of the enemy. The contest was still raging when we last heard from the seat—or rather the music-stool—of war, and both parties were employing all their force in harassing each other.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CRIMEAN IMBECILES.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT and suite, has followed up her womanly and Queenly visits to the Crimean Invalids, by a similar mark of interest shown to a class of sufferers, if not as numerous, at least as severely afflicted. We refer to the Crimean Imbeciles. HER MAJESTY has only anticipated the feeling of the country in visiting these unfortunates; and we trust that the examination of the worst cases will be followed by some permanent mark of HER MAJESTY's sense of the claims of these unfortunate persons.

As it has been found impracticable to lodge all these imbeciles together, no public building being spacious enough to accommodate their unhappily large number, they have been distributed hitherto pretty equally among all the public offices connected in any way with the conduct of the war. Several of the worst cases have found accommodation—we trust only temporary—at the office of the Army Medical Department in St. James's Place, to which HER MAJESTY in her inspection proceeded first.

Among the most serious cases which here attracted the Royal attention, may be particularised that of DR. ANDREW SMITH. This unfortunate gentleman labours under general paralysis of the active powers, which has been gradually growing upon him during forty years service, but has been brought to a head by the exigencies of the War. He has suffered greatly from exposure, during several days, to all

the rigours of a cross-examination by MR. ROEBUCK's Select Committee. This exposure coming upon an official constitution, already shattered by the heavy fire of the *Times*, has reduced the poor man to a truly pitiable state, and the Medical Board, on which he has so long sat, having at length sat upon him, has pronounced him incurable, and recommended his immediate and final retirement from the department he has so long and so successfully mismanaged. HER MAJESTY spoke to DR. SMITH, but his answers were incoherent. His imbecility has taken the form of a fixed idea, that the hospitals at Scutari are all that they ought to be; and he becomes very violent when any doubt is expressed on this point. DR. SMITH's imbecility is accompanied by a total loss of the faculty of hearing reason. He still, however, writes a great deal, and is very obstinate, protesting, in a strong Scotch accent, against any attempt to administer advice or medicine, while the sight of a *Times* newspaper rouses him to frenzy.

The next case which attracted her MAJESTY's attention was that of DR. MENZIES, whose imbecility had manifested itself throughout the whole campaign, by the most unmistakable symptoms, though he has been cruelly compelled to continue at an arduous post, long after every one knew him to be utterly unfit for its duties. The poor sufferer was placed in charge of the great hospital at Scutari, though unable to leave the desk at which he was kept writing from ten to twelve hours a day, on more than one or two occasions, for inspection of the wards; and when he did visit them he was entirely incapable of exerting the senses of sight, speech, or smell. DR. MENZIES labours under a total loss of memory, and is quite incapable of comprehending his own duties, or the value of money—particularly in comparison with human life. The



THE QUEEN VISITING THE IMBECILES OF THE CRIMEA.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE CITY

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attempts of the poor sufferer to explain himself were painful in the extreme, and HER MAJESTY was evidently much grieved at finding that such severe duties had been thrown on one so obviously unfit for their discharge. She conveyed this opinion to the PRINCE and her suite, as well as to LORD PANMURE, in the most energetic manner.

HER MAJESTY subsequently visited the ward occupied by the Imbeciles of the Commissariat. Here a melancholy spectacle presented itself. The sufferers are almost all advanced in life, and equally feeble in mind and body; and it is obvious at a glance that to impose the task of feeding the Army on men unable to feed themselves without the aid of the Government, was a cruel mockery. HER MAJESTY's deepest interest, however, was reserved for the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, who has a ward to himself. That Noble Lord has long been known to be labouring under a complicated form of mental disorder, combining the worst features of fatuity and delusion. His memory for recent events has long been utterly gone, though he remembers a great deal that occurred during the Peninsular War. He amuses himself with taking to pieces clocks and watches, with which the liberality of the Government keeps him well supplied. These he afterwards tries to regulate, but invariably without success; his general complaint is that they are too fast. He is perfectly inoffensive, and kind to all about him, but his attendants are obliged to guess at his wants, as he has long been incapable of issuing orders, or even expressing his wishes intelligibly.

The Royal inspection of the Military Imbeciles was followed by that of the Imbeciles who have broken down in the Naval service of the War. We regret to say that ADMIRAL BOXER and CAPTAIN CHRISTIE, whose cases were both brought to HER MAJESTY's especial notice, are in the habit of using language so foul and offensive, that the Royal Party was forced to beat a precipitate retreat. This however, (as was explained to HER MAJESTY,) is a frequent accompaniment of mental imbecility, and implied no personal disrespect of the Illustrious Visitor, the same style of language being addressed by the sufferers to all who may come in their way, whether medical men, clergymen, or others. It is needless to add that the Imbeciles did not express the least satisfaction at HER MAJESTY's gracious examination of their several cases. But the Public is grateful to HER MAJESTY on their behalf, for it trusts that now that these instances have been brought under Her notice, in which the Military and Naval authorities have shown the most cruel disregard of the mental and bodily state of those employed under them, she will see that in future men like these unfortunate Imbeciles are not saddled with labours tasking to the utmost all the powers both of mind and body.

HER MAJESTY, before leaving, was pleased to express her entire dissatisfaction with all the arrangements in relation to the War up to the present time—a feeling in which, as usual, she is unanimously supported by her loyal subjects, in general, and *Mr. Punch* in particular.

LABOUR AND CAPITAL COMBINED.

THE low salary system seems to have reached its height, or rather to have attained its utmost depth, as shown by the following advertisement:—

WANTED, A Person between 26 and 30, neat and clever at Needlework, and must take charge of Servants and house arrangements. As a comfortable home is all that will be offered, any one applying must have means of her own, and only be desirous of the protection of a respectable family. Address, free, to No. 534, N.B.A.O., Edinburgh.

Here is a person wanted, not only to fill some two or three situations without pay, but "she must have means of her own," or, in other words, it is possible that she may be in some way taxed for the privilege of managing the household and doing the needlework of this "respectable family." In return for her labours and her capital she will enjoy the "protection" of those she will have to wait upon. Situations must indeed be scarce when domestic drudges are expected to have private resources to draw upon. It will be easy enough to start house-keeping if the servants are to receive no wages, but are expected to be prepared with means of their own, as an equivalent for the "protection" of respectable families. We have heard of clerkships requiring, by way of qualification, the deposit of a sum of money in the employer's hands, but there is something novel in the idea of requiring a capitalist to perform the duties of a maid-of-all-work.

Curious Coincidences.

THE traveller from Kew or Richmond on the outside of the omnibus, must often have noticed on the front of a wine and spirit establishment at Hammersmith, the name of BACCHUS. He doubtless considered this an appropriate name for the proprietor of the place in question; but in passing through Kensington, he may perhaps have observed another name, even more appropriate, standing for the sign of a public-house. It is that of "THE KING OF PRUSSIA!"

A COLUMN FOR OLD BOYS.

NAVAL, MILITARY, AND OTHERWISE.



GE before Honesty. It is in the power of any young man to be honest, but it requires a lifetime almost before a person can grow old.

As long as there is Life, there is Hope. No man, let his age exceed that of OLD PARR, and METHUSALEH combined, need despair of getting an appointment.

No man's intellect is in its prime, like a Stilton Cheese, until it is a little decayed.

We wonder how old the Buoy at the Nore is?—because if he is a mere B(u)oy, we are surprised that he has not been sent adrift long ago.

It is so far kind to offer our poor Admirals and Generals, when their infirmities do not allow them to stand, a Seat of War.

Our brave Admirals are looked upon very much like our men-of-war—there's nothing worthy of going into action under a seventy-four.

Our system of rewarding old age has one great advantage—it must place both the Commander-in-Chief and the common Private on the same familiar footing, when it is clearly seen that each is a sentry (century).

The merchant-service has always been looked upon as our nursery for seamen—but our men-of-war offer us another kind of nursery—a nursery for sick Admirals, who would make doubtlessly very good wine-merchants, as they are only fit to be "laying in Port."

Steamers have been called "floating hotels"—many of the war-steamer sent out by the Admiralty are nothing better than floating *Hôtels des Invalides*.

When a ship returns, it is laid up in ordinary,—and when it goes to sea, it is the commander generally that is "laid up."

There is nothing changed at the Admiralty. The Head of it still is, now as before, and ever will be—WOOD.

JOLLY SIEGE FOR SEBASTOPOL.

WE were highly delighted by reading the subjoined statement:—

"Our letters from the Crimea left our army vastly improved in health and spirits, well dressed, full of fun, playing games, hunting dogs, and running races."

A leading article in the *Morning Post* gratified us with this intelligence, which, contrasted with what we have been so long accustomed to, is of the sort popularly denominated "cheering." It is, however, by no means inconsistent with another piece of news, occurring in the same paper, under the head of "Latest Intelligence," not equally consolatory, or calculated to exhilarate the desponding. To wit:—

"Operations on a grand scale have not yet commenced."

Indeed, with an army at play, hunting dogs, and running races, operations upon any scale, except the scale for weighing the runners, are hardly to be expected, and so long as the Army continues to be full of fun, it will probably not attempt anything serious.

The Untoasted Service.

SEVERAL public dinners have lately occurred, and when the cloth was removed the usual loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk at all of them. But one patriotic toast was not drunk at any of them; it never is: but it ought to be at all. The Army is toasted, the Navy is toasted always, but never the Police. We trust this omission will be rectified in future on the occasions alluded to, and we suggest that the Police should be proposed either after the Army and Navy, or in connexion with those similarly useful bodies of men. What, in fact, are our Military and Naval forces but a Police for Foreign Affairs, now engaged in the attempt to put down a nation of robbers and cut-throats.

Ink Shed in the Crimea.

WHEN future historians, in collecting materials for an account of our present affairs, shall discover that the Commander of the British Army in the Crimea was continually at his desk, they will probably be tempted to remark that the Battle of Inkermann might have been more properly called the Battle of Pen-and-Inkermann.



THE PUBLIC IMAGINE THE NEW LETTER BOXES TO BE STOVES, KINDLY PROVIDED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PARISH.

OUR SOLDIERS IN THE STOCKS.

"Who put my men in the stocks?" will be the natural exclamation of QUEEN VICTORIA when she hears that, in consequence of no substitute being provided for the leathern instruments with which our soldiers were formerly throttled, they are to be choked off with the old leather stocks from which, some months ago, common sense and humanity succeeded in releasing them. Newspaper reports inform us that SIR GEORGE BROWN had scarcely returned from Malta before he issued an order for seizing every man under his command by the throat and checking his respiration with that leathern apparatus, which may perhaps stifle the voice of complaint, though they will not be able to bow their necks in submission to the decree of their General. Considering that they have already pretty stiff work in the Crimea, it is too bad to make their work still stiffer by the stocks, which have been already once discarded, and are now resumed with a sort of neck or nothing recklessness on the part of the authorities, who have not succeeded in suggesting some more agreeable ties by which to bind our men to the service of their country.

Literary Men who Help Themselves.

PLAGIARISTS, who take care of number one in looking always after number two, only help themselves to the thoughts of others, perhaps, because they are told that "Second thoughts are best;" and, if they find them the best, you cannot well blame them for taking them.

FINISHERS OF MARTIAL LAW.



be derived a sanguine hope that the acknowledgment of the dignity of that branch of office is not very far distant:—

"Adjutant-General's Office, E—, March —
"Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 9th instant, I have the honour to acquaint you, that by the direction of the Major General commanding, PRIVATE D— J—, of the —th Regiment, is to undergo the sentence awarded him in the gaol of —, and that the prisoner must be marked with the letter D. in the regimental hospital by the Assistant-Surgeon before being committed to gaol."

Our medical contemporary says, in reference to the blanks in the foregoing, "For obvious reasons we conceal names." Those reasons will not be obvious to persons who entertain an adequate idea of a vocation which is peculiarly elevating; and we, at least, do not hesitate to mention a name, which, (though a civilian's), the above communication will entitle to rank with that of an officer and a gentleman. That name is CALCRAFT, the bearer of which has for many years been confidentially employed in carrying into effect the most solemn decisions of the Judges of England: a task in which he has acquitted himself with uniform success. When the fact is known, as we are happy in contributing to make it, that the minor operations of that surgery whereof MR. CALCRAFT is a professor, are wont to be performed by Medical Officers in the Army, the result,

doubtless, will be a much higher estimate of that gentleman's function than what has hitherto prevailed. Capital operations in the same line would, we presume, if necessary, be committed to the same gentlemen so that they, in the Crimea, would bear just that relation to the Provost-Marshal which MR. C. bears to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

PUNCH, THE NEW RACING PROPHET.

TO THE BETTING PUBLIC.

HULLO! HOY! DON'T BE DONE. THERE IS BUT ONE PROPHET, and Punch is the Party. Now's your time. I have ten certainties and seventy-two good things for my patrons. Didn't I prophesy all right for the last Derby? Didn't I write to my subscribers to mind what they were about, and put their money on a good horse? And didn't a good horse win? Very well then. I brought you all off with a wet finger. But that's nothing to what I can, and will do this year. Capital, my boys, that is the secret. If you like to go to any of those seedy swindlers who live in lofts over stables, and write their tips on public house tables, you can, but don't come roaring to me, if you get in a hole. They can advertise, after a race, that they sent the winner only, and who can disprove it? But how should they get at stable secrets? Why, a decent stable-boy wouldn't be seen with the seedy parties at a dog-fight. The capitalist does the trick, my friends. I don't puff myself. Why should I? Thanks to my noble patrons, who pay to the hour, and with such and none others I desiderate to have doings, I need no new subscribers. I am on the free list of all the great stables. Not a feed is given, nor a mash neither, but Punch knows it. I am an independent capitalist. But I can't bear to see the public cheated by carnivorous cads and obsequious outlaws, naming themselves as Prophets. Prophets profits! indeed I. Looney, say I. However, I need few words. I sent Fandango for the Met. I sent Star of England for the Grand Brum. Hungerford (how are you, Blazon?) for the Great Northamptonshire. Questionable for the Fytchley. Kingtown for HER MAJESTY'S (God bless her) plate. Thomas-Dillon for the Whittlebury (my Lord CHURCHFIELD, you did me proud). Foxhunter for the Earls' Plate, and Talford for the Cup. If any one doubts whether these were the winners of those races, perhaps he'll put on his gig-lamps, (vulgo, barnacles), and peruse the Sunday Times. Others may advertise that they did the like, to which my rejoinder is—Walker. You send to me. I have the winners for all the great events coming, especially the Guineas and the Derby. They shall be sent to my subscribers. Don't be alarmed at anything that happens—if my horses go out of the betting, it will only be that they may come in again in a blaze of honour and profit. I have two or three smaller things, safe, for connoisseurs, beside a long shot for the Gandy. Fets are boiling. Anybody wanting to place a quiet monkey, let him ask me. Confidence, my boys, in your veteran capitalist and well-wisher. Why not take my "hints to make home happy." Single coveys, (lucky dogs) "faist heart never won fair lady." Married parties, (happy men), try your luck, and treat your good ladies with your winnings, besides a trifle for the old sticking in the cupboard. Bereaved buffers, (such is life), there's comfort in the chink of rosy gold. Send up to Punch, directing carefully, Punch, care of SAMUEL BROWN, (to whom make your post-office orders payable, without which we attend, as you cannot expect I am to outlay my capital and give my valuable secrets and time for nothing), No. 2, (third floor back), Bowking's Rents, Groddie Lane, Stennington Street, Borough. (N.B. Postpaid, or not taken in). And may our wanted luck be ours and more, and an confidence in your veteran capitalist, the only and true Racing Prophet.—N.B. Be very particular about the address for the post-office orders.

"THE GREEK KALENDS."—LORD RAGLAN is getting this Calendar ready, for the period when Sebastopol is taken.

THE AMATEUR OLYMPIANS.



ADENLY because he desires to applaud, with all his voice, both his hands, and much stamping of his respected feet, the spirit which prompts literary men to aid one another, *Mr. Punch* begs to make "honourable mention" of an amateur performance which he witnessed some nights ago at the Olympic Theatre.

Amateur performances with a kindly object have, by journalistic prescription, a claim to be exempt from criticism; and, as it usually happens that they are exceedingly bad, the privilege has its advantages. In the present instance the reverse is the case; but, assuredly, *Mr. Punch* is not going to violate this right of exemption, simply because the principal portion of the performances in question happened to be marvellously good. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the GARRICK. The neutral flag of amateurship shall equally protect, from the right of search, the Ship of Fools, and the craft whose sailors are Masters of their Craft.

But *Mr. Punch* desires to place on his imperishable pages the record that a literary man (of industry, of versatility, and exemplary in the relations of private life) had overtaken his mental and physical powers, and in consequence that he was reduced to a state of prostration from which medical judgment announced that he could recover only after a protracted interval of rest. That his pecuniary resources were necessarily cut off by this unexpected occurrence. That after a few literary friends had aided him, with purse or pen, as they best might, they resolved on a larger effort. That they did not memorialise great people, or beg in drawing-rooms, or advertise Good Samaritans who like to see their names in print that anything given should be duly acknowledged. They did a worthier thing. They associated other literary men with themselves, and some others whose connexions and interests are with literature, and the united party organized and presented an entertainment, which brought in a golden harvest. The "fashionable world" or such portion of it as could obtain admission, crowded to the theatre, and *Mr. Punch* is told that the list of those who applied in vain for that happiness was appallingly aristocratic. But all this *éclat*, and all this well-bestowed money were obtained for a literary man by his brethren, in honourable and legitimate fashion, and when the object of their solicitude is restored to health (as *Mr. Punch* earnestly trusts he may be) he will have no reason to think that his necessities have been succoured in any way at which an artist should murmur. And because *Mr. Punch* is gratified with this wholesome spirit of co-operation for—instead of solicitation of—charity, he notices the performance in question, and not because the Amateur Pantomime (with Miss ROSINA WRIGHT as its admirable *Columbine*) was one of the freshest, best, and most amusing things he has ever seen during his long, useful, and exemplary life.

Noon-Day Truisms.

No one cares for Turtle-Soup after the first twenty minutes.

The happiest moment of your life is when you don't know it.

A Woman's Life is made up of "five minutes," for she never takes more to put on her bonnet, change her dress, go out shopping, order the dinner, or do anything else.

THE OLD MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

By the success which has attended the establishment of associations of young men for the cultivation of each other's minds, some patriotic individuals have been induced to attempt the formation of an Old Men's Society with a similar object. The experiment of mutual education has been tried upon the youth of the middling classes, but it will be repeated among elderly men in the higher ranks. To restore the Latin and Greek which old gentlemen have forgotten will naturally be imagined to be the design of the contemplated institution; but it is intended rather to teach them what they have never learned. The application of common knowledge and common sense to the conduct of civil and military affairs, is the end of which the Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society is destined to the promotion.

It has lately been customary to consider our aged officials as universally ignorant of all practical business. The case is not quite so bad as this. Great and lamentable as their destitution may generally be of the knowledge of almost everything they ought to know, each individual among them, for the most part, possesses some little information of a serviceable nature, which he can impart to his fellow, receiving instruction on some other subject in return. This interchange of ideas between the various Boards—the Ordnance and the Horse Guards, the Victualling Office and the Admiralty, and the Medical Department and that of the Transport Service—cannot but be attended with a certain beneficial result.

During those intervals of leisure which are afforded the superior classes by the Easter holidays, and those of Christmas, which are not limited to one, or two, or three days; on these, and such-like opportunities, the members of the Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society will attend the Polytechnic and similar institutions, and inspect warehouses, works, and manufactories, with a view to the collection of useful facts to be communicated to one another at the Society's Conversations.

The Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society will be furnished with rooms, including a suitable place of meeting, and a library, well stocked with useful elementary works, and supplied with illustrative models and specimens; besides an electrical machine, a galvanic battery, a thermometer and barometer, a pair of globes, and a pneumatic trough. A Lecture will be delivered every Saturday evening by one of the members, on some topic with which it behoves the rest to be acquainted, and which he happens to understand, or has exerted himself to get up. Failing such a Lecturer, the Managers of the Society will secure the attendance of some competent commercial or scientific gentleman to deliver a Discourse, of which the senile hearers will afterwards endeavour to impress the particulars on each other's memories, by means of mutual question and answer.

Recitations from the most approved works, on branches of useful knowledge, will be occasionally delivered at the *réunions* of the Society; and a Discussion Forum will be held from time to time, when the first principles of moral and political science will be debated.

The premises to be occupied by the Old Men's Mutual Improvement Society will be selected in the immediate vicinity of Downing Street.

WARNING TO CLICQUOT.

CLICQUOT, there is, as thou art like to know,
A Hostelry, that, crowning Richmond Hill,
O'erlooks the placid vale of Thames below,
And the far woodlands. Some six years ago,
For oaken sapling having changed goose-quill,
I tramped—it is my frequent journey still—
A goodly round, wherein that Tavern lay;
The Star and Garter. In a double row
People thereat were standing, whom between,
From a low chaise was helped in, painfully,
A bent old man in a gray gabardine,
And some one said to him, "*Votre Majesté*."
LOUIS PHILIPPE, discerned, I there did see,
As, in some future walk, thyself I may.

The Army, the Navy, and the Navvies!

We have had the PRINCE OF WALES drawn as a midshipman; we have had PRINCE ALFRED figuring as a drummer-boy; and now, as a further royal tribute to another great Service of the State, we are to have PRINCE ARTHUR in the costume of a Navvie. In a day or two, a beautiful engraving of the Prince, with a wide-awake, and pickaxe, and a pair of enormous jack-boots running up to his little hips, will be exhibited in the windows of our principal printsellers, with a graceful dedication "to our brave Navigators in the Crimea." It will be, of course, a *line* engraving.



FLUNKEIANA.

Recruiting Sergeant. "COME, TAKE THE SHILLING LIKE A MAN; AND HAVE A TURN AT THE RUSSIANS IN THE CRIMEA."

Pampered Menial. "A—THANK YOU, I DON'T SEEM TO SEE IT. THE FACT IS A—THAT—A—THE WORK IS 'ARD; AND—A—THE BOARD IS BAD."

THE UNACKNOWLEDGED CAPTAINS.

"ONCE a Captain always a Captain," is a saying commonly received. A man may, however, have been a Captain not only for a limited period, but for any term; not only a Captain but a General; may have performed the most signal services, and gained the most glorious victories in the Indian army, and yet, on arriving in this country, become no officer at all. To be once a Captain, therefore, somewhere in the British empire is not to be always a Captain everywhere in the same. Can these statements, asks the foreign reader, be true? Are they not some of *Mr. Punch's* nonsense? Is it possible that such an infamous and absurd regulation as that which he alludes to is maintained in regard to the British army? Not only can *Mr. Punch* assure his exotic friend that these things are so, but also that our Indian officers about to be employed in the Crimea, to supply the incapacity of those at present in command there, are to have merely local rank in that sphere of service; besides which they are to be rewarded with much less pay than that whereof they have been in the receipt.

It is further a fact that these terms have been accepted by several Indian officers, who must either be the greatest of patriots, or the greatest of fools—and the latter are not wanting in the Crimea. To allow these officers to retain their previous pay may be impracticable, but what can deny them the advantage of mere rank in the Army but a stinginess which is simply idiotic? Rank costs nothing. This shabby and senseless injustice—this unprofitable wrong—this parsimony which saves no expense—this gratuitous evil and folly which might be abolished by a word—to coexist with this present Government; to have existed after PALMERSTON had been in office a single week! Oh PALMERSTON! PALMERSTON!!

Literary Intelligence.

We see advertised a publication, called "*The Ferns of Great Britain*." We suppose this is in healthy contrast to "*the Ferns of the United States*,"—we mean, the FANNY FERNS, and others, more or less green and worthless, that for some time past have been spreading themselves with such rank fertility over the fields of Yankee literature. We notice that our English Ferns are "*Nature Printed*," whereas with your FANNY FERNS of America, there is scarcely a leaf printed that does not denote the very reverse of Nature.

ALEXANDREW.

A Rural Ballad.

You've heer'd the news that NICHOLAS, besides QUEEN ANNE, is dead,

And 'tis said as how that young NICK do reign in old NICK's stead;
For most folks old NICK's son and heir concludes young NICK to be:
But his name is ALEXANDREW the Czar of Muscovy.

But little do it argify concernin' of his name;
The pint is if his natur and his veeather's is the same.
The old man wanted for to hold command of land and sea:
But what says ALEXANDREW the Czar of Muscovy?

Do he intend to persevere as t'other one began?
And have 'a got the veeather's pride—which was not made for man?
Or will he draa his horns in, and unto tams agree,
This here young ALEXANDREW, the Czar of Muscovy?

Some says to moderation although he've got a mind,
That he can't act accordin' to what he is inclined,
And must do what the priests and noblemen decree,
Although he's ALEXANDREW, the Czar of Muscovy.

I hopes the death of NICHOLAS will bring about a peace,
Theu I shall look upon it as a mercy and release,
And holler, notwithstanding' War be thrivin' times for we,
Hooray for ALEXANDREW, the Czar of Muscovy!

But if a wun't, or can't give ear to reason and to right,
Why then we must pitch into un wi' all our main and might,
And try which is the best man by that means for to see,
The QUEEN, or ALEXANDREW the Czar of Muscovy.

THE CHARACTER OF AURORA.

BY A LATE RISER.

"I begin to question very much the lofty, much-extolled character of AURORA. First of all, she is decidedly light-fingered; for her very first act upon rising is to strip the earth of all its dew. Then, before a single person is up, she rifles every bank, and, with the proceeds of her robbery, rushes about tipping the mountains with gold. You will say that "it is a way she has got;" but, for myself, I imagine that it would be better for the young lady to be just before she is liberal, and her high sense of justice is best shown by the fine, glowing, malicious pleasure she takes in always breaking the Day."

Adams's Antiquities.

OUR old friend and astronomer, who brings together annually an almost unlimited number of stars at the Adelphi, has been again at home there with his usual Company of Comets, assisted by the Band of Orion and his two favourite Bears, the Major and the Minor. Considering the accession of novelty that MR. ADAMS brings every year into the field, we think he ought to take in future for his motto, the famous line (with variations):—

"On Orrery's head, Orreries accumulate."

Happiness.

SCENE.—Near a celebrated Pie-Shop in St. Giles's.

Little Girl (to *Little Girl* still less than herself). "HERE, SUBSTANTIAL, let's come and look at the Pies."

A CLERICAL CHARGE.

How can Churchmen complain of the Church being deserted, when they themselves fill it with nothing but empty forms?

ORNITHOLOGY OF THE CITY.



characteristic of the vulture, as swooping on the Billingsgate fish would be suggestive of the cormorant; but it must be remembered that the Corporation also preys extensively on coals. In fact its appetite is so comprehensive, that it may be regarded as consisting of ostriches, rather than the birds above specified, except that the ostrich can digest anything, and the Corporation can digest no scheme of Civic Reform.

THE Corporation of the City of London is not composed of cormorants and vultures. It may be true, as a correspondent of the *Times* says, that a deputation of the Markets' Improvement Committee waited the other day on the Lords of the Treasury "to gain their sanction for fixing a toll of 2d. on every cwt. of dead meat that is to be sold in the New Metropolitan Cattle Market." Whereby, according to the present supply of dead meat, they would net £40,000 per annum, besides their rental, expected to be "100 per cent. per annum on the cost of shops." This pouncing upon the dead meat, may appear indeed, characteristic of the vulture, as swooping on the Billingsgate fish would be suggestive of the cormorant; but it must be remembered that the Corporation also preys extensively on coals. In fact its appetite is so comprehensive, that it may be regarded as consisting of ostriches, rather than the birds above specified, except that the ostrich can digest anything, and the Corporation can digest no scheme of Civic Reform.

SURLY SENTIMENTS.

(By a Professed Old Grumbler.)

VANITY never died yet of a surfeit.
A Parent who strikes a child is like a man who strikes the water—the consequences of the blow are sure to fly up in his own face.

There are fools who cannot keep a secret. Their excessive greenness, like that of new wood, makes them split.

Reform is an omnibus that's always "just going to start."

Friends, like tumblers in frosty weather, are apt to fly at the first touch of hot water.

It is with a faded beauty as with a clock—the more the face is enamelled, the more clearly do we see the progress of Time.

The most uncomfortable house to live in is a house full of pets,—such as pet dogs, pet canaries, pet squirrels, parrots, and cats,—but, worse than all, pet children!

Cerberus must have been a box-keeper, originally, at a theatre.

There is no one so long-lived as your delicate fine lady, who is always "dying."

I have generally found that a "little party" with a "little music," and a "little singing," with a "little vint-et-un" after that, followed by a "little supper," and lastly a "little grog" just before going home, carry one up to five or six o'clock in the morning, and invariably end in a little headache the next day.

The Museum Flea.

CARLYLE, HUDSON KIRBY, and others, have talked a great deal about the powers of the "Museum Flea." We suppose this is no other than the identical Flea which SIGNOR PANIZZI is always catching in his ear about the Museum Library. Often as he catches it, however, it does not seem to sting him particularly to the quick, if we may judge from the extreme slowness of the Catalogue, which may certainly be looked upon as the very perfection, in all its coolness, of "lettered ease."

PHILOSOPHY FOR THE FAIR.

THE subjoined extract from the Paris news of the *Times*, indicates a great defect in female education:—

"A religious ceremony took place last evening (Good Friday) in the Tuilleries. The Emperor, Empress, and the Court were present, and about 100 strangers were admitted with tickets. Out of reverence for the solemn character of the day, it was notified on the card of admission that all persons assisting at the service should appear in deep mourning. . . . Some of the French ladies present, probably out of compliment to the Empress, also wore the characteristic head-dress of Spain, and carried fans of the same dark colour. They were probably French or English, for the experienced eye could see at the first glance, in spite of the Spanish costume, that the movement of the fan, which no hand or wrist can manage except a thoroughbred Spanish one, was a decided failure, notwithstanding its rapidity and energy."

The defect to which *Mr. Punch* alludes he would, if he had time, endeavour to supply in some degree by delivering a series of lectures on the Ludicrous. Of this quality as exhibited in human actions, women have almost no idea. Merry indeed they are, in youth at least; laugh continually. But when they laugh at anything—for they often laugh at nothing, laugh when there is nothing to laugh at—the cause of the laughter is mere oddity. An odd bonnet will make them laugh, that is to say a bonnet different from the bonnets in fashion; but they don't laugh at a bonnet which is essentially absurd: for instance, a bonnet which is *not* a covering to the head, but covers only the occiput. A rational observation is as likely to make them, for the most part, laugh, as anything. There are jokes that do lie too deep for laughter; they don't laugh at these: but it is because they don't see them. Could a lot of French and English ladies, probably of the first sort, have dressed themselves in mourning on the occasion of Good Friday, gone to church on the same, and on that day, in that place, in that dress, and in a posture of genuflection, have employed themselves in trying to flirt their fans Spanish fashion, if they had any the least sense of the ridiculousness of æsthetical incongruity?

Great Mouse Meeting.

THE Lyceum being closed on Easter Monday, a great meeting of the Mice was held on the Stage to consider the present alarming condition of the drama. After a somewhat lengthened debate, it was moved and carried that "in consequence of the prohibitive amount of rent required for the Lyceum building, all the Mice should, until further notice, adjourn to the landlord's cupboard."

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

IN a late debate on the Ordnance estimates—

"COLONEL KNOX wished to know whether the great coats supplied to the army had been properly surveyed before being issued from the Ordnance? Certainly, any officer who had passed them merited immediate dismissal; for nothing could be more infamous than their quality. They were made of the worst possible material,—the lightest of baize, in fact—and they were utterly useless to the men to whom they were supplied. If no survey had been made, then the Ordnance were greatly to blame."

"MR. MONKELL concurred entirely in the gallant officer's description of these great coats, though they were perfectly up to the pattern, and therefore no one was to blame for passing them. The chief object, when they were first issued, was to give the men as little to carry as possible, and the lightest material was therefore preferred."

Here is again the old official story: the coats are the "worst possible," but—"no one is to blame." Out of two advantages the Government, as by routine bound, chose the least; the coats it is true were "utterly useless," but then *per contra* they were "little to carry." It is the first time certainly that we ever heard of a great coat being chosen for its littleness. We suppose, however, that as it was of course expected that our soldiers would return covered with glory, it was doubtless thought superfluous to pay much attention to any other covering; and it might have plausibly been argued that the weight of their laurels would amply make amends for the lightness of their baize.

Seeing what a military turn just now most of our cheap tailors are giving their advertisements, we quite expect to find upon our breakfast table one fine morning shortly, some such appropriate announcement as the following:—

"MESSRS. NOKES beg to inform their patrons generally, that having lately executed a contract for supplying the Army with their Winter great coats, they have a quantity of the same material on hand which will be found extremely suitable for Summer garments. MESSRS. NOKES would especially invite attention to their Gossamer d'Élé or Ordnance Overcoat, which is made precisely of the contract cloth and pattern, and is being now extensively exported to the Tropics. On account of the surpassing thinness of the texture MESSRS. NOKES cannot guarantee its durability; but it will be found exactly suited for pedestrians and tourists whose chief object is to have as little to carry as possible."

"A WORD TO MY WIFE."—An innocent husband has published a little book with the above title! Does he expect that *his* will be the *last* word?

OFFICIAL DEMAND WITHOUT SUPPLY.



A N ordinary man of business, who expects a demand, will be prepared with a supply; but government business is conducted on quite the opposite principle. The conduct of the war—or rather the misconduct of the official departments—has furnished lamentable instances of the gross neglect by which wants, that it was well known would arise, were left unprovided for until long after they had existed; while, in some cases, there has been no supply to meet the demand, or the supply has been left to rot within a short distance of the very place where the demand has remained unsatisfied. The excuse urged for this gross

trifling with the necessities of the public service, has been the novelty of the circumstances arising out of the war; but the same tardiness in preparing a supply to meet the demand is an old official habit, for which there is no excuse whatever. It is not long ago that an objection was made to the hurried manner of passing through the estimates, when Mr. WILSON, the Secretary to the Treasury, explained that if the estimates were not passed the Government servants could not be paid their salaries, and he very properly complained of the delay often thrown in the way of the estimates by long-winded debates, which end in nothing, and occupy the early part of the session, to the exclusion of the real business of the country. This is all very true, but as we have now got a business man at the Treasury, in the shape of Mr. WILSON himself, and a clever and conscientious man at the Exchequer, in the shape of Sir G. C. LEWIS, we shall expect them to unite in the determination to insist on the business of their departments being brought on at the proper time, to admit of the payment of the public salaries without hurrying on the estimates with an indecent haste, which precludes the possibility of wholesome scrutiny. Official salaries are, it is well known, payable at certain fixed times, and provision should be made to meet the demand, instead of its being necessary to wake up the officials every quarter to the recollection that there are certain claims that have to be satisfied.

"Punctuality is the soul of business," is a maxim that should be kept in mind by those to whom the business of the country is confided, and we hope Mr. WILSON, who as a sound economist knows the value of the economy of time, will allow none to be wasted in that department at least which has the benefit of his abilities.

A LADY'S POSTSCRIPT TO A CRIMEAN LETTER.

P.S. "I send you, dear Alfred, a complete Photographic apparatus, which will amuse you doubtlessly in your moments of leisure; and if you could send me home, dear, a good view of a nice battle, I should feel extremely obliged."

P.S., No. 2. "If you could take the view, dear, just in the moment of victory, I should like it all the better."

NOTICE.—IF THE GENTLEMAN ON THE SECOND FLOOR does not, on and after the 31st of this month, give up playing the Accordion, or make some arrangement for practising it for something less than ten hours a day, the GENTLEMAN ON THE THIRD FLOOR gives notice that he will really be compelled, in self-defence, to learn the Big Drum, or take lessons on the Ophicleide, or become a pupil of some learned Professor of the Chinese Gong, for all of which instruments his heart, not less than his ear, has always entertained the most lively sympathy; and the GENTLEMAN ON THE THIRD FLOOR further gives notice that, as silence is indispensably necessary for the proper mastery of these melodious instruments, he shall not commence his studies until such an hour as he can be sure of commanding the most perfect stillness and repose in the House. These studies (rarely commencing before 1 a.m.) will be continued nightly, up to such a period as the GENTLEMAN ON THE THIRD FLOOR becomes as great a proficient on the Chinese Gong as the GENTLEMAN ON THE SECOND is on the Accordion. N.B. Skittles will also be given during the festive season, for which purpose the Third Floor has been fitted up into a temporary skittle-ground,—only it is hoped that the GENTLEMAN ON THE SECOND FLOOR does not sleep underneath.

Quiet Chambers, Regent Street.

CONCERTS IN THE OPEN AIR.

AMONG the numerous amusements of the season, none seems to equal in novelty the entertainment offered to the inhabitants of Ruddle Moor (a place we never heard of and never hope to see) by the following advertisement:—

PROVIDENCE BRASS BAND.

A CONCERT will be given by this Band, (in the open air), at RUDDLE MOOR, near St. Austell, on GOOD FRIDAY, (D.V.) to commence at Two o'clock in the Afternoon. Mr. WILLIAM HOOVER will provide at the Drum.

At the close of the Performances a Collection will be made in aid of the above Band. Leader.—Mr. JOHN BENNETTS.

Dated St. Austell, March 16th, 1865.

We have searched in vain our Maps and our Geographies to find the position of Ruddle Moor on the Map of Europe, and we can only conclude, therefore, that it is a sort of second Mitcham, a suburb which we have dragged from its obscurity and placed on the tip of a thousand tongues, that now wag familiarly with a name that once was only—

'Whisper'd in Croydon or mutter'd in Cheam,
While Tooting caught softly the sound like a dream.'

The "Providence Brass Band" is, we presume, a sort of provincial Philharmonic affair, and its tone and character may be gathered from the fact that it is in its element in the open air, and that the drum is its principal instrument. We cannot form any very accurate notion of its favourite morceaux, for we hardly see what composer's works can be very "conscientiously rendered" where the drum is the chief executant. These open air concerts are perhaps founded on the Musical Union of our friend ELLA, who continues to advertise his "family sofas to hold three," and who will perhaps ultimately find it necessary to provide bedsteads for the accommodation of those who go to yawn over the extracts from the various *Ops* of BACH, and other ponderous masters of the elaborate art of counterpoint.

APPEAL TO GENERAL BROWN.



OR Firmness, brave old BROWN
Surpasses any rock,
But that large bump upon his crown
Maintains the leather stock.

Now, when that bump's too big,
In metaphor 'tis said
That it's possessor is a pig,
Considered as to head.

My GENERAL BROWN, give ear
To Reason's gentle tones:
Do not, oh! do not, persevere
In choking PRIVATE JONES.

Carotid arteries give
The brain of JONES supply
Of vital stream, and JONES can't live
Those vessels if you tie.

That stream unto the heart
Jugular veins restore;
Forbid those veins to play their
part,
And JONES will be no more.

Trachea in his neck
Doth PRIVATE JONES possess;
You JONES's respiration check.
That tube if you compress.

Esophagus likewise
Hath PRIVATE JONES therein;

Of food you cut off his supplies,
With strap beneath his chin.

Brave heart! let not thy head
Acquire the name of block;
Let JONES be killed by steel or lead,
But not be slain by stock.

His circulation free
Leave JONES, my brave old
BROWN;
And let him breathe, and able be
To get his rations down.

An Odd Coincidence.

THE *Gardeners' Chronicle* tells us that the War with Russia has already increased the price of garden mats: adding "the great consumers of Russia mats must find a substitute, for BAST is necessary to the business." We now clearly see the importance of the war to the interests of gardening; for is not BAST at least one fourth of Se-bast-opol?

OUR IGNORAMUSES.

In America the Know-nothings are becoming every day more popular, while in England the very reverse is the case, if we are to judge by the increasing unpopularity of our men in office.

TRANSPARENCIES.

WHEN the mother of a large family of grown-up daughters pays a great deal of court to a rich young man, who is not yet blest with a wife, her conduct becomes so ridiculously Transparent that all her female friends openly laugh at her for it.

When a Candidate plays with the children of an Elector, and stuffs them with oranges and sugar-plums, and pays compliments to the wife, and begs to hold the baby whilst "she gets her good man's dinner ready," it does not require the sight of a lynx, or a conjuror, to see through a miserable Transparency like that.

When a friend drops in after dinner, and brings a bag of filberts with him, the Transparency assumes immediately the rich glow of a bottle of wine.

When a medical man is called out of church regularly every Sunday, he must flatter himself exceedingly if he fancies no one sees through a trick so excessively Transparent as that.

When a proud extravagant family breaks up its establishment in town and country, sells off everything it has, and goes to live on the Continent for the purpose of "giving the children the best Continental education," we doubt if there are many persons, even of the most benevolent turn of mind, who give much faith to a story so Transparent.

When Government talks year after year of the "public accounts being framed with the strictest regard to economy," we wonder how many persons are taken in by the Transparency?

When a young swell puts down his horses, and voluntarily gives up his dog-cart, because he "has been ordered to take exercise," the only effect such a Transparency can have on the eyes and minds of his friends is to make them exchange looks of comical incredulity, and smile.

When a servant wishes for a holiday "to go and see her mother" on Easter Monday, or a clerk asks for "a day's leave, if convenient for the purpose of visiting his aunt in the country who is very poorly," on the Derby Day, though the requests in both instances may be acceded to, still we suspect that the masters, in granting them, kindly shut their eyes to the extreme Transparency of the excuse.

Unpleasant Puff.

In a string of advertisements respectively headed "Amandine," "White Hands," "Have you lost your Hair," we lately noticed

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S NOUQUEZ."

What is this? Chloride of Lime one would suppose is the "bouquet" most largely patronised by Miss NIGHTINGALE at Scutari. To have associated that honoured name with a scent-bottle indicates on the part of the perfumer, more smell than taste.

HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR IT?

EVER since the New Beer Bill has been the cause of closing the public-houses on the Sunday, there has been a wonderful addition of members to all the cheaper Clubs about Pall Mall.

A GOVERNMENT VACANCY.

JUDGING from the mismanagement of the War generally, and from the fact of the Raw Coffee principally, it is very evident, we think, that some one is wanted at the head of affairs who is better qualified to "rule the roast."

Bad Rulers.

WE read of a first, and second, and third, and ever so many more parallels being continually constructed at Sebastopol. We do not understand much about such affairs, but taking high ground, and viewing the whole matter calmly and dispassionately, the Siege certainly appears to us to have been hitherto "a Siege without a Parallel."

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

THE *Sir Francis Drake* steamer sailed last week from Jersey with at least eighty emigrants for the Salt Lake! Never, perhaps, did drake swim in company with so many geese!

RANK IMPOSITION.—It seems to be generally understood among the Governing Classes of our blessed country that no one has a claim to a share in the administration of affairs unless he can prove his right by showing his title.

THE MAN FOR FREDERICK WILLIAM.—LORD PALMERSTON is certainly the best statesman to deal with the Court of Berlin. No diplomatist could be so likely to manage the KING OF PRUSSIA as a Judicious Bottleholder.

A PRETTY FELLOW FOR A BISHOP.

ACCORDING to a Correspondent of the *Atlas*, under the signature of "CLERICUS," a great cruelty is about to be inflicted on the colonists, if not on the aborigines, of Sierra Leone. The Bishop whose diocese includes that settlement has departed this life, and CLERICUS says—

"It is naturally expected by the colonists of our West African settlements, that the individual selected as his successor should be in every respect a man of recognised ability. How far this expectation will be fulfilled remains to be proved, but if my information be correct it will be cruelly disappointed, inasmuch as this see, worth upwards of £1500 per annum, has been offered to an elderly superannuated missionary, formerly many years resident at Sierra Leone, and who at present officiates in a chapel connected with the Church Missionary Society in the neighbourhood of London."

Cruelly disappointed. How *cruelly*? Is the proposed Bishop incapacitated by age? Is he just what a Bishop ought not to be—a disreputable character, the husband of more wives than one, a sot, a brawler, or a money-grubber for example?—if the latter, certainly they will be cruelly disappointed in the Prelate to be appointed to a see "worth upwards of £1500 per annum." Such disappointment, however, although cruel enough, is nothing to those who are used to it, as the inhabitants of the mother country undoubtedly are, if the colonists are not. But no—the disqualification of the reputed Bishop-elect is of quite another kind, in the view of CLERICUS; who continues—

"Far be it from me to deny the abilities of this gentleman for the office he enjoys; but it is another and a very different affair if his literary attainments will not bear the test of examination."

Well: but is this so? CLERICUS simply replies:—

"And how could it be otherwise, considering that he was, it is alleged, originally bred a mechanic, and went out to Sierra Leone in the capacity of a Catechist to the Church Missionary Society upwards of 35 years ago."

Originally bred a mechanic. So have been some learned men—and some more than learned. A mechanic—shall we say a tent maker? Or what does CLERICUS think of the vocation of a carpenter? That to have been originally bred to that mechanical business, entails disability for the office of Bishop? Oh! CLERICUS! Is the carpenter's bench so infinitely beneath the episcopal? Are the hands which have once wielded the adze, and the axe, and the saw, and the plane, and the gouge, and the chisel, and the auger, and the gimlet, and the centre-bit, to be for ever debarred from grasping the crosier? Is the brown paper cap exchangeable on no conditions for the mitre? It was not so at the beginning of the first century of this era. But CLERICUS evidently considers that we have changed all that—for a superior system. He proceeds, in allusion to the antecedents of the deprecatd Bishop:—

"I mention this in no invidious spirit, viewing it on the contrary as highly commendable; but something very different is very properly looked for in one who seeks to occupy the distinguished position of a high dignitary of the Church; and I venture to maintain, that if this gentleman obtains the Bishopric of West Africa, it will be an injustice done to the hard-working, ill-paid clergy of England, many of whom are equally pious, and have besides won for themselves the highest University honours."

Something very different from a fellow who was originally bred (say) a carpenter, though he has subsequently been a Church Missionary for more than 35 years, is wanted, says CLERICUS, for a Missionary Bishop. What other thing would he have? A thing of unsullied bands, irrefragable white tie, correct black coat, vest, and pantaloons, unexceptionable lavender-kid gloves, dainty intonation, delicate features, Macassar-oiled curls and aristocratic connections? For that is something which has succeeded the primitive Missionaries—from whom it is certainly something very different.

THE PLAGUE OF THE STREET.

DRAT that tune, which, everywhere,

On street piano tinkles,

Common as fat oysters are,

Fruit-stalls and winkles,

Desk it drives author, distracted, to flee,

Artist it worries from easel:

Nuisance!—how it irritates me!

"Pop goes the Wensel!"

Sibthorp Poaching.

COLONEL SIBTHORP has denounced the press as a "licentious press." Now this, in the absence of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, is a little unfair. There ought surely to be a copyright, even in abuse; and "licentious" is coming a little too close upon the noble Lord's well-known "ribald."

THE COFFEE PLANT.

THE state of the Coffee that was sent out to the Crimea injured our late Ministers more than anything else, for it gave every one who was opposed to them such an opportunity of "hitting them on the Raw."

NO WRONG WITHOUT A REMEDY.—The best and only remedy for the evils of Routine is a thorough Routin' out.



POTICHOMANIA (THE ART OF DECORATING GLASS), CARRIED OUT BY MASTER TOM DURING THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

THE CRUELTY MANIA.

It seems to be the favourite doctrine of the present day that crime among respectable females is a disease, and it would appear that the disease is catching—for it evidently spreads—though we had rather see the parties “catch it” in a different sense from that which is usually employed. With regard to contagious maladies, Miss EMILIE FRANCES GORDON, the baronet’s daughter,—who took it into her head to cure a jibbing pony by a series of atrocities quite scientific in their way as experiments in the art of cruelty—has infected other females, in whom the contagion shows itself with more or less of virulence.

A comparatively mild case of feminine indifference to suffering, amounting indeed to a certain degree of appetite for the infliction of pain, may be recognised in the following advertisement recently extracted from the *Times* :—

TO SCHOOLMISTRESSES.—WANTED, immediately, for a young lady (above 13), who is giving her Mamma much trouble, a cheerful, but very strict, SCHOOL, where the system with the pupils is more summary and decisive than in the ordinary run of modern establishments. Write, describing the disciplinary

system of the school, and stating the terms for the above young lady; and also (separately) for a little girl, of 7 years old, and stating likewise the number of pupils and of teachers. Address, &c. &c.

“If this announcement had been addressed to the MRS. WHACKFORD SQUERRERS of the present day—if any such exist—it would at once have appealed to the class that must have been in the eye of the “lady” who is in want of “summary and decisive” treatment for “a young lady (above 13) who is giving her Mamma much trouble.”

The equanimity of this “Mamma”—we are glad she does not assume the title of Mother—must be disturbed by very small causes if a girl of 13 is enough to throw her so completely off her moral balance that she savagely demands a school “where the system is more summary and decisive than the ordinary run of modern establishments.” Some of these—at £16 a year and upwards—are conducted on a scale of starvation and cruelty that would satisfy a moderate taste for torture, though the “Mamma” of the above advertisement will not be contented unless the “disciplinary system” is explained, and the nicer details of torturing are pointed out in such a way as to satisfy her that the young lady, aged 13, will get literally her “whack” for the money.

While providing for the punishment of the unfortunate child that has “given trouble,” the considerate “Mamma” hopes to save herself from future trouble by throwing “a little one in.” While bargaining for a supply of strictness and severity for her elder plague, she demands a statement of the “terms” on which “a little girl of 7 years old” may be “severely and summarily” dealt with. It is scarcely possible that a child of seven can have done much to disturb the tranquillity of this formidable “Mamma,” who is evidently premature in her scheme of torture as far as her younger victim is concerned, even if the elder one should have been occasionally “troublesome.” It does not seem to have occurred to this exemplary Mamma—exemplary as shewing us what to avoid—that Mammias are the fittest persons to take “trouble” with girls of thirteen, who if handed over to the tender mercies of the SQUERRERS, are likely to bring a world of trouble on themselves and all belonging to them—not excepting their “Mammias”—at a later period.

SONG OF THE SEASON.

BY A SOLICITOR.

THE Crocus blows in early Spring,
The Snowdrop also rises;
Primroses come, with birds that sing,
And likewise the Asseizes.
Green are the lanes as lovers, who
Make promises to marry;
Whereas the Violets are blue:
So is the bag I carry.

May and Maynooth.

MR. SPOONER has given notice to the Commons to move “on the first of May for a Committee to take into consideration the laws relating to Maynooth College with a view to their repeal.” This, on the first of May! We hear that MR. NEWDEGATE has promised to pour out ladie-fulls of eloquence, and COLONEL SIBTHORP has pledged himself to be up and dressed as Jack-in-the-Green: nevertheless, we put it to the honourable two whether, on such a day, such an opposition is quite fair to the chimney-sweepers?

ORNAMENTAL FRET-WORK.—The eyes of your beloved after she has been crying.



WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?

1890

VICTORIA



THE MOUNTAIN VIEW

GENUINE SCOTCH PRUDENCE.



AIRPLAY is a jewel, and it is but just to DR. ANDREW SMITH to observe, that if he has exhibited in any measure the common Scottish quality of economy, he has also exhibited a faculty also Scottish, but rare. The papers which DR. SMITH has presented to MR. ROEBUCK'S committee, prove that as much as a year ago DR. SMITH wrote a series of letters to the Horse Guards, containing suggestions for the clothing of the troops and the transport of the wounded, which, if they had been attended to, would have saved the army from many disasters, and which, in reference to those disasters, afford decided evidence of "second-sight."

ACCOUNTS FROM THE ACADEMY.

We are happy to hear that great numbers of the Artists who have painted pictures for the approaching Exhibition of the Royal Academy, have had the courage to break new ground, and to select their subjects from the writings of Authors who have hitherto escaped the painter's attention. This desirable change is in some degree due to the wise resolution of the Committee, who have decided that no *Harold*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Gil Blas*, *Master Slender* and *Anne*, *John Anderson* *my Jo*, *Quixote* and *Sancho*, *Napoleon in a Brown Study*, or similar subjects, in dealing with which the artists have enjoyed the unfair advantage of seeing several thousand previous treatments of the theme, shall be admitted. The Painters have therefore been thrown upon their own resources; and many of them in hunting for subjects have been greatly astonished to learn that there are other books in the world besides those from which the above historical scenes are taken. Of course, as might be expected from men suddenly launched into a new world, they have made curious selections, and shewn the misconception likely to arise from non-familiarity with literature; but this may be overlooked, and the healthy habit of thinking for oneself will gradually become easier to these gentlemen. We deprecate all severity upon the jumbles some of them may be found to have made.

We have been favoured with an early copy of the Exhibition Catalogue. The motto upon the title page is this year, as usual, a profound aphorism:

"Nature is in no degree different from Art, except in so far as Art herself is unlike Nature."—*PROMETHEUS'S PLATITUDES.*

From the Catalogue we find that among the new subjects are the following:—

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| 19. Cicero refusing to pay Rent for his Offices . . . | Brown. |
| 23. Sylla slaying Charybdis . . . | Jones. |
| 30. Brutus and Cassius over the body of Lucretia . . . | Robinson, A. |
| 35. Dido Dumb . . . | Smith. |

"When Dido saw Æneas would not come,
She mourned in silence, and was *di, do, dum.*"
JOHNSON'S GERONDS.

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| 39. The Mosque of Homer . . . | Biggs. |
| 41. Massacre of the Januaries . . . | Stubbs. |
| 49. Alexander the Great, incited by Thais, burns down the Alexandrian Library, which he had erected in honour of his father, Haman . . . | Hobbs. |
| 50. The Death of the Goddess Pallas . . . | Johnson. |

"Pallas to hoc vulnera."—*Virgil.*

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| 52. Godfrey, dispatching Tancred to see after the enchanted Armada, offers him a glass of his Cordial (<i>Fide Tasso</i>) . . . | Higgins. |
| 54. Legend of Scandinavian Mythology. The god Woden, in a fit of madness, tears off his hair, and calls himself the god Balder, but is melted at the approach of the god Thaw . . . | J. Bumps. |
| 59. "Hesper leading forth the spangled Knights." A Medieval procession . . . | Gubbins, A. |
| 62. The Inventor of Tapestry sees the Goblins . . . | Wopps. |
| 63. Horace advises Mæcenas to fish every day . . . | Snooks. |

"Nulla dies sine lineâ."

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|---|-----------------|
| 67. Massacre of the Sicilian Mariners on board the <i>Vesper</i> , Evil May Day . . . | Gravesend. |
| 70. Sir Christopher Wren and Queen Elizabeth on the Golden Gallery of St. Paul's . . . | Grigg. |
| "Her Grace having sufficiently admired the noble prospect of city and river, outspread before her as in a chart, said, smilingly, to the proud architect of the fane, 'But, Sir Kit, where is the Monument? I were loth to lose sight of that, by my fackins.' To which Sir Christopher replied, <i>Si Monumentum requiris, circumspice, Regina.</i> " Whereat her Grace laughed, and said, 'These Wrens do ever fly high.'"— <i>WALKER'S ANECDOTES.</i> | |
| 75. Flogging in the Navy . . . | Boson. |
| The harmless, necessary Cat."— <i>Merchant of Venice.</i> | |
| 79. Night in the North. "Now the Wolf beholds the Moon." . . . | O'Flannigan. |
| 88. Proh Pewdoor! The humble but early Church-goer is unable to obtain a Seat, while the late but wealthy attendant is inducted into a Pew . . . | Staggers. |
| "Io non credo più!" | |
| 107. View in the Sun, an imaginary composition, but the topographical details from "Lalla Rookh" . . . | Miss Wiggles. |
| "In that delightful Province of the Sun.
Where, all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flowerets and fruits blush over every stream,
And, fairest of all birds," &c. | |
| 133. The wounded Soldier in Hospital is visited by Miss Nightingale . . . | Tombins. |
| "Sur ma prison vienne au moins PHILONIE."— <i>Deranger.</i> | |
| 178. Richmond, as it would look if it were really situated as supposed by Shakspeare, namely, "on the seas." . . . | Dibbley, A. |
| 197. Christopher Columbus discovering that an egg would break if it were smashed down upon a table . . . | Folk. |
| 204. The Rich Uncle, returned from Calcutta, wonders at the Changes in Society . . . | Quighigh. |
| "Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind," | |
| 230. "Hoc erit in votis." I vote for another bottle of hock . . . | Jolly. |
| 312. Dr. Johnson and the Potatoes . . . | E. Golemouches. |
| "Dining with Mrs. Thrane, my revered friend complained of the potatoes. 'Ah! you have not got a good one, Doctor,' said the lady. 'Try this, for that before you is not at all meanly.' 'Spero meliora, dear Madam,' said Dr. Johnson, handing his plate, and I am happy to add that my venerated friend was not disappointed."— <i>BOSWELL, III. 173.</i> | |
| 408. Allegorical composition indicating the late tremendous attack upon Routine by the Member for Nineveh (—Layard, M.P.) . . . | Mousies. |
| "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." | |
| 555. Subject from Chaucer. The Boy who had been put to death by the Jews, nevertheless continueth miraculously to utter his hymn, evidently prophesying England's first Crimean victory . . . | Pumpe. |
| "Yet didde he syngen 'O Aims! louds and cleere." | |
| 602. Historical Scene. The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn, stands waiting for Sir Richard Strachan; Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em, stands waiting for the Earl of Chatham (<i>Painted for Lord Raglan and Admiral Dundas.</i>) . . . | Wagg, A. |
| 670. "The Rage of the Vulture, the Love of the Turtle." A Scene at Guildhall—Dinner announced . . . | O. Greenfat. |
| 790. The Milliner's Bill.—A domestic Scene . . . | P. W. Garlick. |
| "How much the wife is dearer than the bride!" | |
| 811. The Naval Engagement off Plessey in Tours, on the 31st February, 1793. On the left, Admiral Blazes is seen going into action in the <i>Splendacious</i> , followed by the <i>Ignominious</i> , <i>Wolloppe</i> , <i>Washington</i> , and <i>Torpedo</i> . The enemy's reserve is tacking to windward, and his flagship, <i>L'Epouvantable</i> , with double shot guns, bears directly down upon the stunsle-booms of the <i>Ignominious</i> . A light breeze is catching the folsle-sheet of the <i>Splendacious</i> which has ported her helm to baffle the manœuvre, while at the moment selected by the painter the <i>Torpedo</i> blows up fore and aft, the <i>Washington</i> goes down bulwarks foremost, the Admiral breaks out into a violent perspiration, and a terrible charge of Horse Marines thrown into the cockpit of <i>L'Epouvantable</i> decides the day (<i>Painted for Greenwich Hospital.</i>) . . . | L. Labber. |

DEATH BY OFFICIAL ROUTINE.



We really seem to have got into the same state of twaddle and imbecility in our official system, as that under which a KING OF SPAIN was once roasted alive, because the proper officer was not at hand to extinguish the Royal garments when they happened to have caught fire. It is true that there were plenty of attendant's standing by during the gradual combustion of the Monarch, but as Lord High Snuffers was not in the way to snuff him out, and Extinguisher-in-Ordinary did not happen to be in waiting at the exact moment when the Royal dressing-gown broke out into a flame, the Monarch was permitted to blaze literally away, until there was nothing left but the Royal ashes to be removed by the Lord High Dust Shovel, when that distinguished

officer arrived. Whether this little anecdote is well authenticated we will not vouch, but the following paragraph, extracted from the *Observer*, which professes to be an organ of the Court and the Government, describes a state of things almost as bad as that which led to the roasting of Spanish Royalty in the manner above described:—

"THE LATE FEARFUL EXPLOSION AT THE PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.—POOR INSPECTOR STROUD breathed his last on Friday morning week, at seven o'clock, at Haslar Hospital. Another man, named STUBBINS, is in a most dangerous state; and it is not unlikely that three or four others,

now lying with broken arms and legs, may be cut off in the prime of life, because a report of an escape of gas cannot be received by the clerk of the works, unless he receives the same through an official channel, which would take hours to accomplish, and during which inescapable delay a second accident might occur equally frightful in effect."

From this paragraph we learn that life has been sacrificed because the intimation of an escape of gas could only be received "through an official channel," and consequently nobody in office could trouble himself about the channel by which the gas itself was being received. We can fancy the "proper authorities" waiting for an "official report" of the escape of the gas, and being suddenly awakened from their drowsy inaction by a report issuing from the gas itself in the form of a terrific explosion, involving a fearful sacrifice of life and property.

We can imagine the Surveyor's Department leisurely forwarding a communication to the Inspector's Department, to be submitted to the Central Board, to be referred back to the Surveyor, to be entered on the minutes, and returned for further inspection to the Inspector, with directions to communicate with the Engineering Department, as to the propriety of sending an engine to extinguish a fire then raging, in consequence of an escape of gas. Supposing the engine to be ordered, the probability is, that there would be no pump except the pumps at the head of the Department, which, of course, would be found unfit for any useful work. Suppose the pumps to be got into a state of efficiency, the chances are, that if the fire was at Portsmouth, the engine would be at Plymouth, the pumps at Woolwich, the buckets at Devonport, and the "proper officer" at the Land's End.

It is, indeed, a mark of the cool audacity with which, in the words of the *Times*, the authors of all the mismanagement that has been complained of, "seem determined to put down popular clamour by defiance," when a recognised organ of the Ministry parades impudently in the paragraph we have quoted, the frightful instance of official neglect, which is said to have sacrificed one life, and endangered several others.

COALITION!—The *Herald* has discovered a "coalition" between MESSRS. GLADSTONE and BRIGHT. Henceforth, the Oxford mixture is to be synonymous with drab.

"THE THREE STONES!"

THE *Belfast News-Letter* makes known to the people of Ireland a most comforting, most Christian-like bit of intelligence. There never was such an Easter offering of balm, and myrrh, and spikenard.

"The three large stones placed on the rails of the railway at Trillick, for the destruction of the Protestants, are to be preserved as mementoes of that awful affair, when so many were providentially delivered. One stone is to be fixed prominently in the Protestant Hall of Derry, another in the Protestant Hall of Enniskillen, and the third in the Protestant Hall of Belfast."

How all the Christian charities must labour at this goodly masonry! What softening, healing work it must be, to fix these stones that might have been dyed carbuncle red with human blood, as enduring pillars of still enduring rancour, hostility, and revenge! In the good old times—which certain folks of Derry, Enniskillen, and Belfast must grievously lament as passed away and gone—it was a vengeful wisdom to slit the dead body of a criminal into four quarters, and to hang them up at separate city gates as savoury offerings, reeking as they would in the sun, to the smug, satisfied nose of Justice. Beautiful records were they of a tender and paternal government that played at fast and loose with the halter, and played as it listed, with the disembowelling knife. Well, these times are gone; but, at least, their spirit still lingers in the holy places of Derry, of Enniskillen, and Belfast. The festering quarters of a traitor are not to be hung upon hooks in the sunlight; little birds are not to perch upon the matted, blackened head,—but we can at least raise everlasting stones as monuments of bad blood, that blood may continue even in the veins of yet unborn little ones. Beautiful were the strains that, touched by the finger of the rising sun, the stone of MEMNON set forth,—but how much more delightful, touched by the Celtic imagination, will be the party tunes sounding, sounding—like fairy trumpetings echoed in Killarney's rocks—in the three stones of Trillick! *Garry O'neen* and *Croppies Lie Down*, and *Saint Patrick's Day*, and other lullabies that have been sung to Irish liberty, now rocked in the cradle, and now carried in the coffin. How wise! How Christian-like to perpetuate the memory of bitter, bad intent, by erecting thereto the homicidal stones of Trillick.

Will certain Earls and Gentlemen inaugurate the erection of these three pillars? Shall we have more of the potato blossoms,—or, rather

of the orange flowers of oratory? Will the goodly work be celebrated and solemnised by mutual visitings? Will Derry embrace Enniskillen, and Enniskillen in ample fold embrace both Derry and Belfast?

And thus the Three Stones of Trillick are to be set up as stones whereupon Party may continually whet, even as a knife, its most vengeful passion. Good folks of the three cities, gather together on a certain day, and with the shamrock in your hats, and hammers in your hands, and Irish pipes playing before ye,—go straightway, and break these monumental wickednesses into little bits. Surely, the pathway to peace cannot be better Macadamised than by the scattered fragments of evil recollections.

Let this better course be determined upon, and Mr. Punch will, at his own cost, forward to the EARL OF ENNISKILLEN a most potent stone-breaking hammer. The hammer shall be of English iron, and—for the honour and glory of the union—the handle shall be of Irish oak.

The State of Prussia.

PRUSSIA, regarded simply as a German State, ought, doubtless, to have a voice in the Vienna Conference: but Prussia, considered as a State of CLICQUOT, is of course inadmissible in any decent assembly.

"ON PARLER A GUIZOT."

A NUMBER of improbable opinions and impossible prophecies are being continually attributed in the clubs and elsewhere, to MONSIEUR GUIZOT. A new term has been invented for this political bavardage, and it is now called *Guizotterie des Salons*.

A Base 'Un.

MR. PUNCH sees a book, advertised, entitled, *Sick Calls*. Having never heard more than two—one being "Steward! Brandy!" and the other being resorted to when a mere spirituous libation will not appease the sea-gods, he means to get the book.

A SECRET WARRANTED TO KEEP IN ANY CLIMATE.—A Woman's Age.

TO THE TRULY HUMANE.



ANXIOUS and, we hope, endless are the instances of human devotion to good works; works essayed and continued, and achieved, upon the stoniest soil, under the most withering sky,—with wild beasts and wilder men roaring and yelling not very far in the distance. Nevertheless, the heart-whole missionary—with one consecrating, one supporting determination, one purpose that still beats and beats, the very life-pulse of his heart, goes through with his task: or if it is not to be; if he is not permitted to lay the last stone to his labour, he thereupon resignedly covers his head, and meekly, hopefully, surrenders himself to the disposing Destiny that whirls a leaf or wakes an earthquake.

Animated by the conviction that such missionaries of goodness, in its many requirements upon human constancy and human enthusiasm, are yet to be found—upright, crystalline pillars amid fallen images of clay!—we appeal to one of them,—unmarried and without incumbrance—a single-minded, forthright bachelor, in behalf of a young woman, in much need of tender, yet withal firmest discipline and teaching. We allude to EMILIE FRANCES GORDON, spinster; whose name has become somewhat inodorous in consequence of an accident investigated a few days since at Kingsclere, Hants; an accident which proved the aforesaid spinster to be a great dominator of ponies, inasmuch as by means of stick and steel she disciplined a wretched victim quadruped in a way we care not here to set down. Some idea, however, may be entertained of the atrocity of the occurrence, when it is narrated that EMILIE FRANCES GORDON was fined in the sum of five pounds for property damage done to her pony, the pony's feelings being doubtless considered in the amount of the penalty.

Well, it is clear that EMILIE FRANCES GORDON has nothing left for it but at her best speed, to change her name. To any benevolent, tender-hearted and strong-handed missionary anxious to convert the heathen, we beg to recommend the forlorn case of the fined and darkened one.

A NEW PART OF A CATHEDRAL.

THE *Morning Herald* often attacks the Puseyites, but it has never hit them so hard as in the subjoined paragraph:—

"NEW CHURCH.—Arrangements are in progress for the erection of a new Church in the Westminster Road, a few yards east of the rear of the Roman Catholic Cathedral."

This, to our mediæval friends, will be a regular punch in the epignastrium. It will prostrate them in a breathless state—knock them flat into syncope. Not in the mere announcement of an opposition church to the Popsish one—no: but by an expression in reference to the latter, which must shock the amateur of ecclesiastical architecture worse than a thousand Leyden jars. A Cathedral has a nave, aisles, transepts north and south, a west front, and east end, and many other parts and divisions it hath: but among them, who in the name of all ecclesiology, ever heard of a Rear? THE REAR of a Cathedral! The very corbels of the building would cry out against such a barbarous misnomer, if they could only hear it; and the images of the old bishops would untwist their arms, jump down from their niches, and pitch, with their croziers, into its wretched author.

To Young Authors about to Write.

If an author is wise (and we never met with an author who was not one of the wisest of men), he would never write a Preface. For in that Preface he generally tells what his Book is about, and the Critic, knowing that, never reads his Book.

"WISH THEY MAY GET IT."—LORD DUNDONALD being unable to get the British Government to accept his invention, has offered to present it to the French. We had rather he had an opportunity to give it to the Russians.

HARD WORK IN HIGH LIFE.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR,

"THE *Morning Post*, under the head of 'Marriage in High Life,' gives an account of a wedding which took place the other day at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; the parties being connected with the Aristocracy. In this narrative I find that—

"The ceremony was performed by the HON. AND REV. WALTER FORBES, Vicar of Great Canford, Dorset, assisted by the REV. HENRY MACKENZIE, Vicar of St. Martin's."

"When the superior classes are married, the ceremony is generally, if not always, according to your fashionable contemporary, performed in the same manner—by two clergymen, one of whom assists the other. What assistance does the second clergyman render? How does one 'strengthen the other's hands,' as the clerical phrase is. I was married at St. Giles's, for my part, and there the clergyman was unassisted by anybody, except the clerk, who uttered such of the responses as had not to be made expressly by myself and my wife. When we went into the vestry after the ceremony, the worthy Curate who had united us did not seem to be in the least beaten by the exertion he had undergone; and, in fact, appeared quite ready for anything becoming a clergyman. Wherefore, then, two persons to marry two aristocrats—and one of them frequently a Bishop? Does the second person act as clerk to the first? It has, indeed, been suggested that the reason is the antipathy existing between the parties, which is commonly so great as to require additional priest-power to be put on to effect their union. But doubtless a mutual attachment sometimes exists even in cases where a Bishop officiates, with a Dean to help. Are two clergymen employed at a fashionable marriage simply for the same reason as that for which the carriage that conveys the happy pair away has four horses attached to it, although a pair would suffice? This usage of 'high life' among others, does greatly puzzle your humble servant,

"April, 1855.

"ANTIPLUSH."

"P.S.—We hear a great deal of the 'over-worked clergy.' I suppose that among them must be included every clergyman who marries a couple of persons of quality without assistance."

POETICAL TRIMMING FOR LADIES' BONNETS.

AIR—"The Blue Bonnets are Over the Border."

MARCH, march, change and variety,

Fashion than one month should never be older;

March, march, hang all propriety,

All the girls' bonnets hang over the shoulder.

Never rheumatics dread,

More and more bare the head,

The danger is naught but an old woman's story:

Back with your bonnet then,

Spite of satiric pen,

Fight for the bonnets that hang over the shoulder.

Come to the Park where the young bucks are gazing,

Come where the cold winds from all quarters blow;

Come from hot rooms where coal fires are blazing,

Come with your faces and heads in a glow.

Natives astounding,

Slow folk confounding,

It makes the profile come out so much bolder:

England shall many a day

Talk of the stupid way—

Girls wore their bonnets once over the shoulder.

The Missing "V."

"MR. PUNCH.—When they gave at the Mansion House the 'Allied Armies and Navies,' don't you think they might have put another 'V' into the toast? How about the 'Navvies?'"

"Yours, PICKARE."

MOSAIC ARAB HORSE.

THE Israelites are highly delighted at the proposal to establish a corps, to be named "JACOB'S HORSE." Should this suggestion be adopted, an endeavour will be made among the "People" to raise another cavalry regiment under the denomination of Moss Troopers.

ADVICE TO BRITISH GOVERNMENTS.

NEVER redress any grievance or injustice, however monstrous, which you have power to retain. Reserve it to be immolated as a sacrifice to appease popular fury when your mismanagement shall have brought us to the brink of revolution.



AN APRIL FOOL.

Equestrian. "HERE, BOY! COME AND HOLD MY HORSE."

Boy. "DOES HE KICK?"

Equestrian. "KICK! NO!"

Boy. "DOES HE BITE?"

Equestrian. "BITE! NO! CATCH HOLD OF HIM."

Boy. "DOES IT TAKE TWO TO HOLD HIM?"

Equestrian. "NO."

Boy. "THEN HOLD HIM YOURSELF."

[Exit BOY, performing "Pop goes the Weasel"]

A MELANCHOLY LAUGH.

A SLIGHT mistake, involving important issues, was made on a recent trial for murder. The report of the case represents a medical witness, Dr. BALLER, as having stated that the prisoner, after the death of his wife, appeared to be suffering from *melancholia*. Whereupon—

"MR. JUSTICE EARLE asked the witness if there was any difference between *melancholia* and *melancholy*."

"The witness said there was not. (A Laugh.)"

The witness was flurried, no doubt, and had lost his presence of mind. Otherwise he would have returned to the Judge's question the above answer with the omission of the word "not." He would have instructed his Lordship that *melancholia*, in medical language, is melancholy amounting to disease, and is to be found in the nosology of one CULLEN, under the class *Neuroses*, in the order *Febrilis*. He might have further informed the learned Judge that this disease is a disease of the brain, an extension of which might render the patient a maniac, likely to cut his own throat or that of anybody else, and that no medical man in his own senses would trust a melancholic person with a penknife. Dr. BALLER would have thus made Mr. JUSTICE EARLE perceive that he had not said *melancholia* instead of melancholy out of pedantry, but for the sake of precision; and he would not have given occasion for the "laugh" at his supposed affectation of a hard word, in which certain "barren spectators" appear to have indulged on a serious occasion.

Making Themselves Too Cheap.

We have now, amongst the wonders of the age, *A Shilling Peerage*. Really, this is letting down the nobility to too low a figure! Why, one penny less, and we should have our noble HOWARDS and CAVENDISHES reduced to the vulgar BROWNS; and, only think, how it would astonish them!

A NEEDLE-GUN BRIGADE.

It is said that the tailors of Paris are, of all classes, peculiarly anxious for the fall of Sebastopol, on account of the briskness which that event would impart to their special business, by affording an opportunity for introducing coats and waistcoats, named after the triumphant Generals, and pantaloons of a nomenclature founded on the basis of successful operations. Tailors in general, are renowned for a valorous temperament; and the impetuous daring of a tailor who was also a Parisian, would doubtless carry everything before him. It would be worth the while of LOUIS NAPOLEON to avail the French army in the Crimea of the chivalry of the Knights of the Thimble, who, reinforcing the Allied troops, would soon take the measure of their Russian customers, cut out their friends, and sew their enemies up: whilst acting more particularly in aid of the artillery, the tailors would very speedily effect an opening in the defences of the beleaguered city, and demonstrate to the admiration of the civilized world the perfection of their skill in breaches-making.

IN THE NAME OF NAPOLEON, "FIGS!"

It is told us in a Belgian journal, the *Sancho*, that M. CANTILLON who, when the Allied Armies occupied Paris, fled at WELLINGTON but missed him, is now a grocer in the Rue Notre Dame, Brussels! NAPOLEON, it may be remembered, magnanimously bequeathed CANTILLON ten thousand francs, justifying the bequest, inasmuch as "He had as much right to kill that oligarch as the latter had to send me to St. Helena." And now the pacific assassin, done with powder and ball, vends gunpowder and prunes. Well, the first NAPOLEON's bequests have recently been paid; and among them, it is said, the ten thousand francs to CANTILLON! The grocer would, under all circumstances, be a particularly nice man for a tea-party. Why should not the tea-interest of London invite him?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HAT the past week, with all its sunshine, shouting, and sight-seeing, might not be entirely devoid of that wholesome and healthy bitter which is so desirable in the cup of human happiness. Parliament re-assembled simultaneously with the arrival of the French Majesties, and before the week was out, managed, *Mr. Punch* will do it the justice to say, to force at least as much disagreeable matter upon the attention of the public as was necessary to convince us all that we are but mortals.

April 16, Monday. THE LORD CHANCELLOR pushed on the Charitable Trusts Bill, and indignantly refuted the calumnious theory that the officials placed in authority for the purpose of seeing that such trusts were honestly administered, had done nothing. They have received, his Lordship announced, eleven hundred letters, asking them for advice. This Herculean feat has only stimulated them to still greater exertions, and hence the necessity for the new measure.

In the Commons, SIR BENJAMIN HALL's bill for the better management of the metropolis obtained a success which has

excited great wrath among the anti-centralization party, the class who cannot be brought, by the sight or smell of the jobs, nuisances, and grievances, constantly perpetrated or permitted in "localities," to admit that any stimulus which shall incite "local authorities" to do their duty, is a rational and constitutional one. MR. FITZROY, the defender of the female sex against husbands and cabmen, was then elevated to the dignity of Chairman of Committees. Having spoken up so well for the women, it would be as well if the new chairman would speak up a little for himself, as the reporters complain that he could not be heard. After a good deal of money had been voted for Royal Palaces, a trifle was taken on account of the Palace of Westminster, better known as the new Houses of Parliament. Upon this occasion only £651,000 was asked, but it was explained that Two Millions and a Half would be wanted in all—and then some more.

Tuesday.—In the Lords, the Cambridge University Bill went through a stage, but the fight upon it was postponed, in consequence of the absence of combatants.

In the Commons, CAPTAIN BOLDFORD wanted a Committee of Inquiry into the state of the Medical Departments of the Army and Navy, but FREDERIC PEELE's red-tape lasso was round the CAPTAIN's neck in no time. A Committee was already sitting upon the State of the Army before Sebastopol—why then ask questions about the Baltic Fleet, or that in the Euxine, or about Medical Education for the Army? The answer was logical, but the result was "a near

thing" for the Government, the motion being defeated by a majority of four only—we may say by FREDERIC PEELE, LORD PALMERSTON, and a couple of Whips. These are not good signs for the Routine mongers. LORD ROBERT GROSVEHOR brought in a Bill for giving further protection to the poor man's Sunday, by the Abolition of Unnecessary Trading, and he was supported by the Members for Westminster and Marylebone.

Wednesday. Irish Rows.

Thursday. The Lords sat but a few minutes, and the Commons not at all. For this relief *Mr. Punch* has to thank the EMPRESS EUGENIE, whom everybody wanted to see, and HER MAJESTY is hereby thanked accordingly.

Friday. The Lords repeated their good behaviour of the previous night.

But into the Commons came the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with his war-budget. These are no ordinary times, and *Mr. Punch* is utterly unable to control his feelings sufficiently to treat SIR GEORGE prominently. The mighty heart must have vent in immortal song, and has it as follows:—

WOULD you know the extra taxes
LEWIS lays on people's backs?
'Tis a load to bend a porter—
Five round Millions—and a quarter.
Early bird—who by the neck fast
Catches JOHNNY at his breakfast.
On his Tea henceforth he'll find
A treepence extra—ain't it kind?
On his Coffee doth Sir G.
Levy but the "penny fee,"
On his Sugar (dear of late)
Just three bob per hundred-weight.
On the Dram that helps digestion
(Taken at his wife's suggestion)
If it's Scotch, (the right M'ALLAN)
One and tennence on the gallon;
If it's Irish (the O'TUGGERS),
Then two shillings is the figure.
Is that all? Oh! no such luck,
For a bolder stroke is struck;
And SIR GEORGE's proposition
Is—an Income-Tax addition—
One per cent.; which will be found
Twopence extra on your pound.
So your income now must pay
Seven per cent.—hip, hip, hooray!
Add a charge that cannot vex—
Penny stamps on bankers' cheques,
And you know the extra taxes
LEWIS lays on people's backs.

AN AIM IN A NAME.

THE Court Circular, that great instructor in the arrangements of the Ministry and the Court, informed us gravely the other day that the QUEEN had ordered the Waterloo Room at Windsor to be called henceforth the Picture Gallery—of course to prevent the possibility of wounding the susceptibilities of our French visitors.

We beg leave to question the accuracy of this information, for we feel satisfied that if it were thought necessary to change the name of the Waterloo Room, it would be equally considered expedient to give a new name to Waterloo Bridge, to take down the Wellington Statue, to ignore Waterloo Place, and make a bonfire of all the Waterloo Busses. If this ridiculous sensitiveness had really prevailed during the visit of LOUIS NAPOLEON, it would have been impossible for PRINCE ALBERT to have appeared before the EMPEROR in Wellington Boots, and there would have been a continual awkwardness about the appearance of the Master of the Horse, who happens to be the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and whom it would have been necessary to push into the back ground, or pack into a cupboard whenever the EMPEROR was known to be coming. If the absurd scruple had existed at Windsor Castle, there would have been a constant cry of "Now then, WELLINGTON, get in here;" or, "Now, WELLINGTON, just pop out at this door;" or, "I'll trouble your Grace just to step behind this screen," whenever the Imperial visitor's footstep was heard on the stairs or in the cor-

ridor. Considering also that the name of NAPOLEON was once the great national bugbear of this country, it might as well have been expected that the EMPEROR should have called himself LOUIS THE NINETEENTH during his stay in England, for fear of hurting the susceptibilities of the Court at Windsor.

We can only say that if the name of the Waterloo Room has been really abolished, we shall call upon the DUKE OF WELLINGTON to take henceforth the title of HIS GRACE OF HIGHLOW. It is hardly to be expected that he can walk in his father's shoes, and there can be no reason if the system of abolishing names is adopted, why he should not drop the WELLINGTON. He is welcome to call himself PUMF, if he feels that name more appropriate.

Underdone Heroes.

AMONGST a portion of the people the word "lobster" is synonymous with the word "soldier;" and the blue guardians of the public peace—the policemen—are classed under the same denomination of *crustacea*, with the qualification of raw. The extremely dingy red of the coats of the militia, may be considered to entitle that constitutional force to the distinctive appellation of parboiled lobsters.

EXTRAVAGANCE took a Cab to look after an Omnibus.



A LESSON IN FRENCH.

"NOW THEN, JACK! YOU TAKE THE PRONUNCIATION FROM ME, AND WHEN HE COMES, SING OUT 'VEVE LUMPHOOBOAR!'"

TWO VISITORS.

APRIL 24, 1357.

FIVE hundred years and two have passed, upon their silent way,
Since a twenty-fourth of April blushed into ruddy day,
On fishing-huts of Greenwich, on waste woods of Blackheath,
On quaint peaked roofs of London Bridge, on peopled Thames beneath.

On ways astir with people, from each hamlet, vill, and town,
That lies along broad Watling Street, all towards London boune—
From Dartford, Crayford, Erith, from Greenwich, Eltham, Lee—
Shipmen and priests, and gentles, and stalwart yeomanry.

There is crowding and carousing in Southwark hostels wide,
There are banners at the Bridge-towers, gay barges on the tide;
The carven house-fronts flaunt with flags, and glow with arras rare,
And St. Saviour's bells are clashing in the sweet spring-morning air.

Substantial men of livery their gowns and chains put on,
City-wives their gayest kerchiefs and richest kirtles don:
And the pageants of the guilds and crafts nod, high above the crowd,
Each with his train of mummers and its noise of minstrels loud.

To-day from Dartford Londonwards the good BLACK PRINCE doth ride,
With his gallant knights from Gascony, and the French King at his side,

Ta'en prisoner at Poitiers, on the plain of Maupertuis,
With his son, the young LORD PHILIP, so what mar'le folk crowd to see?

They have waited for an hour or more—the sun climbs up the sky,
When, lo! a buzz from streets below, a peal from steeples high;
A pulse-like thrill of trumpets shrill, and life and doubling drum,
Then a shout that rends the welkin, proclaiming, "Here they come!"

There ride the Knights and Men-at-Arms of Poitou and Touraine,
D'ALBRET, CHAUMONT, DE MONTFERRAND, DE BUCH and DE LA TRAINE,

True liegemen of our English king, avouchers of his right,
At Creoy, and at Calais, and Romorantin's fight.

And there the green-coat archers of merry England go,
Each with his sheaf of cloth-yard shafts, and his six foot yew-tree bow:
Keaves who at six-score paces will yerk through plate and mail—
I trow the French knights rue the hour they faced that iron hail!

There rides the LORD JAMES AUDLEY, the bravest man that day,
And near him the four trusty squires, who saw him through the fray—
DUTTON and DELVES and FOWLEHURST, and HAWKSTONE of Waine-
hill—

Names glib in many a mouth that morn,—thank God, remembered still.

How tell the Knights that came beside—sounds still to England dear—
BRAUCHAMP and BERKELEY, MONTACUTE, DE MAULEY, and DE VERE—

STAFFORD and SPENCER, D'ERESBY, and CHANDOS—names of pride,
Hailed by the crowd with loud acclaim, as armed at point they ride!

But who is this, that cheering turns to blessing on each tongue,
That every cap is sudden doffed—each hand in greeting flung?—
Are they for him, that humbly rides on a low and sorry hack,
Armed, save the bare and gracious head, in armour plain and black,

Are they for him, these blessings, this greeting far and wide,
Or rather for the stately form that rideth at his side,
Right royally apparelled, on a destrier white as milk,
Half hid 'neath blazoned housings of sendal and of silk?

That mean knight is the good BLACK PRINCE—the flower of chivalrie—
And by his side, the French King, JOHN, brought captive over sea—
He is the first French reigning King, that e'er trod London ground—
And *thus* he treads it—English throats, about!—English steeples, sound!

APRIL 19, 1855.

PASS on five hundred years and two—as bright an April day,
Ways as alive with people—and streets with flags as gay;
All else how changed! the houses, the garb of all those swarms,—
For pageants, new Policemen; Life-Guards, for Men-at-arms.

NOR less changed, than change of fashion in houses, manners, men,
Than pageant ousted by police, or sword replaced by pen,
The cause that peoples thus the streets—yet in some sort the same—
A reigning King of France is here—the third that ever came—

Dethroned French Kings we've had enow—LOUIS LE DESIRÉ,
CHARLES DIX—and he who came once King, and twice as *émigré*:
But when was ORLEANS welcomed, LOUIS PHILIPPE, or JOHN SMITH,—
For all the *bourgeois* manners, and the English name therewith,—

As this man has been welcomed, spite of chequered life and fame:
Whom many only name to curse, whom none, unblamed, can name:
Who, with a silent patient faith, still following his star,
Clomb to that throne, whose lowest step seemed from him, once, so far:

Who, that step reached, sprang sudden up, reckless on what he trode,
And to a wonder-stricken world, a seated monarch showed—
With a strong hand, an iron bit, sharp spur, and rider's skill,
Guiding the fiery mood of France, and winding it at will?

NOR wanted there the nation's voice—if to vouch that were need—
He can show seven million hands set to his title-deed.
The dynasties that he displaced can plead no equal claim,
Not even that great conqueror, of whom he bears the name.

He with his own hand set the Crown on that broad brow of his;
But for one voice to ratify that deed, two sanctioned *this*.
For oaths, what King e'er kept them, when policy said "break?"
If precedents can justify, defence were soon to make.

NOR small share in this welcome is her's, who sits by thee,
Like a pale blush rose planted by a dark rock-rooted tree,
The people's voice approves the choice, made not for royal race,
But, better, for a gentle heart and for a sweet, sweet, face.

The crowd's untutored chivalry goes with that bonny bride,
Whose beauty wears the trace of cares—what wonder, by thy side?—
Goes with her love, her hopes, her fears—prays that her fate may prove
More kind than hapless JOSEPHINE'S—unblessed by pledge of love.

But little England reasons to-day of what hath been;
She honours England's ally, and the guest of England's QUEEN,
Him who with her in France's name strikes for the right and true;
Him who has shown, that what he wills, he is the man to do!

Then let them call us fickle, unstable—tongue and pen—
Cheer we this EMPEROR, who shows, at least, a man to men—
Thanking the change of times that brings this day to Britain's shore,
The LORD OF FRANCE, our ally—not our captive, as of yore.

"Pop goes the —."

THE first thought of a Girl upon receiving an offer is about her wedding-dress.

A Man's chief consideration, when about "to pop the question" is not so much what he feels as what he shall say.

CURIOUS!—It is difficult to account for the association, but it would seem from the *Handbook of Proverbs*, just published, that there are more proverbs on "Women" and "Cats" than upon any other subject.

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.



EVERYBODY is familiar with the picture of GARRICK between Tragedy and Comedy, but there is a dramatic genius at the City of London Theatre who ought to be drawn and halved—if not quartered—between tragedy and the tight-rope. This great theatrical phenomenon is announced as MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER, who will on three evenings a week sustain "his famous character of Hamlet," and will on the other three evenings "go through his wonderful performances on the tight-rope." How this great artist can throw himself abruptly or at

least at twenty-four hours' notice from the *Prince of Denmark's* shoes into the Denmark slippers of a rope-dancer is a mystery we are quite unable to unravel. He must indeed be a versatile actor if he can take any line from the tragedy line to the clothes line, and make himself at home in any walk of the drama down to that humblest of all theatrical walks the Rope-walk. We cannot help thinking that the attraction of his performances would be greatly increased if he were to combine his tragedy and his tight-rope in one performance, and to appear as the "Melancholy Dane" on a real cable, which might easily be introduced by changing the scene of the play from the platform to the drying ground.

A good ghostly effect might be got out of the appearance of the *Spectre* gliding along a clothes line, and if *Hamlet* were to pursue his father's spirit across a tight rope, there would be a double effect given to the celebrated words, "Go on, I'll follow thee." In the play scene a cord might easily be introduced, as if it were part of the arrangements of the "Poor Players" who may naturally be supposed to have had a rope-dancer of their party, and a good opportunity would be afforded by the situation for the introduction of the "chair business" on the tight-rope, which would allow MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER as *Hamlet*, while balancing himself from side to side, to watch the features of the *King* and the countenance of his *Mother*.

There is something in the name of MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER which is very suggestive of the grandeur of the high poetic school in conjunction with the peculiarities of the modern marvellous, for while MILTON is the type of the sublimity of creative genius, HENGLER is an appellation familiar to many of us as that of an artist in fire-works. If we remember rightly there was in former times a MADAME HENGLER, of whom it might be said that to ascend a tight-rope amidst a brilliant display of fire-works—

"Was her delight
On a Vauxhall night,
In the season of the year."

It is very possible that the illustrious JOHN MILTON HENGLER may be a descendant of that renowned MADAME HENGLER, who will go down to posterity as she used to go up to the tower on the Waterloo Ground at Vauxhall, on the tight rope. Versatility of genius is an admirable thing no doubt, but although tragedy and tight-rope have been hitherto regarded as rather incongruous, it is possible that MR. JOHN MILTON HENGLER knows where to draw the line, and that he will at all events not allow himself such a quantity of rope as to commit a species of suicide of his own fame as a Shaksperian actor.

St. Peter's and St. Palla.

ACCORDING to the papers, a certain Pall, or Pontifical vestment, was sold by the POPE to a certain Bishopric in Germany, for several thousands of florins. We suppose this precious garment must have some mysterious power of making its owner rich. But as it is generally made of the purest Lamb's Wool, the POPE might well have the Golden Fleece, if he could only sell all his Lamb's Wool at that price!

THIS MORNING'S REFLECTION.—The Pillar of the State is divided principally into base and capital. Labour is the Base, and Wealth is the Capital.

YESTERDAY MORNING'S REFLECTION.—Pride is often too high in the instep to wear another man's shoe.

"THE FLANDEAU OF MERIT."—This *Flançais*, of which *Tamé* speaks, must mean, as Ministries are formed, having a link with some aristocratic family!

POOR LAW MEDICAL ECONOMY.

A NUMEROUSLY attended meeting of Poor-Law Medical Officers was held yesterday at the Malthus Arms, to consider by what means to afford pauper patients efficient medical relief on the very low salaries attached to that important duty. The chair was taken by MR. NIGHT-BELL, M. R. C. S., &c., who, after briefly stating the objects of the meeting, read the following extract from the *Standard* :—

"SALARIES OF POOR-LAW MEDICAL OFFICERS.—There are 3,151 medical officers in the Poor-Law Unions of England and Wales, at salaries amounting to £165,540. For this annual sum they take charge of the sick poor of a population of 17,385,000, scattered over an area of 34,473,536 acres. There is one salary as high as £370; it is that of the medical officer of the Leighton Buzzard Union and Workhouse; the population is 17,141, the acreage 37,985. There are two salaries as low as £2; the population in each case is but about 400. At Tedmorton a gentleman who is paid per case, received only £7 12s. last year, upon a district containing a population of 11,428."

It would be seen from that statement that the average of a Poor-Law Medical Officer's annual salary was between £52 and £53 per annum; and out of that he had generally, if not always, to provide medicines. From a report published by MR. FREDERICK SMITH GARLICK, Surgeon to the Halifax Union, it appeared that MR. GARLICK was in the receipt of £80 per annum, which, on an average of the last four years, he calculated was at the rate of 2s. 7½d. per case, an allowance which must be admitted to be of the kind called monkey's, and to warrant the exclamation of "Poor Pill GARLICK!" Of pills, indeed, MR. GARLICK had dispensed no less than 12,325 in one year (1849), besides 3,863 mixtures, 1,526 powders, 179 lotions, 144 liniments, 160 boxes of ointment, and 416 plasters. He had visited, at their own houses, or hovels, 1,563 patients. The expenditure in horseflesh and shoe leather involved in these visits, added to the cost of the medicines supplied, must have so nearly absorbed his little salary, as to have left no margin of remuneration for mental labour and application of scientific knowledge; so that he (the Chairman) supposed that the terms of MR. GARLICK's contract with the Halifax Poor-Law Guardians might be defined to be, Medicine at cost price, and advice gratis. Perhaps some of the gentlemen he had the honour of addressing would be glad to be no worse off than MR. GARLICK. If possible, one would like to be two or three shillings in pocket by one's Poor-Law Medical Officership at the end of the year, and he hoped some gentleman present might offer some suggestion which would facilitate the attainment of that desirable object.

MR. CARVER suggested that a carefully regulated system of diet might enable the Medical Officer to treat his cases to a great extent without the use of any medicine more expensive than *Infusum Rosæ*, or *Pil: Mica Panis*.

MR. SHARPEY said that the system of starvation had been thoroughly carried out in most Unions.

MR. PROBIN had a proposition to make which would at least meet the difficulty of finding drugs. He was aware that what he was about to suggest might excite some prejudice; but preconceived notions were unworthy of a philosophical mind, especially when it was the philosopher's interest to repudiate them. There were certain alleged principles of medicine which had hitherto been viewed unfavourably—not to say, scouted—by the Profession, but might he (MR. P.) venture to hint the expediency of a re-consideration of those principles? Might there not be—he did not say there was—truth: might not truth possibly be found in the doctrines of HAHNEMANN? If so, the poor could be physicked, as perhaps they might be said to be fed, by homoeopathy. Infinitesimal doses, being of infinitesimal value, would greatly simplify the question of expense in drugs. The higher classes patronised homoeopaths very largely, and if the lower were treated homoeopathically also, it would be treating rich and poor alike. The Poor Law Medical Officer would have to provide his patients with next to no medicine, and one of such pills as MR. GARLICK'S 12,325, divided into millionths, would afford sufficient medicine for many thousands of patients many years. He would propose as a resolution:—That the subject of homoeopathy is worthy of the attention of this meeting with a view to the employment of the system of medical treatment so called, on proof of its truth, in Poor Law Unions, in order to effect that economy in remedies which is necessitated by the salaries of the Medical Officers.

The resolution was seconded by MR. SCRUPLES, who said that he had always opposed the doctrines of homoeopathy as quackery, but he really felt himself driven to consider their application to Poor Law practice by the homoeopathic amount of his salary. He hoped that like would cure—or at least palliate—like, in that instance. The meeting having unanimously adopted the resolution, separated, loudly grumbling.

British Progress.

THE Americans must allow that we stump them. They, indeed, have a party of Know-Nothings, but we have a whole parliament of Do-Nothings, who do nothing because they know not what to do.



JOHN BULL À LA MODE.—A PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE ALLIANCE.

SISTERS OF BELGRAVIA.

We understand that, in token of their sympathy and admiration of the REV. MR. LIDDELL, of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, certain Sisters of Belgravia have resolved upon undergoing certain penitential discipline. LADY TERESA GOLDENROD has sent her coach-horses to grass, resolving not to ride in anything beyond a Hansom for these two months.

THE HON. MISS MAGDALEN ST. CROIX, with a contempt of the hollowness of life, and the littleness of all earthly splendours, has given her present season ticket to the Crystal Palace (in her emotion she forgot it was *not* transferable) to the apple-woman at the corner.

LADY ST. GUDULDE has resolved to wear her bonnet on her arm only the whole of the month of June.

MISS BLEEDINHEART, of the Scourges, has sold her gold fish, and sent the proceeds in penny stamps, to the Oratorians.

Thus far for acts of penance. We have now to state that a pair of stockings of the most extraordinary texture is, at the present moment, being knitted for the incumbent of St. Mary's. FATHER POLYCARPUS—what learning is in the wrinkles of his passionless forehead!—had

suggested that, as in the middle ages (he quoted Du Cange, *Rele, id est ornamentum relicum ad instar retis contextum*) the mantles of the clergy had often coverings of silk made in the same manner as fishing-nets, in order no doubt that the piety of the wearer might show through their meshes; he thought a gown of the middle-age kind would be a handsome offering to the suffering incumbent. The ladies, however, were frustrated by a want of material; for the stockings were to be made of cobwebs—consecrated cobwebs. BROTHER FRANCIS had told the story of a certain Jesuit, he is named by DISRAELI PATER, *De Curiositate Literaria*, who had a pair of stockings woven of cobwebs; and the Brother having in his possession cobwebs, collected and blest, from the cupola of St. Peter's, had placed his precious relics at the service of the pious Sisterhood of Belgravia, that they might spin a pair of spider hose therefrom for the martyr of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

It is known to a few that MR. LIDDELL will, the first time he preaches in the stockings, communicate the fact to the elect by wearing a flower, the Star of Bethlehem, in his button-hole.

THE GREAT LION OF LONDON.

AID—"Parlant pour la Syrie."

IT WAS LOUIS NAPOLEON
At Guildhall bound to dine,
At least to make a *déjeuner*
Of turtle-soup and wine:
And with the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE,
Who sat on his left hand,
Did his Imperial MAJESTY
Proceed along the Strand.

Along the Strand proceeded they,
As in triumphal car,
Beneath two lines of waving flags,
And came to Temple-Bar.
That splendid civic edifice
Arose upon their view,
Whose arch so many kings and queens,
And cockneys have gone through.

THE EMPEROR viewed that noble pile
With wonder and delight;
Although have rasked in his breast
An envious feeling might.
And to the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE,
Whilst all the mob did shout,
He cried "My love, this beats our *Arcs*
De Triomphe out and out!"

IMPERFECT INSOLENCE.

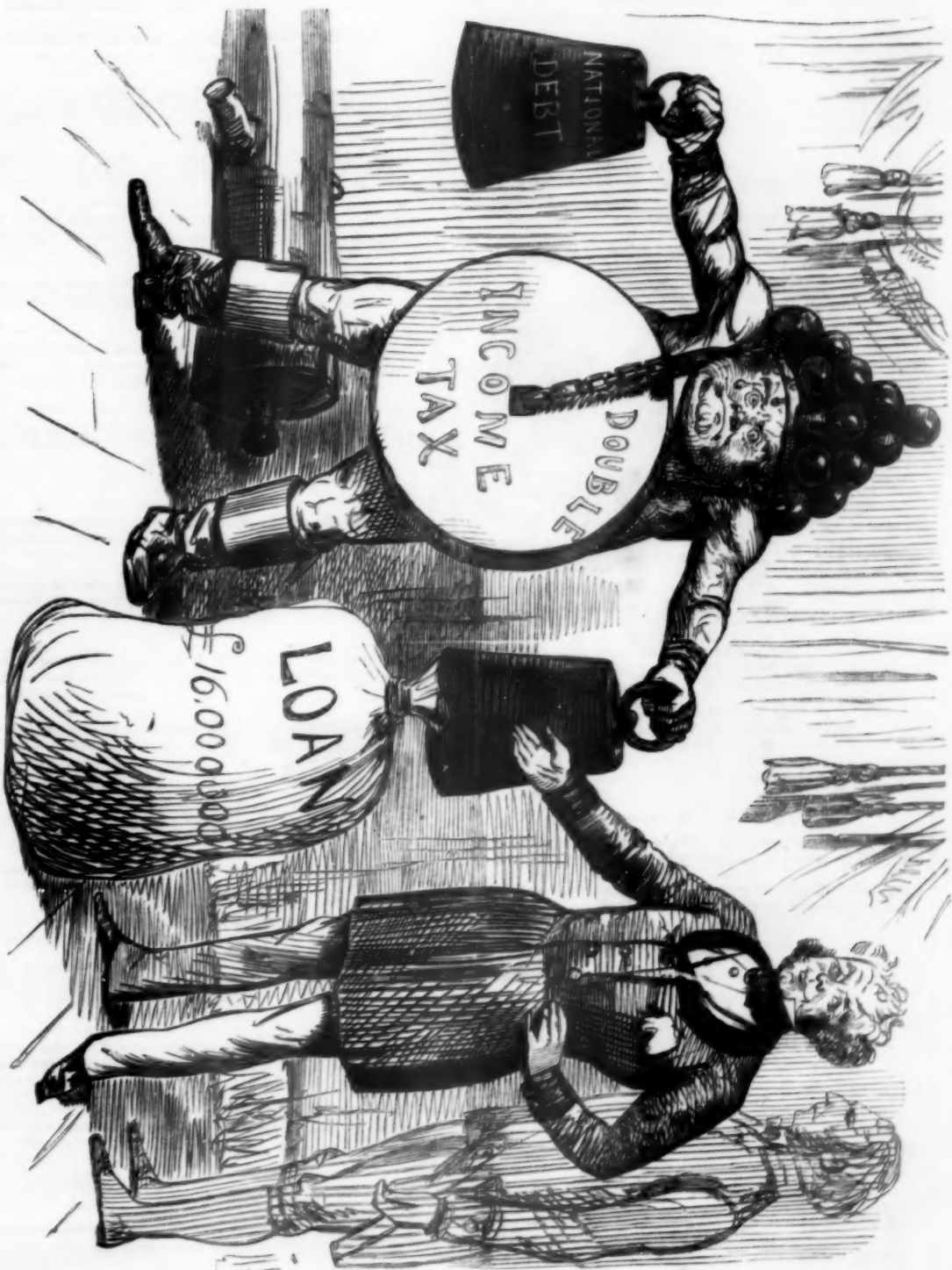
BLUFF ADMIRAL BERKELEY—our clever and successful Admirals, our worthy successors of BLAKE and NELSON, our great existing naval heroes, are very prone to affect the bluff—is reported to have remarked, speaking in the House of Commons, in regard to the objection of naval assistant-surgeons to live in the cockpit, that

"After the eminent men whom the cockpit had produced, he thought they need not be ashamed if they were obliged to live in such a place."

This was saying too little. Proceeding in the same gentlemanlike strain, ADMIRAL BERKELEY might have made a House-of-Commons-joke by observing that the cockpit afforded a very suitable accommodation to a class of men without pretension to exalted birth.

A Word to the Un-wise.

It is the principle of modern legislation to treat usury as an evil that cures itself, and needs no law for its prohibition. Perhaps the best advice to the possible victim to money lending swindlers is Keep wide-awake, and, as a safeguard against usury, use-your-eye!



GREAT EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH.

Punch—*replied*—*he*, "HE WILL NOW TAKE THE SACK BETWEEN HIS TEETH, AND WALK ROUND THE APARTMENT, NOTWITHSTANDING THE GREAT WEIGHT HE HAS TO BEAR ALREADY."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY !

BY THE SOLOMON IN ORDINARY TO THE BRITISH NATION.

I.

As umbrella upon thine arm may make it ache, but should rain come, the umbrella will preserve thy clothes. Choose, betwixt a trifling pain and a tailor's bill.

II.

Other persons were born about the same time as thyself, and have been growing up ever since, as well as thou. Therefore be not proud.

III.

Preserve few secrets from thy wife; for if she discover them she will grieve, not that thou hast kept from her thy secrets, but thy confidence.

IV.

Yet confidence may be misplaced, as when thou goest out in thin patent leathern boots, simply because the pavement before thine own door has dried.

V.

The girl who is destined to be thy wife, although now unknown to thee, is sure to be living somewhere or other. Hope, therefore, that she is quite well, and otherwise think politely about her.

VI.

Educate thy children, lest one of these fine days they educate thee in a school with no vacations.

VII.

O how good was Nature, that placed great rivers near great towns!

VIII.

A traveller, journeying wisely, may learn much. Yet much may also be learned by him who stays at home.

IX.

An insane person may lie to thee, and yet be innocent, and thou mayest lie to him, and be praiseworthy. Now all persons are somewhat insane, but do thou beware of lying as a general rule.

X.

Heat expands things, and therefore in hot weather the days are lengthened. Moral heats sometimes expand thy mind, but they tend not to the lengthening of thy days.

XI.

Say not that thou knowest a book until thou hast read it all. Yet some books thou mayest throw aside partially read. Herein thou judgest a criminal unheard. What then?

XII.

I do not say to thee, "Marry, for it will exalt thee," yet was there subtle meaning in those whose usage it was to say, "Marry, come up."

XIII.

Cool things are used to cure fever, yet the over-coolness of a friend's act will throw thee into heat.

XIV.

We know nothing, and yet it is knowing something to know that thou knowest nothing.

XV.

By a conceit, a certain red fly hath been called a Ladybird, and bidden to fly away home. The counsel is good, even to her who is neither bird nor fly. There is no place like home.

XVI.

He who always holds his tongue will one day have nothing else to hold. Yet it is not good to be over-garrulous.

XVII.

The weather-cock, working easily, can tell thee the way of the wind, but if the weather-cock sticks, the course of the wind will not be influenced thereby. Remember this.

XVIII.

If thy heart is in the Highlands, it is not here.

XIX.

Virtuous love is wholesome. Therefore be virtuous, to make thyself worthy of self-love. Not, of course, that thou art thereby prevented from loving somebody else.

XX.

Talk to thyself, and insist on a reply, yet not before the world, lest it think that nobody else will talk to thee.

XXI.

A cat, even if she be friendly, never approaches thee by a direct

course. No more does a truth, O friend; but winding round thy stupidities, and rubbing up against thy prejudices, it reaches thee gently—and then perhaps scratches.

XXII.

A stitch in time saves nine. If therefore thou feelst one in thy side, be thankful, O friend.

XXIII.

Love the moon, for she shines in the night, to give us light in the dark, whereas the sun only shines in the day time, when there is plenty of light, and his assistance is not wanted. Such is the difference between real and false charity.

XXIV.

SOLOMON knew several things, allowing for his age, but I could teach him a few others.

THEATRE ROYAL, OLD BAILEY.



ATELY, on the occasion of the trial of BARANELLI at the Old Bailey, so great was the attraction that the price of admission to the Gallery was raised to five shillings. On a complaint having been made the next day to the presiding Judge, his Lordship is reported to have said that "the administration of justice is of course free to the public; but there must be some restriction to the privilege." This we can understand, but the restriction ought to arise from the necessary limitation of the space and not from any tax on the public in the shape of a price for admission. Courts of justice should not be inconveniently crowded; but the evil may be prevented without making a money

charge the mode of excluding the public, who, if they have any right to come into the court at all have a right to a free entry. As the Judge has given a sort of half sanction to the system of charging for admission, we may expect that, at the commencement of the year, the Managers, of the Old Bailey will be ready with their programme, after the fashion of that issued by the Directors of the Royal Italian Opera. We give a specimen of the sort of prospectus that may be looked for.

The Directors of the Old Bailey have much pleasure in inviting the attention of the amateurs of crime to the following synopsis of the arrangements that have been made for the ensuing season. There will be twelve sessions in the course of the year, and though it is impossible to give a distinct pledge on the subject, they may confidently lead their patrons to hope for at least

TWO NEW MURDERS.

Which will be produced with all that attention to nicety of detail which has already given so much satisfaction to the subscribers on the occasion of the trial of BARTHELEMY.

In order to give the utmost possible effect to the Poisoning cases, the Managers have the satisfaction of announcing as Principal Witness, the celebrated

PROFESSOR TAYLOR, OF GUY'S HOSPITAL.

And as the now very popular Farce of the

Plea of Insanity

is likely to have a very considerable run, the Managers will no doubt have frequently the pleasure of announcing the names of

DR. FORBES WINSLOW, DR. CONOLLY, DR. SUTHERLAND,

as well as some other less eminent authorities, in giving effect to this favourite novelty.

THE BAR,

which will be on the extensive scale of former years, will consist of the old favourites,

GROSS CASE, MR. BULLYRAG.

Applications for places, which may be secured either for an entire session, or for a single performance, must be made to the Sheriff, or one of his officers, who will be in daily attendance. [First Regina.

A SETTING DOWN FOR SOMEBODY. — Considering the frightful blunders made by our officials in the conduct of affairs in the Crimes, we think that the most fit name for the "Seat of War," is the "Stool of Repentance."



POOR MUGGINS!

SMYTHIE (to MUGGINS, who, in the heat of the moments has been drinking his wine out of tumblers). "THERE, MY BOY! THAT'S SUCH A GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE AS YOU DON'T GET EVERY DAY—AND BETWEEN YOU AND ME (very confidentially) BETWEEN—YOU—AND—ME—I ONLY GAVE FOUR AND TWENTY SHILLINGS A DOZEN FOR IT!"

[Exit MUGGINS for an antidote.]

CIVIC HOSPITALITY AND SELF-DENIAL.

PEOPLE are apt to laugh, very unreflectingly, at the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. His Lordship is continually entertaining persons of consequence by giving them dinners, of which it is too hastily presumed that he, himself, eats a no small portion. But a little consideration would teach the shallow scoffer that, to dine thus consecutively on all kind of luxuries, would involve speedy gout or apoplexy; whereas, there is no instance, that we are acquainted with, of any Lord Mayor having stuffed himself to death. The real truth is, that the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON must, of necessity, practise constant abstinence, with viands of the most delicious kind before him, inviting him, with the sweetest perfume, to partake of them. Thus, he is obliged to starve in the midst of plenty: and resembles TANTALUS, except that TANTALUS was up to the middle in nothing better than water, which is not the case with the LORD MAYOR; and, moreover, TANTALUS could not help himself, as his Lordship can; only the Civic Monarch is king of his own appetite as well as of the City, and controls the one as effectually as the other. The monkish Saints who confined themselves to beans (unaccompanied with bacon), pulse, radishes, and cold water, did not really inflict such austerities on themselves as those that are submitted to by the LORD MAYOR, who abstains from turtle and iced punch, with iced punch and turtle under his nose.

"We are Seven."

THE Sultan's wives are, it is said, seven. Beginning with SULTANA MONDAY, SULTANA TUESDAY, and so on to SULTANA SUNDAY. ABDUL MEDJID, it is said, has determined to introduce SULTANA MONDAY to the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH, should she visit the Porte; a piece of favouritism that, we learn from our Own Correspondent, has put all the other fair Days of the Week in a most feminine passion.

A DISBANDED BAND.

SOME of the papers speak of a quarrel between the Band-master and a portion of the Band of the Crystal Palace. We regret that there should be any discord where all ought to be harmony; and, without saying which is right, or which may be in the wrong, we can only hope that the Band will settle their quarrel without rushing into print; for, when an opicleide publishes a note, or a trombone explains itself at some length, there is sure to be a large amount of longwindedness. Without hearing both sides, we can scarcely believe an assertion we saw in print, that the clarionet had been "ordered into the custody of two policemen, for improving a cadenza by a few notes of his own." It is, undoubtedly, an offence to utter forged notes; but we do not think any police inspector would take such a charge against a clarionet; nor, indeed, do we see how the notes could be traced, so as to be produced for the purpose of proving the forgery. If the improvement of a cadenza were such an act as would justify the arrest of the party making the improvement, there is scarcely a cadenza that would not have rendered GRIST liable to be taken, literally in execution; for, *nihil letigil quod non ornavit*, may be said of her whole career as a vocalist.

We might, perhaps, pardon the infringement on the liberty of the subject, if a policeman were at hand to arrest every singer who should utter a false note; but, if this rule were to be adopted, a policeman would be obliged every now and then to clear the stage, for we have heard an entire chorus singing out of tune at once, at some operatic performances. We except, of course, the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, which has given an instance of how nearly perfection in every department may be acquired.

INTERESTING TO TEETOTALLERS.

ON the subject of a new material for paper-making, MR. WILLIAM CHAMBERS thus writes:—

"Experiments, however, are now making on this material, and we hope soon to be able to show that pulp made from the decayed stems of the hop-plant, now thrown aside as valueless, will answer the important purpose."

On the part of a considerable number of our readers, we may venture to express the hope that the parts of the hop-plant to be employed in the manufacture of paper will really be limited to the decayed stems, and will never include the aromatic flowers. As a safeguard against so dire a contingency, one is really reconciled to the hop-dutty.

THE OMUGAWAYS AT THE STRAND.

WE hear of the whereabouts—how they arrived we know not—of a tribe of Omugaway Indians, now exhibiting at the Strand Theatre. The British public has, doubtless, a lively recollection of the performances of the Ojibeway tribe; but the Omugaways, according to report—for we have not as yet summoned courage to see them—are of a much lower rate of intelligence than our old friends of Exeter Hall. This fact is evident from the style of exhibition offered by the savages to our enlightened play-going public. The performance is *King Lear*, according to the savage notions of the Omugaways. It is plain that nothing short of the lowest type of human nature could have found matter of savage mirth in the sublime passion of *King Lear*, crowned as he is with his sorrows; or that the sacred tenderness of filial love, could have supplied intelligence only a little higher than an ape's, food for fun in the devotion of *Cordelia*. Nevertheless, these Omugaways have fallen foul of *King Lear*, and make their nightly meal of him with a relish that conveys a most shuddering sensation to the decent beholder. As yet, the police have not interfered.

The Latest Intelligence.

LORD RAGLAN's despatches assume more and more the features of a Calendar. We are privately informed that his lordship, pursuing the subject further, is at present absorbed in studying the Greek Kalends; and, in fact, the rumour has got abroad that the siege of Sebastopol is now definitely fixed for that period.

THE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.—Judging from the fearful mismanagement, we should say that JOHN BULL has been in the Crimea no one's enemy so much as his own.



MR. JOHN BULL IN THE CHARACTER OF MAZEPPA.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A TRAVELLER?

Now then, MR. JUSTICE CAVILLER, what constitutes a traveller,
As recited and intended in the Sabbatarian Act,
MR. WILSON PATTEN's measure for destroying Sunday pleasure?
Why does Beadledom not legislate in language more exact?

Do all manner of equestrians, and none that are pedestrians,
Count for *bona fide* travellers; or of the latter class,
Can those who walk some distance demand publican's assistance?
In the former do you reckon him who rideth on an ass?

Whence one came, and where one's going, are there any means of knowing
For a tapster, ere a glass of porter, ale, or stout, he draw?
Your itinerant condition is he, by a deposition,
Called upon to ascertain by MR. PATTEN's Sunday law?

It is horrible and awful to administer unlawful
Oaths; by any special clause has a provision, pray, been made,
Of such affidavits making legal by mine host the taking,
Vesting such a solemn function in the wine and spirit trade?

Is the publican to trust to word of mouth, or have we dust, too,
Mud and mire, or clay, or chalk, or gravel on our boots to show?
Evidence corroborative must the Sunday trading catiff,
Give ere BONIFACE can serve him with a glass or with a go?

Some say walk or equitation, upon lawful avocation,
Constitutes the only title to assume the traveller's name,
Bishop, bound on preaching sermon, might at that rate, take that term on,
But the Bishops and the Parsons only could refreshment claim.

But the traveller to my notion, with the best plea to malt-potion,
Him on holiday excursion should a thirsty craving irk,
Is the man that has but one day for his recreation—Sunday,
Journeyman who all the week is sitting still at journey-work.

A Civic Distinction and a Difference.

MANY persons have been inquiring rather curiously what is the difference between the PRÉFET OF PARIS, and the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. After seeing the two cities and observing the contrast between the well ordered improvements of the French capital, and the absurdities with which our own metropolis abounds, we should be inclined to say that while the municipal head of Paris is PRÉFET OF THE SMILE, our LORD MAYOR MOON presides over the in-sane.

POTICHOMANIA.

It may be agreeable to such of our readers as make a point of following the latest fashion in religion, to be informed that a certain number of ecstatic ladies round Belgravia, have formed themselves into a committee for the purpose of potichomaniating a large cathedral window, which they intend presenting to the reverend incumbent of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The subject is not yet decided upon; but it is not unreasonably supposed that some incident of persecution in the life of MR. LIDDELL, or MR. BENNETT, or, perhaps even, of poor MR. FITZROY, who is now in prison bleeding for the sainted cause, will be selected for the purpose of mock illumination.

This new process of Potichomaniating is singularly well adapted to the extremely "dim" and "religious" light of Puseyism: for it bears the same relation to the rich stained-glass window, and the plain undecorated ditto, that Puseyism itself does to Catholicism and Protestantism. It occupies just the same mid-way position between the two—being neither highly-decorated, nor beautifully simple, but superlatively artificial—artificiality carried up to the highest degree of trumpery finish! It is neither nature nor art, but a glaring attempt to combine the two. We shall take a peculiar pleasure in noticing this new effort of sanctified Potichomania as it gradually advances towards completion.

A HINT TO EXTRAVAGANT WIVES.—It's the last ostrich feather that breaks the Husband's back.

UNDER THE TURF.

JEAN PAUL has said that "great spirits lie buried under gold mountains." Men who have the per cents. working for them—and unrighteous MAMMON works even on Sundays and holidays—care not to work their genius. Necessity then, is the mother of great works; and the offspring of genius commonly comes into the world in a garret. However, the great spirits of the Turf suffer no amount of money to keep them down and hidden—still they will work. The Turf, nevertheless, like churchyard verdure, levels all distinctions. The "Derby" may be the garter—but then, even the Turf garter may span a black leg, The HON. FRANCIS ROBERT VILLIERS will be absent, it is more than suspected, from Epsom at the next meeting. One morn we missed him at the accustomed stand. He has run away; gone off to a melodious crash of a hundred thousand pounds. Now we would have such departures made monumental. We would have on Epsom Downs a place set apart for the cemetery of reputations, an Under the Turf for the Black Legs that have darkened it. Difficult is it that the line of right should be made to describe the betting-ring; and therefore, we believe that certain monuments of certain legs would preach an enduring moral lesson, to be continued every Derby Day.

We would have the monument one of touching simplicity. A Leg in Black Marble; with the name of the owner—for the Black Leg is a part of him, although he has two other legs, being in fact, a sort of tripod. A simple leg in Black Marble, with the name, and further with the epitaph in figures. Thus,

TO THE MEMORY OF MONTAGUE COUPSONBATON

THIS LEG IS ERECTED.

HE IS MISSED BY 100,000 SORROWING FRIENDS.

Would not this cemetery of legs have a striking moral effect on "the gay, licentious, proud" of a Derby Day?

A Notion for Notes and Queries.

It is currently believed amongst undertakers' men that the passing of a funeral creates a thoroughfare. May not this belief be explained by the supposition of an indistinct beery reminiscence on the part of the mutes, of a certain maxim of proverbial philosophy which lays it down that where there is a will, as there commonly is in the case alluded to, there is a way?

THE DAWN OF ART.—The Dawn must have been necessarily very Dark, for it was unilluminated by a single R.A.



FINE BUSINESS, INDEED! THE WRETCH!

Master of the House. "OH! MARY! WHAT IS THERE FOR DINNER TO-DAY?"

Mary. "I THINK, SIR, IT'S COLD MUTTON, SIR."

Master of the House. "H'M!—OH! TELL YOUR MISTRESS, WHEN SHE COMES IN, THAT I MAY POSSIBLY BE DETAINED IN THE CITY ON BUSINESS, AND SHE IS ON NO ACCOUNT TO WAIT DINNER FOR ME."

AN UNREPORTED ADDRESS TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE newspapers have omitted to print an address, presented to LOUIS NAPOLEON, on his ever-memorable visit to the Italian Opera. No other than the Address of the Dramatic Translators of London from the French; it would, indeed, have been a sad blot on the national gratitude had a body of men, so externally and internally obliged to France as the translators aforesaid, failed to commemorate their thankfulness. The deputation—headed by MR. CHARLES KEAN, dressed as both the *Coriscan Brothers*, and as prime dealer in the foreign article—were introduced to the EMPEROR in the ante-chamber to the state-box; MR. GYE having, in the handsomest manner, first solicited permission of the Imperial guest. The address is as follows:—

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,

"We, the English translators of all attainable French dramas, beg leave to address you in terms of thankfulness and gratitude for the many shoulders of mutton that, by the aid of BOYER and CHANBAUD, we have been enabled to carry off from the French stage; over which you so happily, so gloriously, and so generously rule; for it has not—how could it?—escaped our attention, that Your Majesty was graciously pleased to present your own brilliant shirt-studs to M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *fils*, in token of his last dramatic triumph, the *Demi-Monde*,—thus beautifully showing how dear to the Imperial bosom were the triumphs of the French drama.

"May it please your Majesty, it is not for us to lift our aspirations to shirt-studs, but we still yearn with a lively hope that we may, every one of us, in some manner, possess ourselves of the *Demi-Monde*, although we cannot but, as translators and as Englishmen, regret that a severe censorship does not allow that full expansion of the *Camellias*

A GOVERNMENT OF TAILORS.

WE met the other day with the remark that "but for the social restrictions we put upon them, many of our present Ministers would be thriving tailors." It is certainly our own fault that we will not allow our aristocracy to make themselves useful, and that if a Lord were to start a shop, or practice some handicraft, he would be sure to be loaded with ridicule. We confess we would rather see the names of some of our present Ministers over the shop doors in Regent Street, than over the official doors in Downing Street. "WOON, Dealer in Marine Stores," seems to us more natural than "Woon, First Lord of the Admiralty," and we should prefer hearing that "GREY & Co" had "no connexion with any other shop" than that they were attempting to manage the two very extensive concerns known as the Colonial Office and the Home Department. "RUSSELL, dealer in Pickles, from Vienna," would be more satisfactory to us than that the pickles should all be in Downing Street, and that RUSSELL who is supposed to have charge of them should be away on some other business.

We do not, however, quite agree with our contemporaries in thinking that our Ministers would have made good tailors, for nothing can be less satisfactory than their measures, and the art of cutting a coat according to the cloth does not seem to be understood in Downing Street. Our Ministers instead of making good tailors would be well adapted for the Holywell Street trade, as they seem to understand nothing but old habits.

A Vain Enquiry.

WE laugh at persons who are vain, but the question is if we, ourselves, are not just as vain as the person we are laughing at? Find us, if you can, the man who is not vain? and, supposing you had discovered such a curiosity, it then becomes another question whether he would not have some little secret vanity or other, if we only had eyes microscopic enough to discover the entity or nonentity of it. You may depend upon it the fellow would be vain, exceedingly vain of not being vain.

SPANISH CROWNS.

AN old Spanish poet, QUINTANA, has been crowned with a gold laurel chaplet by ISABELLA. As the Spaniards do such honours to the splendours of fiction, they may in good time take to crown not only Spanish poems, but Spanish bonds.

of the drama (an allusion, no doubt, to *La Dame aux Camellias*) on the cold English stage, as on the prolific boards of Paris.

"We address you, Sir, from a feeling that we owe—we do not scruple to avow it—our daily existence to that nation whom you so gloriously illustrate. When you were happily translated from the English of King Street, London, to the French of the Tuileries, Paris, we hailed the event with heartfelt delight, and—had it been dramatised at the Gymnase or the Odéon—we should not have failed to translate it back again.

"Sire,—you behold in us the most devoted servants of France. There is French ink in our veins, and French paper on our backs. True it is, that we breathe the air of England: but it is no less true that we subsist upon the words of Gaul. In proof of this, we beg leave to lay at your Majesty's feet [here MR. CHARLES KEAN accompanied the words with the due action] the play-bills of the various English theatres; bills in which, if we may be permitted the figure, the flag of France waves triumphant,—from the flag of Louis XI. downwards to the nineteenth century. These are touching proofs of our valuation of France, and of our ceaseless determination to make the most of her.

"Sire—we can never forget that on one great occasion, made for all time historical, you said—'*L'Empire, c'est la paix!*' Yes: the French Empire is a French piece. It is as such that it has ever been our dearest wish to receive France—as a piece; a piece that, whether in three acts or in one, whether tragedy, comedy, or burlesque, we shall as faithful translators never cease to regard with unwearied interest—a piece that, individually and collectively we shall ever have an eye upon."

The EMPEROR, turning upon his heel, was graciously pleased to return no answer. However, the Imperial bosom subsequently relented, for we hear that the deputation—at 2s. 6d. a head—are to have a French dinner at Giroux's,—and this at the EMPEROR'S expense.

HERE, STOP, YOU SIR.



THE following advertisement appears in the *Morning Post* of April the 26th:—

A GENTLEMAN of respectability, character, and deportment, and possessing a soul-stirring flow of spirits, OFFERS his SERVICES, as COMPANION, to any Gentleman whose mental vision and feelings are so darkened and oppressed as to render him incapable of enjoying the advantages he possesses. The advertiser would, if desired, act as Secretary and Man of Business, and has no objection to reside abroad.—Address, &c., Eton, Bucks.

There is no time to be lost, and many words are useless. We want this man. Let him apply to nobody until we have communicated with him. If he will send in a few specimens of this flow of spirits (carefully bottled and carriage free) to our office, it is possible he may hear of something to his advantage. It strikes us forcibly that we can turn him to good account,

as he offers to do for any gentleman what *Mr. Punch* is always doing for *MR. JOHN BULL*. We'll have him, deportment, flow, and all, if the specimens are up to the mark. 55, Fleet Street is the place, and let him mind that our souls are particularly well stirred. How lucky that we should have seen the advertisement.

THE CIVIC SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

THE LORD MAYOR, in announcing to his brother Aldermen that he had been made a Baronet, spoke of the "very beautiful" letter he had received from LORD PALMERSTON. We happen to be very familiar with his Lordship's hand; and, with every due respect for his handy-work, we are quite sure that he never could have written a "beautiful letter," unless the lines were ruled for him, and some writing-master happened to be standing by to correct all the defects of the PREMIER's penmanship. LORD PALMERSTON writes what is called a good bold list, as if he meant what he said, and intended to do what he promised; but there is none of the niminy-piminy work about his calligraphy which would be necessary to constitute a "beautiful letter." We can make every allowance for the LORD MAYOR's mistake on this point; for that letter must have been charming to him which announced his election to a Baronetcy; and, if he had described the document as "a duck of a letter," we should have been disposed to pardon him. Everything seems to have been *couleur de rose* to the LORD MAYOR on that auspicious day; for he writes another letter, talking of his having received from the EMPEROR a "beautiful snuff-box;" and he no doubt at dinner talked of a "beautiful lump of green fat," as he passed his plate for a further supply of his daily turtle.

THE HEIGHT OF GALLANTRY.—Kissing a woman who takes snuff.

MATERFAMILIAS TO MR. PUNCH.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

Judd Street, New Road.

"FOR some time past my husband has refused to permit the newspaper to be read by the girls or me; and after he has read to us what his High Mightiness pleases, he has pocketed it, and marched off to his office. But he went away in such a hurry on Friday that he forgot his precious paper, and, consequently, I had a good read.

"Indeed, *Mr. Punch*, I think that if the papers often contain such advice as I read on Friday, no woman ought to sit down to breakfast with a man who takes them in.

"I am not going to write about the precious Budget, as you call it. If I were, I could say a great deal more than would be pleasant. Of course, as usual, the Parliament looks round to see how it can inflict cruelty upon those who cannot help themselves. Of course, when money is wanted, it is to be got out of the things which are among the few comforts women have in this world. Oh, dear, yes! Tea, and coffee, and sugar are the articles which Men (as they call themselves) immediately lay hold of to make dearer. All of a piece with their usual tyranny and cowardice. If the war goes on (and from the way the gifted Lords of Creation and Superior Beings bungle their attempts both at war and at peace, I don't see why it should not go on for an age) you will want more money. Do not spare us. We can't help ourselves. Pray tax something else of ours. Why not lay new impositions (and *that* they *are*) upon our caps, and bonnets, and boot-laces. Why not tax crochet-work, or morning calls, or babies, or anything else that a poor woman takes a pleasure in. I don't doubt that I shall soon hear of something of the kind. It would never occur to a Man (as he calls himself) to tax his cigars, or his club, or his American bowls, or even his precious newspaper;—no, *that* must be made cheaper and carried for nothing, of course. Women must be oppressed. They were made for it. It is only for life, that's one comfort. But I said that I was not going to say anything about the Budget.

"But what I read with indignation and contempt, *Mr. Punch* (and if you are a woman's friend, as you are always pretending and professing to be, though I suppose you are, in reality, as great a deceiver and tyrant as the rest, you will lift up your voice for us) was this. The writer, after saying that the taxes were very heavy, especially the income tax, and would be a deal heavier, which we wanted no SOLOMON, come from the dead, to tell us, actually had the meanness and treachery to go on to remark that a professional man, with nothing but his income, ought, in the present state of things, to retrench some of his expences (and so he ought—his Club subscription and his Freemasons' lodge, and all dinners, except at home) and one of them ought to be his annual "month at Ramsgate." Now, *Mr. Punch*, I say, now, Sir. Do you expect me to write coolly and quietly to you about such a proposition as that? Give up his month at Ramsgate!

"Not if I know it, *Mr. Punch*. No, sir. If the money for the precious war can't be got without that, why you may make peace, or run up a bill for fighting, or what you please, but that Ramsgate money you don't have, not if the QUEEN (God bless her, she is too much of a Lady, and knows the value of fresh air for her blessed children too well to think of such a thing) were to send a whole regiment of Militia (nice looking articles *they* are) to collect the account. Give up Ramsgate! I know my place too well as a woman to talk lightly of divorces, as if such things ought ever to be granted, except to a female who has married a brute, but I know somebody who would not much like to show his face in my house again for many a day after he had dared to presume to name such a thing to me.

"Have Men (as they call themselves) no feelings? Of course they have none. But have they no eyes? Can they not see the state of our health, towards the end of the season? Can they not see our poor heavy eyes and pale cheeks, and then, hearing that we have been going about to parties for three, four, five months, merely to keep up their respectability, and—such of us as are mothers—to get their daughters settled and off their hands? I say can they see and hear this, and then desire to deprive us of a little sea-air and sea-water to freshen us up for the parties of the winter? I do declare, *Mr. Punch*, I believe you have no more hearts than stones. As a wife and a mother, I have no words to express my indignation.

"But by all means let husbands take the advice of their newspapers. Let a man give up his month at Ramsgate. As to his keeping his wife and children in town that is too ridiculous to be argued. Let him send them down to Ramsgate, and stay in town himself. We could manage—I dare say, to survive—without his presence. What he would save in railway tickets, in running up to town when nobody wants him, in the expensive dinners which he expects his wife to give him (instead of his living on cold meat, as it is known she always does in his absence) and in boating, fishing, and the rest of his selfish pleasures, would go a long way towards his income tax. Let him be economical while we are away, dine off his chop in chambers, and be in bed by ten o'clock, and the 'professional man with nothing but his income' will not need to stint his innocent wife and children of the little pleasure they have in this world.

"I have always taken in *Punch*, Sir, and I shall expect you to take our side, and to come out with some BITTERLY SATIRICAL pictures against the meanness, and selfishness of Men, and in that hope

"I remain, yours truly,

"MATERFAMILIAS."

"P.S.—That picture about the cold mutton, and the pretended business, was most excellent, and many thousands of wives are grateful for it. Do the Ramsgate thing in the same way, only a great deal more severely."

"THE STEAMER THAT NONE STOW'D."

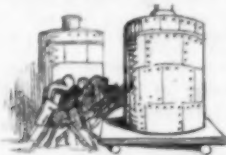
(A Verified Version of the Report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the irregularities in the Transport of Stores, &c., to the East.)



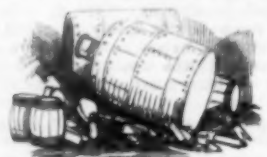
Here is the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here is the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed,
Aboard of the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here are the Cylinders, heavy and vast,
That should have come first, but somehow came
last,
As part of the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed,
Aboard of the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here are the Medical Stores, ground to paste,
Underneath the Cylinders, heavy and vast,
That should have come first, but somehow came
last,
As part of the Freight, Higgle-piggledy placed,
Aboard of the Steamer that None stow'd.



Here are the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast,
Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to
paste,
By the weight of the Cylinders, heavy and vast,
That should have come first, but somehow came
last,
As part of the Freight, &c., &c.



Here are the Legs, by the Board not yet past,
That belong to the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast,

Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to
paste,
By the weight of the Cylinders, heavy and vast,
That should have come first, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Department, standing
aghast,
At sight of the Legs, by the Board not yet past,
That belong'd to the Bedsteads, all leglessly cast,
Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, ground to
paste,
By the weight of the Cylinders, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in
haste,
By the Ordnance Department, standing aghast,
At sight of the Legs, by the Board not yet past,
That belong'd to the Bedsteads, all leglessly
cast,
Pell-mell with the Medical Stores, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the
least,
For the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in
haste,
By the Ordnance Department, standing aghast,
At sight of the Legs, by the Board not yet past,
That belong'd to the Bedsteads, &c., &c.



Here's the Ordnance Stevedore, much too high
caste,
To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the
least,
For the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in
haste,
By the Ordnance Department, standing aghast,
At sight of the Legs, &c., &c.



Here's the Skipper, for work with no taste,
Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, much too high
caste,
To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the
least,
For the Ordnance Lighterman, summon'd in
haste,
By the Ordnance Department, &c., &c.



Here's the Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the
mast,
Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taste,
Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, much too high
caste,
To report Ordnance Bargemen, not caring the
least,
For the Ordnance Lighterman, &c., &c.



Here's the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the
mast,
Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taste,
Spite of the Ordnance Stevedore, much too high
caste,
To report Ordnance Bargemen, &c., &c.

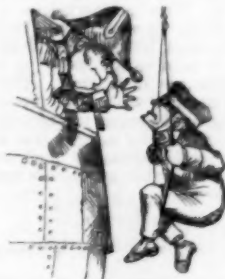


Here's the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,

With the Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the mast,
Thanks to the Skipper, for work with no taste,
Spite of Ordnance Stevedore, &c., &c.



Here's the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, before the
mast,
Thanks to the Skipper, &c., &c.



Here's the Captain's thumb, to his nostril placed,
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,
By the Steamer at Scutari, moored at last,
With her Crew drunk as fiddlers, &c., &c.



Here's England's Best Blood, that has run to
waste,
While the Captain's thumb to his nostril's
placed,
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,
From the Caique, heeling o'er to the blast,
By the Steamer at Scutari, &c., &c.



Here's JOHN BULL, atoning by prayer and fast,
For England's Best Blood, that has run to waste,
While the Captain's thumb's to his nostril
placed,
At the aged Purveyor, in cap gold-laced,
From the Caique, &c., &c.

JENKINS IN AMBER.

ON the late visit of the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, the sensitive JENKINS seized his lyre, "strung with his powdered hair," and broke forth into melodious verse and music. We cannot—we say it with heartfelt regret—give room to all the seven stanzas; but feel it incumbent upon us as a great human duty to enshrine at least eight Jenkinsonian lines in amber. Having compared EUGÉNIE to "MARY STUART again," and then having corrected himself, saying she is "No, not MARY! Holier Brida!" he dashes his fingers amongst the chords, and ends thus:—

"Is this only flattered Glory,
And a pageant's fair debut?
Or is it God's ordered story,
In strange portents manifest?"

Power and People! Rare alliance!
Nature on no serial duty,
And a hemisphere's affluence
In Strong Will, and Perfect Beauty."

Nature being "on no serial duty," is—we would suppose—nature taking it easy. But we forbear; it is audacious to attempt to dissect the fire-fly verse; we, therefore, reverently preserve it in the amber of *Punch's* type. It is said that the EMPRESS sent to the *Post* office a new brass-headed cane for the poetic perpetrator. We trust the cane will be well used; for JENKINS's verse beats everything.

Counter Propositions.

It was expected that, if Russia refused the terms for limiting her powers in the Black Sea, she would make certain counter propositions. This expectation was as fallacious as it was unreasonable. Why should Russia have made counter propositions when she knew that propositions conceived in the counter-spirit would be made in our own quarter by the peace-makers of the Manchester School?

LORD RAGLAN'S ALMANACKS.

Now that the line of telegraph is open all the way from the seat of war, we may expect to have a rapid supply of those interesting records of the weather in the Crimea for which LORD RAGLAN's despatches have already assumed a reputation second only to that of MURPHY of Almanack notoriety. We can anticipate the style of news of which we shall shortly be in receipt from the army before Sebastopol. The cries of "Sekund Ediahun" will be accompanied by shouts of "Heavy Shower by Electric Telegraph" or "Glorious Noose, Fine Weather at Sebastopol." LORD RAGLAN's despatches will henceforth keep us so completely *au courant* with the atmospheric changes that the columns of the papers may as well be arranged in the form of barometers to be filled up according to the accounts received from the Crimea. So rapidly will facts be made known, that a telegraphic despatch informing us of a shower of rain may be dated fresh from "under the umbrella of LORD RAGLAN."

Decreed "at Windsor."

THE pen with which the EMPEROR decreed, "at Windsor," the appointment of ADMIRAL HAMELIN Minister of French Marine, is considered a most extraordinary goose-quill. Never could French Admiral have hoped to have *such* a feather in his cap!

The Return of the Traveller.

Lord John (in travelling costume, just come home, jaded and dirty, and enquiring of his Servant). "Well, JOHN, have I been wanted at all during my absence?"

Servant. "Not in the least, Sir."

WHIGS TRIMMED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.—For trimming an old Whig in the very best style, and giving it a regular good dressing, there is no hand in the business equal to that of A. LAYARD, Esq. Apply to any rational man, who is in the habit of reading the newspapers.

"EVERY SOLDIER HIS OWN SOYER."

IN the course of the evidence before MR. ROEBUCK's Committee, complaint has more than once been made of the cooking in the camp; or, speaking more correctly, we should say of the want of it. "Every Soldier his own Soyer," is, it appears, the military maxim; the consequence of it has been that, from the absence of knowledge and appliances, nearly all the raw recruits have been reduced to eat their rations in a similar condition; while even old campaigners have been discovered sometimes at a loss to cook themselves a meal without making a mess of it.

But, though our troops may be accused of culinary ignorance, we do not see that they can well be blamed for it. A cook, unlike a poet, *non nascitur* but *fit*; and it is, of course, preposterous to expect that mere enlistment should be enough to make one. We would suggest, therefore, that in future a Culinary Sergeant should be added to each regiment, so that the exercise of teaching new recruits to "dress" might extend the knowledge of that process to their dinners.

Parliamentary Literature at a Low Ebb.

SOME of the Members of Parliament complain that "it requires no less than six pens to write a note in the Library of the House of Commons." We are surprised that this fact should be complained of as an instance of extravagance by the Members themselves, though we admire their candour in acknowledging (what we presume we are called on to believe) that any note written by an M.P. is not worth six-pens or even two-pens after it is written.

THE BEST PARTNERS.

FOR Whist, the cleverest and the most indulgent; for Dancing, the handsomest, and the most amusing; for Business, the steadiest, the wealthiest, and the most attentive; and for Marriage—one who combines the qualities of all the Three.



Enter COSTERMONGER (to old Lady passionately fond of flowers).

Coster. "SCUR ME MARM, BUT DID YER WANT YER GREEN-'OUSE SMOKED?—NO CHARGE, ONLY TO FIND THE 'BACCA, AND A DROP O' SUMTHIN' TO DRINK!"

"A DAINY DISH TO [SET BEFORE A QUEEN."

THE newspapers inform us that "in return for the splendid tiara, value about 2,000,000 reals, recently presented to the POPE by the QUEEN OF SPAIN, his Holiness has sent Her Majesty the body of St. FELIX the Martyr." The body of a martyr, or indeed any body, however illustrious, would seem to be but a poor equivalent for a tiara worth 2,000,000 of reals, and we can only presume that the POPE mistook the reals for shams when he made such a singular return to the QUEEN OF SPAIN's generosity. We can imagine the consternation of Her Majesty when, upon the arrival of a tremendous parcel from the POPE, and amidst all the excitement of curiosity to see what the package contained, the discovery was made of the "body" of a deceased martyr. By the gift having been conferred on the QUEEN OF SPAIN, we are inclined to believe that the blessed FELIX may have been some relation to the celebrated *Don Felix*, who used to be known to playgoers as the hero of the comedy of *The Wonder*. If this is the mode in which the POPE acknowledges a favour received, we should be sorry to place his Holiness under an obligation, lest he might think himself called upon to send us a "body," by way of a graceful interchange of courtesy. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN must have wished the present to be absent as soon as the parcel was unpacked; and we can only express our surprise that the POPE should have sent a carcase in preference to a card-case, or some other appropriate *souvenir* to a female sovereign.

A SAGE REMARK.—Onion is Strength.

THE SAME TO THE END OF THE CHAPTER.

THE Court Newsmen inform us, that at the Installation of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH as a Knight of the Garter, all the other Knights "wore their chains and collars." We scarcely know whether we ought to laugh or to grieve over the sight of a number of noblemen dressed up like so many dogs—rather lucky dogs they no doubt consider themselves—"in chains and collars," for there is something degrading in the idea of a collar and chain, however costly the material of which the articles are composed.

The official account of the ceremony seems to show that there was rather more than the usual difficulty in tying LOUIS NAPOLEON by the leg, for the SOVEREIGN had to be "assisted by HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE" in buckling the garter on the left leg of his Imperial Majesty. The Chancellor of the Order, who was in attendance, is stated to have pronounced some "admonition,"—the purport of which perhaps was to advise the two Princes not to pull the garter so tight as to hurt the leg of LOUIS NAPOLEON. It is probably not etiquette for the Knight to give the "admonition" with his own lips, but we think he would be the best judge of where the pulling of the garter ought to stop, and a judicious exclamation of "Oh! that hurts!" would save the necessity for the attendance of the Chancellor, for the performance of such an absurd duty as that which has been specified.

Lost, an Opportunity by the Lord Mayor.

It cannot be said that the entertainment, given by the LORD MAYOR to the PREFECT OF THE SEINE at the Mansion House, was a mistake. But would it not have been more judicious on the part of the Civic Sovereign's advisers to have arranged that the feast should, notwithstanding the cold weather, have been given in the state-barge, during an excursion up the Thames? The King of the City can, of course, do no wrong, but his counsellors may do much; and they have made a perfect mess of that once noble river, whereof their Municipal Monarch is the conservator, and he might doubtless have obtained some suggestions for the better performance of his duty in that capacity, in the course of a jollification upon its turbid tide, in company with the presiding Genius of the Parisian stream.

GRAMMAR FOR THE COURT OF BERLIN.

His MAJESTY you should not say of FRITZ,
That King is neuter; so, for His, use Its.

ROYAL ACADEMY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The Seventy-Sixth Anniversary of the "Portrait of a Gentleman" will be held in, and on, the walls of the National Gallery, on the first Monday in May, when all the friends and relations of the "Gentleman" in question are invited to rush to admire him. He will be instantly recognised by the lofty intellectual look that will be stamped upon his manly brow, as well as for the very superior air of respectability that will be thrown about his Sunday coat and buttons. N.B. After the Anniversary, the "Gentleman" will still be kept on view for eight hours daily, (excepting on Sundays, when he undergoes a slight cleaning,) and the price charged for admiration will be only One Shilling.

By Order of THE HANGING COMMITTEE.



One of "Black's Guides."

SOYER has taken out with him a black servant to the Crimea. There is business, doubtlessly, in this move? It looks as if SOYER, since he has started on his travels, was anxious to push his researches into the Interior as far as he could, and see whether, with such a Guide, it will not be possible to discover the real *Sauce of the Niger*.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S GOOD GENIUS.—EU-GÉNIE.



THE RETURN FROM VIENNA.

H—r M—g. "NOW, SIR, WHAT A TIME YOU HAVE BEEN! WHAT'S THE ANSWER?"

L—d J—n. "PLEASE 'M, THERE IS—IS—IS—IS—ISN'T ANY ANSWER."



THE BATTLE OF JERUSALEM

THE BATTLE OF JERUSALEM, 1099-1100, was a decisive battle in the First Crusade. It resulted in the capture of the city of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, marking a significant victory for the Christian forces. The battle was fought on July 15, 1100, and was a turning point in the history of the Holy Land. The Crusaders, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, defeated the Muslim forces of the Fatimid Caliphate. The capture of Jerusalem was a major event in the Crusades, and it led to the establishment of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. The battle was a result of the Crusaders' long march from the Mediterranean coast to the city of Jerusalem. They had to overcome many difficulties, including lack of food and water, and they were eventually able to capture the city. The battle was a significant victory for the Crusaders, and it marked the beginning of the Crusader rule in the Holy Land.

THE PRUSSIAN STANDARD BEARER.

(On the Presentation, by KING CHICQUOT, of the late CZAR's uniform to the 6th Regiment of the Prussian Cuirassiers.)



HE watch a Prussian Stand-
ard-Bearer keeps,
Beside the late CZAR
NICHOLAS's breeches,
And thus, whilst tears of
rage and shame he weeps,
The warrior sings, or makes
this kind of speeches,
The object of my scorn I
dare not name,
I won't say what I wish he
was for ever,
But, or I wish that I may be
the same,
I'll never fight beneath those
breeches, never!

I don't much mind what
sort of flag I bear,
Provided that I bear it unto
glory,
But in a banner's stead, to
wave a pair
Of breeches, that is quite
another story;
The donor of those colours
I'll not name,
I only hope he may not reign
for ever;
To give us shorts for stand-
ard—what a shame!
Beneath those smalls I'll
never fight, no, never!

Of Caudine Forks to undergo the yoke
The Roman army had, by foes defeated;
But, on ourselves, the like degrading joke
He, in this forked ensign, has repeated:
The dastard I allude to I'll not name,
But, could he wear his tarnish'd crown for ever,
"For Russia" he would "always be the same;"
"And never" would "forget Papa's words," never!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 23rd. Monday. In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON explained that the Viennese hump was over, and that LORD JOHN RUSSELL was on his way home. It occurs to *Mr. Punch* that, bad as is the taste of playing out a farce at such a time as this, matters would have been far more serious had the "proposals" which LORD JOHN RUSSELL was instructed to put forward, been accepted by Russia. Our army has been nearly destroyed before Sebastopol, but nobody need suppose that this is the least proof that our Government was in earnest about disabling Russia, for our representative was directed to be satisfied if Russia would only promise not to keep, for the future, more than a certain number of ships in the Black Sea. Luckily for the jaunty War-Minister and his cabinet of Lords, Russia was too proud, in the consciousness of her strength and success, to listen even to so mild a proposition, and war goes on. MR. GOULBURN then expressed some very unnecessary discontent at the provision for paying off the new loan by certain instalments, as if there was the least chance of such a thing being ever done, and MR. GLADSTONE displayed a touch of his occasional touchiness, at an observation by MR. BARING, and called upon him to "explain his meaning." The Commons next assented to SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS's resolutions for increasing the duty on tea and coffee, fought over the newspaper postage, and discussed whether a new member should be added to the Sebastopol Committee, on which question LORD PALMERSTON joked himself out of a dilemma, declaring that it was a matter of "perfect indifference" to the Government whether another judge of official misdeeds was or was not appointed.

Tuesday.—It is not often that *Mr. Punch* has the misfortune to agree with LORD MALMESBURY (to whose inveterate habit of chattering upon all occasions the country owes the announcements which have disbanded the Militia) but MALMESBURY contrived for once to echo the statements of wiser men upon the miserable "proposals" at Vienna.

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI asked a very important question about the Indian Loan, but of course, MR. VERNON SMITH was unable to answer it. MR. HEYWOOD endeavoured to get rid of the religious

tests which prevent the education of a large class of the community in our Universities and Public Schools, but being opposed by the Premier, the Peelites, and the Conservatives, and the Liberals not standing by him, the resolution was negatived without a division. And then poor MR. APSLEY PELLATT once more made an exposition of himself, and was obligingly apprised by the ATTORNEY GENERAL that he was merely acting as the tool of a discontented attorney. When MR. PELLATT's name is mentioned in a report, one naturally looks for the "count-out" notice, and of course, one had not far to look—the House was counted out after one more speech.

Wednesday.—The Commons had a fight upon the second reading of the Bill for allowing MR. BROWN to marry Miss MARY JONES, after the death of her sister, MRS. SUSAN BROWN (*see JONES*), his first wife. There was the usual amount of nonsense on both sides, the opponents of the bill relying upon a Hebrew law which has nothing whatever to do with the question, and upon the hatred which a married lady would, it is supposed, entertain for the single sister, if there were any chance of the latter succeeding to her own teapot and husband. The supporters of the measure were sentimental upon the intense affection children have for their aunts, and upon the "intolerable tyranny" of preventing a man from taking a second girl out of a family which had supplied him with so good a wife in the first instance. The Scotch and Irish elements were of course introduced into the debate, and in answer to the statement that in Scotland such marriages were considered contrary to the law of nature, MR. COLLIER rather smartly protested against a law of nature which had only been revealed to the people north of the Tweed, while the remarkable virtue of the Irish women was brought forward as a reason why their superstitious horror of such unions should prevent the inhabitants of a civilised country from doing as they please. The debate was adjourned until the 9th of May.

Thursday. In the Lords, the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE said that nothing could be announced as to the intentions of Austria in regard to the war until LORD JOHN RUSSELL came home. It is to be feared that the Lords do not study their *Punch* so attentively as they might do, or none of them would have thought of asking what he has told them a hundred times in the plainest language, namely, that Austria is only restrained from overt hostility to the Allies by the recollection that an interview of ten minutes between three individuals, named, respectively, MAZZINI, KOSSUTH, and CLARENDON, would be a sufficient reason for the respected MIVART's preparing apartments, about four months later, for a certain young married couple and their first baby, late from Vienna.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON stated that the electric telegraph between Raglania and Downing Street was so nearly complete, that the Field-Marshal could transmit his valuable contributions to the Meteorological Society's journals in twenty-four hours; and that his Lordship had been desired to send word, every day, what he was doing. Another step was taken in the imposition of the new sugar, coffee, and spirit taxes; and MR. GLADSTONE expressed his regret that one of these days the House would probably have to go back to the system of Protection. COLONEL SIBTHORP's ecstasy at this announcement prevented the honourable and gallant Member from uttering a word. A batch of lawyers then squabbled over the bill for abolishing the jurisdiction of the Ecclesiastical Courts in regard to Wills; but the only value of the debate was its affording fresh evidence, out of the mouths of unconscious witnesses, that the Ecclesiastical Courts are a frightful nuisance, and the Courts of Chancery a frightfuler. This debate was adjourned, *Mr. Punch* supposes, in order that fresh criminatory testimony may be obtained against both sets of national institutions.

Friday. By a very curious coincidence, the merits of British Officers and Gentlemen were the subject of discussion in both Houses of Parliament. LORD PALMERSTON's relative, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, took the principal part in the Lords, the PREMIER himself in the Commons. LORD SHAFTESBURY called attention to the conduct of certain Officers and Gentlemen who have been emulating the achievements of the other Officers and Gentlemen who persecuted MR. PERRY, and indeed have evidenced the progress which might be expected from military intellect, for the behaviour of the Canterbury batch of heroes was even more vulgar, dirty, and cowardly than that of their models. LORD HARDINGE spoke severely on the subject, as did LORD HARDWICK, who declared that the Colonels ought to be made responsible. While the "Officers and Gentlemen" question was being thus unceremoniously handled by the real aristocracy in the Lords, the sham aristocracy in the Commons approached the same subject, but, as might be expected, in a more servile spirit. MR. LAYARD, who had given notice of a motion in which the feelings of the nation are expressed upon our present system of Public Appointments, was made the subject of a series of attacks for some observations he offered, in a speech at Liverpool, upon divers military promotions. His accuracy was impugned in very offensive language, and his explanations were interrupted (as the organ of his opponents admits) by "jeers." One of his critics was ordered by the Speaker to retract his unparliamentary language. The irritation which MR. LAYARD causes by his unsparring exposures of our system, fully accounts for these unseemly exhibitions. As regards his accuracy in certain details, various letters have been published, and *Mr. Punch* has

not had time entirely to disentangle and comb out the military's periods, so as to discover whether what they are intended to mean really refutes Mr. LAYARD, but at first sight it does appear that in some cases adduced by that gentleman, the rules of routine were complied with, and that it was not by mere wealth and interest that certain lucky officers obtained their last promotions. A thousand such corrections would not alter the conviction of the nation that wealth, rank, and influence do obtain the military prizes unfairly; nor will all the vinous eloquence of the Parliamentary soldiers, supported, as on Friday, by swaggering declamations from the head of that host of Lords at present in office, change JOHN BULL's opinion, that if the "Gentlemen of England" can do nothing better than ruin an army, the Plebeians ought to be tried. But Mr. PUNCH is quite ready to recommend MR. LAYARD to be prepared with chapter and verse when bringing any accusation against Officers and Gentlemen, for the merciless ridicule which certain recent courts-martial brought upon the class has determined them in future to contest all evidence that would not satisfy the Officers and Gents of the courts of Nisi Prius.

PROSPECTS OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



DISHEARTENED as we may be by some of the phenomena of our glorious constitution, it has one element of which, at least, the aspect is "cheering." That is the Honourable House of Commons. There was a time when Kings could do wrong and did it, and could do it, and could do right and did it not, at which the British Parliament afforded a remedy for the King's evil. They could not set the crowned head right, and they did what they considered the next best thing; as surgeons do with an incurable leg. Not in a like, but in as effectual a manner, we may hope that our present House of Commons will get rid of blockheads administrative—and why? It evinces, in quite a "cheering" measure, the very spirit of the old Puritans.

LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, LORD ERRINGTON, and MR. M. CHAMBERS, have, we rejoice to see, introduced a measure no less important in the present crisis than another Sunday Bill. This statesmanlike measure is to prevent butchers and others from supplying food on Sundays after nine in the morning. It further prohibits barbers from shaving their customers after ten. The House was counted out the other day, on a trivial motion touching Army Reform. It will deal differently with a question of a far more momentous bearing on the campaign in the Crimea. SIR JOSHUA WALMSLEY's anti-sabbatarian resolution for the opening of Museums and Picture-galleries was scouted. This counter-proposition will meet with a converse reception: and no doubt we shall have it comfortably in operation, as proposed, on the appropriate first of November, which is called "All Saints' Day."

LORD ROBERT BAREBONE and his brethren having carried their measure, every Sunday will (according to the modern British religion) cease to be a festival of the Church, and become a Day of Fast and Humiliation. Then we shall get on. VICTORIA will be victorious, happy and glorious, although CUFFY, in his exile,

may now consider, with some justice, that he need not "despair of the Commonwealth." In the mean time the cat of LORD ROBERT B. if he keeps one, will do well to leave her situation with the greatest diligence, or at least refrain from catching mice on his Lordship's premises on Sunday.

A CLANRICARDE TO THE RESCUE.

THE affectionate attention of the British public having, naturally enough, been turned to the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE, it is no less kind than commercial in the newspapers to give us the earliest and the minutest intelligence of the distinguished peer's distinguished movements. The following is the latest news (via electric telegraph) from Ireland:—

"The MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE is detained at Lough Rea by his duties as Colonel of the Galway Militia, and his Lordship is not expected in town until the first week in May. The Galway Militia has been much reduced by 150 of the privates having volunteered for the line; but, under the able management of its colonel, the regiment is fast regaining its strength."

The spirit of the reader is a little depressed and darkened by the intelligence that the Noble MARQUIS is still "detained at Lough Rea," but is raised and tightened by the sequent news that he may be expected in town, though not "until the first week in May," beautiful May! We may expect CLANRICARDE and the chestnut blossoms about the same time. We are glad of this; for we begin to fear that the Noble MARQUIS had resolved to withdraw himself from the House of Lords, having requested the EARL OF CARLISLE to wipe the MARQUIS's name from the Irish Lord Lieutenants; it was feared that he might—in an evil hour for the moral strength and beneficent example of the country—humbly pray HER MAJESTY to use the royal penknife to scratch his name out of the *Peerage*. These fears are, happily, groundless; the Noble MARQUIS still devoting all his chivalrous energies to the service of the United Kingdom. How noble, too, is the influence of high example! The above informs us that "the Galway Militia has been much reduced by 150 privates having volunteered into the line;" all of them, no doubt, irresistibly stimulated to the heroic act by the moral and mental influence of the brilliant head of the regiment. However, the gaps in the Galway Militia are as speedily filled as made; hence, with such a man for Colonel, as a CLANRICARDE, the Galway Militia may be made an inexhaustible receiver for the line. In fact, the character of the MARQUIS OF CLANRICARDE appearing as Colonel of the Galway Militia, has been no less prophetically but beautifully foreshadowed in the "Happy Warrior" of WORDSWORTH. The whole piece is too long to quote; but there are some lines of felicitous significance. "Who is the Happy Warrior?" asks the poet; and then among other qualities that make him, says he is one—

"Who if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and then will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his truth, and to the same,
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim!"

The reader knows there is much more of the same sort; and all equally applicable to the moral dignity of the Noble and Gallant Colonel, as recently illustrated in Dublin. By the way, it is said, that the Noble MARQUIS has presented some of the waste parchment, used in the HANDCOCK case, to the Galway Militia, to head the regimental drums withal. A most valuable gift: for never did parchment make more noise. Could it be rub-a-dubbed before Sebastopol, it must need carry terror to the heart of the coldest Russian.

King Clicquot's Disposition.

ONE of "our own Correspondents," writing from Berlin, says—

"Although the King has hitherto declared himself in favour of neutrality, there are reasons for believing he will be found eventually to evince a disposition for drawing the sword."

Not being table-turners or electro-biologists, we cannot undertake to prophesy what KING CLICQUOT will be found disposed to do "eventually;" but at present we consider he evinces a much stronger disposition for drawing the cork.

A LINE ON JOHN BULL AND THE LOAN.—"The skeletons of nations were around that lo(a)nly man."—Campbell.

THE LORD MAYOR'S FRENCH.



UCH pleasure have we in congratulating the LORD MAYOR upon his acquirements in the language of France, which we have no doubt will furnish an additional guarantee for the durability of the French and English alliance. When the Chief Magistrate of London is found employing the French tongue—in however small a degree—we may feel assured that the union of the two nations is likely to be permanent. It was, therefore, with a feeling of great satisfaction that we found the word *puissant* introduced into the address presented by the City of London to the French EMPEROR. This graceful display of lingual research must have shown LOUIS NAPOLEON, that his reception was founded on no mere

superficial adhesion to forms and ceremonies; but that the citizens had dived into the depths of even the dictionary to do him honour.

Scarcely had we recovered from our admiration at the delicacy and learning evinced by the use of the word *puissant* in the civic address, when we were further amazed and delighted by finding in the letter of the LORD MAYOR to the FRENCH AMBASSADOR, in acknowledging the gift of a snuff box from the EMPEROR, another proof of that appreciation and comprehension of the language of France which had already met our warmest approbation. In speaking of the imperial gift, the LORD MAYOR adroitly alluded to it as a *souvenir*, and though it may be true that the use of the word *souvenir* implies no more profound knowledge than can be picked up by looking in upon the needle cases and other cheap wares of the Lowther arcade, there is much tact shown by the civic potentate in characterising the *cadeau* of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH by a word, however common-place, which is borrowed from the language of his own people.

We trust that, by the next time the EMPEROR pays us a visit, the city authorities will have so far progressed in their knowledge of French as to be able to use, not only detached words, but even to enter boldly upon small phrases; and, with this view, we earnestly recommend the addition of the Polyglot Washing Book to the City Library.

THE VOICE OF THE OMNIBUS.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, &c., &c.

MY LORD,

WILL your Lordship allow me to ask (without any intention of giving offence) if your Lordship ever rode in an omnibus? I feel I ought to apologise for the question. I am aware that members of your Lordship's class are not likely to be reduced to these public carriages. I can understand the proper repugnance of a nobleman to come into contact with persons of that middle class, to which the passengers in such vehicles generally belong. But while I enter into this feeling, I regret its consequences.

As your Lordship is no doubt aware, I am a low person—sprung from the streets, and obtaining a livelihood by amusing the common people. Originally, I walked and carried my show. But my circumstances have improved so much of late years that I am now able to ride in omnibuses, without injustice to my family or my tradesmen. Being of a communicative and enquiring turn, I make a point of listening to the conversation I hear in these rides, and, when I can, of joining in it. It has struck me that it would be of the utmost service, not only to your Lordship personally, but to the Cabinet over which you preside, if you could avail yourself of the same opportunity of ascertaining the feeling of the middle class on passing political events.

It is true, that this might impair that jocularly, of which your Lordship is such a master; and the House of Commons would probably thereby lose many a hearty laugh. I am afraid, too, it might in some degree interfere with your Lordship's self-complacency; and I should not wonder, if it even occasionally destroyed your Lordship's digestion.

But one thing I am sure it would do,—a thing, as it appears to me, that especially needs doing at this time. It would open your Lordship's eyes. I know how wide the range of those eyes is; that it has swept for many years the courts and the cabinets of the old world and the new. But your Lordship knows the apologue of the astronomer, who, absorbed in his star-gazing, tumbled into an ignominious horse-pond.

I cannot but fear that your Lordship may be hard upon a similar catastrophe.

My Lord, the Voice of the Omnibuses would inform you that the English middle classes are at this moment very much in earnest,—that they are very much disgusted with affairs at home,—very much

humiliated by affairs abroad,—and, worse than all, very much disenchanted of certain impressions on the subject of your Lordship, which led them to urge your appointment to that post which has been the goal of your life's efforts. Nor is this all.

The Voice of the Omnibuses would also inform your Lordship that the incredible imbecility, incompetence, and mismanagement which have attended every branch of operations carried on by the Government in connection with this War, as well as the diplomacy which preceded and has accompanied it, have led to grave doubts of the exclusive right to governing authority of that order to which your Lordship belongs.

These doubts, I regret to say, seem (I still judge from the Voice of the Omnibuses) to be rapidly ripening into convictions; and these convictions cannot fail to be followed before long by very unmistakable action. I do not mean to say that the omnibuses are revolutionary, or democratic, or subversive, or socialist. They are none of these things; but they are business-like. They are accustomed to the management of their own businesses. They have been content to leave diplomacy to the Foreign Office; parliamentary jocularly and cajolery to your Lordship; the acquiring of votes and disposing of official places to Mr. HATTEY.

But war involves a great deal of *sheer business*,—such as contracting for, and forwarding stores and supplies; taking up, stowing, and dispatching ships, and so forth. In fact, when the omnibuses take war to pieces—apart from the fighting, the one thing which has been well done—they find it to be an aggregate of such acts as most of the passengers are daily doing in the carrying on of their own daily concerns. Of the way these acts are done they will judge,—they have judged. I have no doubt most rashly and ignorantly,—but you cannot persuade them of this in the face of the Horse-guards and the Ordnance, the port of Balaklava, the hospitals at Scutari, the revelations before the Sebastopol Committee. They have come to their own conclusion on the conduct of the war, and—it is no use mincing the matter—they have pronounced sentence of condemnation on the system which your Lordship was expected to reform, but which you have shown no intention, no capacity (pray understand it is the omnibuses who say so) of reforming.

I very much fear this condemnation of the system includes a condemnation of your Lordship, and of your Lordship's Cabinet. I am afraid it is too late to avert the execution of the sentence which the condemnation carries with it. But if it be still possible to avert it, there is only one way of doing so.

Your Lordship must really condescend to the 'bus, and listen to what passes on public matters, among us riders in these plebeian conveyances.

There is a wide, wide world outside of Belgravia, Piccadilly, May Fair, Whitehall, and the Houses of Parliament. Your Lordship seems to live in absolute unconsciousness of what passes in that world. At least I infer as much from your unflinching jauntiness under discredit, your jocularly amidst disaster, and your perseverance in misfeasance, malfeasance, and nonfeasance, whenever you are called upon to act. I assure you, earnestly, and in seriousness, that all this is profoundly painful to the world I speak of—and that pain is passing, every day, into indignation—and that indignation must ripen into act.

Remember I don't go below the omnibuses. What may be seething and surging in a lower class of conveyances—among those who do not ride even in omnibuses—I leave others to tell you. I speak for the omnibuses—and the omnibuses have votes. Then do my Lord,—if only for a while—give up your carriage and condescend to the 'bus.

Or if this be absolutely impossible, condemn a dozen of the most intelligent subordinates at your command, to this painful but most urgent duty. Pay them well, of course. The humiliation must be adequately recompensed. Let them tell your Lordship, exactly and from day to day, what they hear in their rides, and you will then be able to judge how far I have accurately represented the Voice of the Omnibus in this letter.

I remain, your Lordship's most obedient servant,

PUNCH.

Dreadful Effect of Bear's Grease.

We regret to hear of the alarming effect of one of the pots of bear's grease upon ALDERMAN—. Having innocently devoured the grease, wholly unconscious of its effects, he went to bed; but rose in the morning, clothed from head to foot, in a suit of bear's fur. It is supposed that he will immediately give up the alderman's gown, being now provided with a sufficient covering for all weathers.

TROY AND SEBASTOPOL.

THE Siege of Sebastopol has been compared to that of Troy. There is one important difference between the two sieges: In the latter there was but one NESTOR among the besiegers; in the former there are many, but they unfortunately are NESTORS in nothing but senility.

OUR RELATIONS WITH AUSTRIA AND PRUSSIA.—German Cozens.



PORTRAIT OF A DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR AS HE APPEARED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

ON A STRAIGHTFORWARD QUESTION BEING PUT TO THE NOBLE LORD AT THE HEAD OF AFFAIRS—HE IMMEDIATELY REPLIED BY SINGING—"HOT CODLINGS"
(From our own Reporter).

JOKES FOR ARMY JUVENILES.

For a good hearty laugh there is nothing like a practical joke. None of your wordy puns, conundrums, sarcasms, smart sayings, repartees; none of your ideal jests and gibes, and flashes of merriment that are wont to set other tables in a roar, when you can enjoy the solid, real wit which is calculated to render the mess-table uproarious. When the fool in the pantomime kneels before some door, thereby occasioning somebody who comes out of it to tumble over him, he creates a pretty good laugh. Still the joke is more recondite than a practical joke ought to be. The perceptive faculties of the victim are eluded, and the fun of that is in a measure abstract and metaphysical, the rather, that he is only supposed to hurt himself by his fall on the stage, and does not truly and indeed break his nose. Practical jokes cannot be too simple for the juvenile wits of the army. Breaking in the door, now, of a young comrade—that is your sort of joke. It requires no explanation—there is no subtle intellectuality about it. Split the door: that is better than making the sides of anybody to split: except in like manner as you make the door. Then pull your brother officer out of bed—that is the way to turn the laugh against him. Force him into the apartment of another officer, and threaten to throw him out of window: suiting the attempt to the menace—you have him there.

Threaten, also, to make him eat a candle, but as mere threats are air, and airy jokes are trivial, smear his mouth materially with the tallow; which is much sharper than stopping it with a verbal witticism. What is figurative Attic salt to genuine candlegrease? Now, then, kick him out of the room: which will show that you have a ready wit, having your fun at your toes as well as your fingers' ends. Follow him again into his own room; pursue him not with a flight of empty mental arrows, but fling several substantial things at him. Seize a stick and break his furniture; the best jokes that you can crack upon him next to breaking his head. Force him upon his knees: there is much more genuine sport in this than there is in slow quiet humour. Lastly, break his door in again: because this is a joke which will bear repetition.

Originality is not aimed at in the enumeration of the *faciæ* above

INCOME TAX RESTITUTION.

To SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SIR,

LET us pay for the war like men—but let us not get it paid for by means which are unmanly. For the present, perhaps for a long future, we must put up with the inequality, that is, with the rascality, of the Income Tax. But saddle the right ass and only him. The Income Tax is a partial confiscation of incomes of £100 a year and upwards. Don't confiscate incomes which are below that mark. I know some very respectable old ladies—I know some very charming young ones—whose incomes are below £100 a year. Don't compel them to pay the tax to which they are not liable. You don't? That is inexact, you do. From rent, from mortgage, from the funds, from whatever source derived, their pittance has Income Tax deducted from it. They can get it back again. How? By taking proper proceedings. I mean not to be cockney, but, don't you wish they may get it? Broken-spirited widows, and unbusiness-like, helpless, orphan girls, what proceedings would you advise them to take for the recovery of the per-centages which have been cribbed from their portions and their jointures? Attempt, personally, to ferret out the official that has ultimately to refund? Have you a grandmother, sir, who is not a GAMP; a sister who is not a strong-minded female? but of course you know the suggested enterprise would be absurd. You surely would not recommend the already shorn lamb—or maturer victim—to "employ a solicitor," or any other kind of attorney.

Well, then, now, while you are about it—while you are aggravating this abominable tax—take the opportunity of adjusting it in at least this one particular. You may not be able to prevent it from necessarily robbing some; but you can, surely, prevent it from robbing many unnecessarily. Simplify the ordeal, the detail, and the bullying, which those who have had Income Tax stolen out of their less than £100 a year, are obliged to undergo to procure the restoration of the plunder. Let your Chancellor of the Exchequer'ship be distinguished by a contrast to the meanness, unfairness, and heartlessness, for which your predecessors in that office have long been so remarkable; and then I will beg you to believe me, politically, as well as personally,

Your sincere well-wisher,

85, Fleet Street, May, 1855.

PUNCH.

recommended for juvenile army practice. They are copied from a memorandum issued by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, in which they are described as having been recently performed by ENSIGNS SANDERS and NEVILLE, of the 30th Regiment; at the expense of ENSIGN FALKNER of the 50th. It appears that ENSIGN FALKNER thought them so extraordinary, that he reported them to his commanding officer; but the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, not seeing the point of them, denounces them as unworthy of officers and gentlemen.

UGLY FACTS FOR UGLY CUSTOMERS.

AN egotist is especially hated by all other egotists.

Those who believe that money can do everything, are frequently prepared to do everything for money.

The only good that a miser does, is to prove the little happiness there is to be found in wealth.

To be angry with a weak man is a proof that you are not very strong yourself.

Solitude is the despair of fools, the torment of the wicked, and the joy of the good. It is alike pandemonium, purgatory, and paradise—according to the soul that enters it.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.

There are men who may be called "Martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wishing to be better; until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids, and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

A Profitable Exchange.

Do diamond-merchants want a bargain? Let them read what follows:

"In return for the splendid diamond tiara, value about 2,000,000 reals, recently presented to the POPE by the QUEEN OF SPAIN, his Holiness has sent her Majesty the body of ST. FELIX the Martyr."

It ought to have been ST. STEPHEN, seeing that he was the first martyr to a gift of stones.

A LAMP THAT WANTS TRIMMING.



Exeter Hall, of 'Protestant Missions to Evangelise Ireland,' 'Bible Societies,' 'Evangelical Alliances,' 'City Missions,' &c. &c.; all of which are convened to spout their ideal of Popery, and while the faithful of the Church are engaged in acts of devotion to the 'Queen of Heaven,' the SPOONMAN, CUMMINGS, McNEILS, AND CO. will be evoking by the most outrageous cant and hypocrisy and calumny, the bigotry and cash of their unfortunate dupes, to precipitate their insatiable spirit of hate."

It is very inconsistent of the writer of the above to sneer at antiquated bonnets and seedy black coats. What head-dress can be more antiquated than that of female, and what clothes can be more seedy than those of male Roman Catholic Saints? The former were not accustomed to sport fashionable bonnets, and if any such ladies still exist, they do not go about, those who are at large, wearing what should be the covering of the head on the occiput. Many of them being nuns, they patronised hoods extensively; now the hood is a more antiquated thing than any bonnet. As for the Popish Saints of the masculine gender, they commonly rejoiced in apparel which was something more than seedy. It was absolutely dirty and filthy, and that not only as to the exterior. If they wore any sort of collar or choker at all, it was certainly not white. It was the outcropping of very foul linen, usually, so to speak, Irish, as consisting of horsehair. Wherefore, then, should the Genius of the *Lamp* reproach the opposition Saints with seediness? Should he not rather have upbraided them for not being seedy enough; for not being nearly so seedy as the Saints in horsehair; for being merely seedy and not sprouting, or in a state to sprout, their persons being sown with mustard and cress?

Whilst the Saints of Exeter Hall are venting their bigotry in the manner above described, the *Lamp* exhorts its readers to sanctify themselves by the reasonable service which it thus depicts:—

"We trust this year that there will not be a single church, chapel, oratory, station, or school in which the beautiful devotion of the month of May will not be practised; let every Catholic dwelling have also its statuette of the Madonna (especially where church or chapel may be too distant) placed in some corner of the room, festooned with flowers, and when the labours of the day are over and the sun is setting, let the lighted taper mingle its rays with the golden sun-set, and let father, mother, children, and inmates kneel together in love to celebrate their devotions for the 'Month of May.' How sweetly then will May-flowers bloom to them? What graces and blessings will not MARY shower upon them? What music so sweet to a parent's ears as to hear his little ones respond to the prayer, 'MARY, GRESS, OF OUR JOY.' 'Pray for us!'"

NOW, let MR. ISAAC SOLOMONS, or LET REDSCHID PASHA, or CHEKIB EFFENDI, or any other outsider both to Exeter Hall and Loretto, decide which are the greatest bigots—those who accuse Roman Catholics of feticism, or those who propose to them the practice of something so like it as the above. Probably, SOLOMONS, and REDSCHID, and CHEKIB, would simply consider it absurd on the part of Exeter Hall, to trouble itself so much to convert the blackamoors from dummy-worship, when its missionaries might find such a sufficiency of home employment among those who walk by the light of the *Lamp*, kindling, thereby, the taper, with which, by way of devotion, they burn the "golden sunset" before a doll.

Political Intelligence.

WE are in a position to state that as soon as the Sebastopol Committee has terminated its enquiry, it is intended to present a copy of the evidence to each of the members of the Aberdeen Administration; so that in case of their return to office they may use it to refer to as a book of precedent. We understand these presentation copies will be suitably bound in red tape, and entitled by a not inappropriate plagiary "*Our Mess.*"

LESS LAUGHING MATTERS FOR LEGISLATORS.

It is rather a remarkable fact that the House of Commons is very often upon what may be called the "heavy grin," notwithstanding the calamities and degradations under which the country has been suffering. We have felt some curiosity to trace the cause of this propensity to laughter, and though *Punch's Anatomy of Merriment* may not be so successful as BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, we have ventured to select a few cases of House of Commons hilarity, which we have endeavoured to trace to their proper origin. The following relate to a small portion of those repeated bursts of laughter which occurred in the House on Monday the 30th of April, and which seem to promise a time when the Parliamentary Debates shall be headed with—

ANOTHER SCREAMING FARSE!

CONTINUED ROARS—THE PREMIER IN TWO CHARACTERS—

and other cognate catch-lines, which have hitherto been confined to the play bills. It is rather a striking fact that most of the jokes come from the Ministerial benches, so that, in the midst of the gloomy aspect of public affairs, the members of the Government keep up their spirits to a marvellous pitch of buoyancy. Perhaps the intention is to keep up the spirits of the nation by a display of mirthfulness on the part of our rulers, and thus counteract the dangerous dependency into which the country might otherwise fall. The first burst of laughter on the night we have mentioned was elicited by a—

Joke of the First Lord of the Admiralty,

who said,

"It is certainly not true that the Naval Brigade has been without a chaplain for the last eight months, because the Naval Brigade has not existed for so long a period. (Laughter.)"

The richness of the joke in this case consists in the fun implied in the "reason" for the absence of a chaplain, and in the ready wit with which a charge of neglect is warded off by a quibble as to the time during which the neglect has existed. The Naval Brigade not being eight months old is a good excuse for its having been eight months without a chaplain, but is no answer to the charge of its being allowed to remain without a chaplain for any less period.

Encouraged by the success of joke No. 1, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY tried joke No. 2, in reply to a question whether it was the intention of Government to communicate to the House any news it might receive. SIR C. WOOD is reported to have said,

"When a telegraphic despatch mentioned anything of sufficient interest to render it necessary, desirable, or interesting, to communicate it to the House, I have not the slightest doubt my Noble Friend at the head of the Government would do so. (A laugh.)"

We confess we don't exactly see the point of this joke, which was rewarded by a laugh from the House of Commons, unless the humour of the thing consists in the idea of its being possible to have anything "desirable" or "interesting" to communicate in the present miserable state to which mismanagement has brought our affairs. This very "lively conceit" may have tickled the fancy of our legislators, and rendered it impossible for them to restrain their mirth.

It would seem as if SIR CHARLES WOOD had been determined to monopolise "all the fun of the fair" on Monday evening, for he had not sat down after the manufacture of joke No. 2, before he gave vent to joke No. 3, and was rewarded with the same amount of "laughter" as before. The third sally of wit consisted of the following burst of jocularity:—

"I have no objection to state the whole purport of the despatch received to-day. LORD RAGLAN acknowledges the receipt of a despatch from LORD PARNELL, and asks when the Sardinian Contingent is to be sent. (Laughter.)"

What a brilliant joke to be sure; and how very judicious the laughter with which it was followed. The fun of the thing consists first, we suppose, in the fact of LORD RAGLAN having given no news; and next, in the mention of the Sardinian Contingent, which possibly brought to mind the humorous fact of the *Craesus* having been wrecked in attempting to take the Sardinian Contingent to its destination. "Oh, my eye, what fun!" seems to be the sort of mental exclamation with which every announcement of, or allusion to, a calamity, is received from the mouth of a Minister. We shall expect the reports of the proceedings of the House of Commons in the evening papers to terminate henceforth, not with the usual words "left sitting," but with the more appropriate announcement,

LEFT LAUGHING.

Discovery by the Duke of Newcastle.

AFTER ten months of war, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE had discovered that there was not the proper understanding between the Admiralty and the Board of Ordnance which ought to exist. This was a small and a late discovery. The country had long before discovered that, as regarded the management of the war, the whole Administration had between the whole number of them, no understanding whatever.

"BEWARE OF THE DOG!"



that the advertiser has not stipulated for a China dinner-set on which the brute is to be served with his meals, but this is probably implied in the intimation that he is to be located in "a gentleman's family." The "lady" seems to have a high appreciation of the social qualities of the dog, for she considerably adds that "no remuneration will be required." This intimation seems to imply that in the opinion of the lady advertiser the privilege of making a canine acquaintance is not only worth having but worth paying for. It is possible that every advertisement meets with some response, but

HAT does the reader think of the following paragraph, which is not as might be naturally supposed an invention of our own, but is a literal copy of a recent advertisement?

A LADY, who is leaving England, wishes to PLACE in a gentleman's family, in the country, a handsome and useful DOG, of three years of age. A comfortable home, good treatment, an airy situation, with the range of a large yard would be suitable. No remuneration is required. Dog owners need not apply. Address to B. C. & Co.

It is satisfactory at all events to know that the "lady" is "leaving England," for her tastes are evidently more suited to any country than our own, where we are not in the habit of introducing our dogs as members of "gentlemen's families." There must be a fearful amount of offensive puppyism about this dog, for whom a commercial home is evidently considered low, and who requires a "comfortable home" with "a large yard"—in other words a house and grounds for his especial convenience. It is strange

we confess we should think it doubtful whether any one of sound mind, would be ready to receive a dog on a visit, and permit the brute to make himself at home, as one of the domestic circle. If this sort of thing is encouraged we shall have people advertising "Cheerful Homes for Sad Dogs," with "Lively Society for Melancholy Dogs," or "A Vacancy for a Select Dog where a few only are received as inmates."

A DOUBTFUL POSITION.

THE Vienna Correspondent of the *Daily News* informs us:—

"I believe I do not misstate the opinions of those who represent Prussia here, in saying they affect to believe that, whether the issue be peace or war, the King will still be able to maintain himself in the same high position he has hitherto maintained, and that if the war continues he will succeed in preserving his neutrality in spite of all Europe."

To talk of KING CHICQUOT being in a "high position" just at present seems to us only a high joke: unless indeed the term be used in reference to his present daily habit of getting rather elevated. Even in that case, however, we cannot but consider the expression an ill-chosen one; for we can scarcely regard that as a "high position" where, by the practice we refer to, the personage in question so completely lowers himself.

A DERBY SWEEP.—What does he sweep? Why, he generally sweeps the pocket clean.

WHERE IS LORD CLARENDON?

It seems to be a good deal like searching for a needle in a bottle of hay, to look for LORD CLARENDON. In fact the latter process is more difficult, for though it might be possible, with great acuteness, to catch the needle's eye, there is no catching the eye of the Foreign Minister. If we are asked to prove our words, we refer to a report of a little scene in the House of Lords the other night as furnished by the *Morning Chronicle*. We give a few extracts which will be sufficient to bear out our statement:—

"The EARL OF DERBY said he had seen the Noble Earl the Foreign Secretary on two or three occasions that evening flitting through the House (a laugh), but he had been unable to find any occasion to put a question."

"The MARQUESS OF LANSDOWN had spoken to his Noble Friend (the EARL OF CLARENDON) a few minutes before, and he had only just left the House. (A laugh.)"

"The EARL OF DERBY. I understood from the Noble Marquis yesterday that the Noble Earl would be here to-day."

"The MARQUESS OF LANSDOWN. I did not use the word 'to-day.' I cannot undertake to say where my Noble Friend is at this moment. (A laugh.)"

It must really be as good as a visit to HOUDIN or any other illustrious conjuror, to see and not to see the EARL OF CLARENDON popping up and popping down, appearing and disappearing in the House of Lords; absent in places where he is looked for, and present for an instant in a spot where he is not expected. The exhibition or non-exhibition seems to have been very effective, and to have given rise to a series of those "laughs" which are now general in both Houses of Parliament. We remember a very good trick that used to be played called *L'Escamotage d'une Dame*, which is done by placing a lady under a sort of extinguisher, on the removal of which the lady has disappeared in some unaccountable manner. We should be most happy to place an extinguisher at the service of LORD CLARENDON if he would like to try the trick, or perhaps the fun would be increased, and the legislative laughter would be still more general if he were to get a colleague to assist in the *Escamotage* of a Minister.

A Meteorological Truth.

THEY say "it's an ill wind that blows nobody good"; but really we cannot see that the wind, which has been blowing from the East, ever since the war began, has blown any one any particular good; and we are afraid we shall have to whistle for a long time, before we shall be able to record any improvement.

THE HOUSE OF LAUGHTER.



THE following is an extract from a recent Parliamentary report in the *Times*:—

"LORD PALMERSTON. If the Honourable Member had been in the House yesterday he would have heard the question he has now put satisfactorily answered. (Laughter.)"

Laughter at what? The joke requires explanation. All that can be given, however, is simply this. The hon. member alluded to was MR. BRIGHT; his question was directed to ascertain the precise facts in regard to the late Conference, and he prefaced it by observing

that he was not in the house on the previous evening when a similar question had been answered by the PREMIER. The reply of LORD PALMERSTON is that if he had been there, he would have heard it answered satisfactorily. Where's the wit? The answer of the noble Lord was not a retort or a repartee. It may have been correct, but it was not funny or humorous. But then, to be sure, it may have been incorrect: and the House may have laughed at its incongruity with fact; but in that case the laughter would have had a wisdom in it which most people will consider a deeper wisdom than the present "collective."

To Dust-Contractors, Scavengers, and Others.

MR. PUNCH hereby gives notice of his intention shortly to advertise for Tenders from persons who are willing to contract for the removal of the dust which is now nightly being thrown by certain Members of the Government in the eyes of any Member for the People who may be bold enough to venture any question as to the shortcomings of the public service.



AN EAST WIND JOKE.

Brown. "Ah, TOMKINS! HERE'S A MERRY SPRING TO YOU."

Tomkins. "THE SAME TO YOU, BROWN, AND MANY OF THEM, IF YOU COME TO THAT!"

MAY DAY, AS IT WAS OBSERVED IN WOLVERHAMPTON.

WHEN *Mrs. Punch* goes to the famous Shawl and Drapery Emporium of MESSRS. BOBBINET AND CO., 650, 1, 2, 3, & 4, Regent Street, one of the intelligent young gentlemen who preside over the countless counters of that vast establishment,—into which *Mr. Punch* confesses he never sees his wife enter without a throb of anguish thrilling through him to his very cheque-book—when, I say, *Mrs. Punch* enters that alluring temple, the intelligent youth whose pleasure it is to wait upon her, among other devices of the enemy with which he seeks to ensnare her in his toils, exhibits a feminine mantle; and "draping" it effectively on a lay figure (distinguished, nautically speaking, by a prodigious breadth of beam), this white-chokered young man critically, yet suggestively, murmurs, "Sweet things in Cardinals, M'm; chaste and elegant!" and the dear victim imagines that she has procured a cheap bargain, if she obtains the article for "the low figure of one ten."

Now, what would *Mrs. Punch* say, if she could secure a Cardinal at the ridiculously low figure of one pound? a real *live* Cardinal! a talking Cardinal,—as eloquent as "the Talking Oak,"—in fact, in his own person, a very Talking Hoax. What would *Mrs. P.* say to that? and, if she will say nothing to that, what will she say to *this*?—an advertisement which *Mr. Punch* transcribes *totidem verbis* from the *Wolverhampton Chronicle* of April 4th:—

ST. MARIE'S AND ST. JOHN'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, WOLVERHAMPTON.

This Church will be solemnly opened on the 1st of May. Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by the Lord Bishop of Birmingham, and two Sermons will be preached; one in the morning by his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, the other in the evening by the Lord Bishop of Nottingham. Morning Service to commence at Eleven o'clock, Evening Service at half-past Six.

TICKETS OF ADMISSION:—

MORNING.		EVENING.	
	s. d.		s. d.
To the Nave	20 0	To the Nave	6 0
"	10 0	"	4 0
"	5 0	"	2 0
To the Transept	6 0	To the Transept	3 6
To the Aisles	5 0	To the Aisles	2 0
"	2 6	"	1 0

There it is! "To the Nave, 20s." Twenty shillings to the Knave! One pound to see the live Cardinal! Eight half-crowns to behold his eminent Eminence! Forty sixpences to hear the arch Archbishop!

THOUGHTS ON THOUGHTS.

THERE are many thoughts, like diamonds, that take much less time to find, than to polish when you have found them.

Many thoughts are exceedingly pretty, which, when looked into, are found, like a necklace of birds'-eggs, to hang upon the slightest thread, and to have, strictly speaking, nothing in them. Some authors, too, evidently look upon thoughts as children do upon birds'-eggs—public property, which there is no harm in stealing. They string them, also, very much in the same strain; drawing everything they can out of them, and decorating themselves afterwards with the empty shells.

Old thoughts are frequently like old clothes,—you put them away, and they come out, after a certain time, quite fresh and apparently new. Persons repeatedly get the credit of having a new thought, when it is only an old one brushed up a little, and "revived" for the occasion, to "look as good as new."

There is no property in thoughts. Like an umbrella, a thought only belongs to the last holder, and you never can tell in whose hands it may be to-morrow. The only title most thoughts have to property is the one generally carried out by magpies and Proudhons, "*La Propriété est le Vol*."

A Yankee Allegory.

A NEW YORK paper states that a "sporting gentleman," who "has paid great attention to rats," makes a bet to harness a hundred rats and drive them in a light wagon up the Broadway. The gentleman is, in fact, a retired whippet-in of the British House of Commons.

Now's your time, ladies and gentlemen; walk up here, walk up! the performance is just a-going to begin.

For, who is not compelled to think of the showman, who reads the above advertisement. The "tickets of admission" forbid us thinking of the ceremony otherwise than as a performance. And contrast the scale of prices for the morning, with those for the evening. The "LORD BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM" is not thought, by one-third, to be so great an attraction as "HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER." Perhaps the former is deemed, with his brother of Birmingham, to be nothing more than "a Brummagem Bishop." In fact, the terms of the advertisement might suggest an addition to WALKER'S *Arithmetic* in the shape of a rule-of-three sum of this description:—If a LORD BISHOP OF NOTTINGHAM is worth 2s. 6d. to the Transcript, when CARDINAL ARCHBISHOPS fetch 20s. to the Nave, what would be the value, to the Aisles, of a LORD BISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM?" The answer would, evidently, have something to do with "the Lord of the Isles."

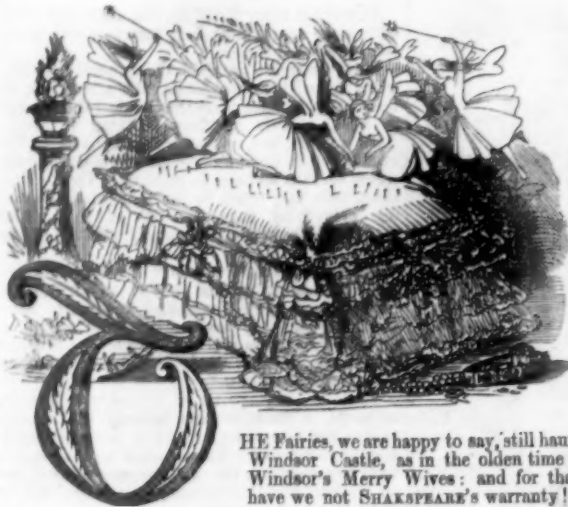
But, perhaps the expenses attending the engagement of HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL, have been greater than those of his brother performers. We all know that when, in a provincial town, we go to the theatre to see that Eminent Tragedian, MR. G. V. SNOOKES, ten to one but the play-bills will inform us, that "in consequence of the enormous expense attending the engagement of this Eminent Tragedian," the usual prices are raised. If this is the case when the Eminent goes into the provinces, may it not also be the same with his Eminence? Let the provincials, therefore, cheerfully pay the extras, and be thankful that they can secure Eminence at any price. A Cardinal's hat and red stockings are not to be seen every day—thank goodness!

• • NOTE (OF INTERROGATION). Are we correct in supposing that we have heard of "An Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," the passing of which threw Church and State into a ferment, and raised "little JOHN" to the height of popularity? Are we right in imagining this Bill to be the law of the land, and that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL has the authority to prosecute every one who assumes an ecclesiastical title to which he has no right? or are we (like the Bill, and the SOLICITOR-GENERAL) asleep?

A Good-for-nothing Girl.

It turns out to be the fact that the Guards recently dispatched to the Crimea in the steamship *Alma* were actually armed with the old musket! At their departure the band, probably, played "*The Girls we leave behind us*." It is to be wished that one of those girls had been BROWN BESS.

WINDSOR FAIRIES!



HE Fairies, we are happy to say, still haunt Windsor Castle, as in the olden time of Windsor's Merry Wives; and for that, have we not SHAKESPEARE'S warranty!

"About, About!
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out;
Strew, good luck, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit,
Worthy the owner, and the owner it."

Well, the Fairies on the late Imperial visit made another call at Windsor. We cannot say whether they did "sing"—

"Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring"—

The Garter being there—who'd have thought it?—to describe the circle: but, certainly the Fairies entered the EMPRESS'S Dressing-Room; where, upon the toilet-table "covered entirely with Honiton lace," lay the Pincushion; and—

"On the Snow-white Pincushion were traced the Initials of the Empress."

On this Pincushion the Fairies dropt like a shower of Humming-Birds; and when they left the Pincushion, there might be seen—"Fairies use flow'rs for character,"—these flower-stitched syllables—

"SOIS BIENVENU,
PETIT ETRANGER."

The Pincushion is now, of course, at the Tuileries; and the work of the fairies is the theme of universal praise and admiration.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

April 30th, Monday. In the Lords, another signal exposure of our Administrative System was made. The recent embarkation of the Guards for the Crimea, was described. There was blundering about the ship, blundering as to the food of the men, blundering as to their clothes, and blundering as to their guns. LORD PANMURE, our Minister of War, "could not believe such a thing possible," but the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, from H.R.H.'s own knowledge, assured him that it was very possible indeed, on which LORD PANMURE clenched the business by a remark which is specially worth recording, considering the quarter whence it emanated. He said that it was a most beneficial thing that such complaints should be made public, because then the Heads of Departments arrived at the knowledge of things of which they were not previously aware. We hope it will not occur to those who read this *naïve* speech to be so impertinent as to ask, what is the use of Heads of Departments if they want the public to apprise them of their duty.

In the Commons, it was decided that, as newspaper articles cost nothing, and are not property, any body should be permitted to steal them at pleasure. And LORD LOVAIN, a nobleman of some silliness, was especially severe upon "anonymous" writers. This called up MR. DISRAELI, who delivered a capital speech in castigation of LOVAIN, and mentioned JUNIUS, WALTER SCOTT, and some other small people who have written anonymously, and incurred the contempt of a lord who is not anonymous, only because somebody before him had made him a name. Certainly, had the newspapers nothing better to print than LORD LOVAIN'S orations, Mr. Punch would quite

coincide with that person in thinking that they needed no protection from piracy.

Tuesday. LORD PANMURE expressed a "hope" that an experiment about to be made with a floating battery would be successful. One of his auditors, judging by precedents, saw no reason for this sanguine anticipation, and said so. In the Commons, the Maynooth squabble was renewed with much animosity. The only bit of amusement afforded that night was an outbreak of our friend SIBBY, who moved for an account of the expense of LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S mission to Vienna. His Lordship, it seems, took with him thirty-two persons, male and female. LORD PALMERSTON resisted the motion, to SIBBY'S disgust, who declared that the thing was an "underhand, low piece of business."

Wednesday. The Conservative leader, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, brought forward a scheme of education, and the other Conservative leader, MR. HENLEY, picked it to pieces.

Thursday. It was explained, in the Lords, that the Government had at last decided that Indian Officers should really enjoy the position to which their rank entitles them; that is, that an Indian Colonel shall be as good as a Colonel in the Royal army. This munificent boon to the real soldiers of the present day is expected to throw the whole of the Indian Service into paroxysms of gratitude. LORD CLARENDON then told the story of the Vienna discussions, and on the plea that Austria still entertained hopes of peace, begged that the attitude and conduct of that Power might not be discussed. LORD DERRY declared that such a statement was "very unsatisfactory," and Mr. Punch agreed with him.

In the Commons, FREDERICK PREL was good enough to assure the House that the Non-commissioned Officer, SERGEANT BRODIE, who prevented the Commissioned Officers from the crime or the mockery of a real or pretended duel the other day, and who had been placed under arrest, had been discharged without a reprimand. The Sunday Trading Bill was read a second time. Mr. PUNCH has not much patience with men who can bring forward such a measure, without dealing with the system that renders Sunday trading necessary. The workman is paid his wages on Saturday night, and if his wife is to procure his Sunday's dinner, that night, she must do it by gas-light, and in a crowd, and under every disadvantage. A woman who desires to lay out her money properly, and not to buy any rubbish which is foisted upon her, will go quietly to market by daylight, and therefore she goes on Sunday morning. It is a great pity that she is compelled to do so, and if wages were paid earlier, Sunday trading would be needless. The sentiments of some of the promoters of the bill may be gathered from the fact that LORD BLANDFORD regretted that the measure did not extend to the prohibition of the Sunday sale of beer. The Irish lawyers then had a personal squabble over a bill for a reform of the Chancery Courts in Ireland, and MR. WHITESIDE, who is supposed to possess the desirable accomplishment of being able to lose his temper at shorter notice than anybody in the House, performed that feat, and received a great "wiggling" from MR. ATTORNEY-GENERAL KEOGH, to the amusement of the audience.

Friday. The Lords passed the Bill for securing the sixteen millions BARON ROTHSCHILD is so good as to lend SIR GEORGE LEWIS.

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI complained that the Vienna papers were not produced. LORD PALMERSTON explained that there was no hurry, for Austria thought that peace might be made, and he "wished to leave the door open" for negotiations. It appears to Mr. Punch that this habit of leaving the door open is a very objectionable one, and that it involves a great draught upon the patience of the country. LORD DUNDONALD'S plan for destroying Sebastopol and Cronstadt was then stated to be "under consideration" (a phrase Mr. Punch thinks he has heard before), and an Irish debate brought the week's sittings to a dreary close.

The Fall of Popery.

THE POPE has lately had the misfortune to tumble through the ceiling of a room, but happily (and of course by a miracle) His Holiness was unhurt by the accident. LOUIS NAPOLEON has written to congratulate him on his escape, and there is no doubt that the slight damage the POPE sustained by the laths and white-wash of the Italian ceiling will be amply cured and compensated by the Plaster of Paris, which has been administered in the form of an autograph letter from the French Emperor.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."

BLACKBEETLES, mice, rats, spiders, gnats, bills, wrinkles, milliners' bills, and long-bearded Frenchmen, are undoubtedly the most recognised and startling objects of "WOMAN'S SPHERE."

NEVER JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

To show how deceptive appearances are—is it not a fact, as plain as the National Gallery, that infinitely more gentlemen are mistaken for waiters than waiters for gentlemen?

THE LEGAL ALMACK'S.



THE law is a very sedentary occupation. All the Courts sit; and though one Barrister at a time may be a long while on his legs, the Judge keeps his seat during the whole of the proceedings. Now an old hen may, without inconvenience, and without inconsistency, stand sitting after this rate; but such a posture, for such a period, would be quite incompatible with the health and comfort of the corresponding male. The allegation concerning an old cock, in this matter, holds equally good in the case of an old Judge, and, indeed, of a young one: and it is highly desirable that the judicial bird, so to speak, should, at reasonable intervals, descend from his perch, and hop about for health and recreation. To dance, laying the

dignity aside with the cares of the bench, is a judicial impulse, and a time-honoured, as well as a very natural, manner and custom. It is therefore proposed that a Legal ALMACK'S shall be established, under the patronage of their lordships the Judges, with the LORD CHANCELLOR at their head, to be open to members of the legal profession, their wives and other female relatives, every Saturday, for morning balls.

One important feature of the Legal ALMACK'S will be, that young men of good character, engaged in solicitors' and other law-offices, will be admissible thereto at the recommendation of any one of the Lord Patrons; to be obtainable by application at Chambers. This arrangement will include writing-clerks: and, in order to carry it into effect, all lawyers are requested, and will no doubt consent, to close their offices every Saturday at 1 p.m. The Judges are also entreated, and will surely be too happy, to aid and assist in its execution, by contriving amongst themselves, to put the Law Courts on the same footing as Parliament, and to make Saturday a holiday.

The assemblies of the Legal ALMACK'S shall, it is proposed, be holden in the hall of one of the Inns of Court. Doubtless, the room will be quite large enough to accommodate the company, for it is not expected that the majority of those who will be most benefited by the half-holiday, will spend it in dancing. Baths and washhouses, reading-rooms, railway excursions, the Crystal Palace, the Zoological Gardens, and the British Museum, which will shortly be open on Saturdays, will, by their varied attractions, effect a large diversion, in a twofold sense, of the parties concerned.

One important result of the establishment of the Legal ALMACK'S, under the necessary conditions, will be a discontinuance of those illuminations in Cursitor Street, Took's Court, Searle's Place, and Carey Street; which, in consequence of law-writers being employed in getting their work done by Monday mornings early, are now visible on the evening of Sunday.

The initiative in the movement for the institution of the Legal ALMACK'S will, it is confidently hoped, be taken by HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, in closing on Saturday, all those Government Offices which are not required to be kept open for the management of the War; that, perhaps, is to say, by closing them all.

A RAW RECOMMENDATION.

HERE is a curious recommendation!—a Board so drilled that it is endowed with the powers of speech:—

"Coffee (said DEPUTY COMMISSARY-GENERAL SMITH, in his evidence before MR. ROBERTS'S Committee) was recommended by a Board upon which MR. COMMISSARY-GENERAL FIDLER and some other officers sat."

We have often heard of officials who have been, not over flatteringly, denominated "Sticks," holding forth, but there is a great difference between a Stick and a Board. We suppose a Government Board is composed of a bundle of Sticks? or is it generally made by the different members putting their heads together? What kind of wood (and we know that the present Cabinet would have sorely a leg to stand upon, if you were to take away the supports it has in Wood) this particular Board may have been is more than we can say, but if it recommended the raw coffee, then we do not hesitate to assert that it was a Deal too loquacious!

Commonplace out of Place.

THE common-place man speaks like the multitude; but the man, who is above the common, makes the multitude speak like him.

The Study of the Fashions is the only Literature of many women.

It is a thousand times easier to contract a good habit, than to get rid of an old one.

ALEXANDER'S FUNERAL GAMES FOR NICHOLAS.

THE interment of the remains of the wretched man NICHOLAS, has been described by an English lady resident at St. Petersburg, in a letter written to her mother in Leeds. The corpse of the Imperial criminal, according to her account, was conveyed to its destination by gorgeous slaves, with enormous pomp, and a most splendid display of funeral furniture. Our countrywoman, indeed, does not describe the affair in these terms—considering, perhaps, that her epistle was likely to be perused before it reached Mamma. Therefore, very prudently, she speaks of the defunct arch-murderer as a "magnificent man;" although doubtless well aware that many an honest drayman in the service of MESSRS. BARCLAY AND PERKINS, equals the late Czar in the advantage of being more than six feet high, and excels him in every other virtue. In the same spirit, no doubt, she speaks of the "noble figure of the present EMPEROR," following his father's coffin—omitting to express the obvious wish that he were not also following his father's course. The *Leeds Intelligencer* publishes the letter in question; whence the subjoined is an extract. It must be premised that, as the Autocratic dust and ashes were being consigned to their place—a number of cannons were shot off, in honour of the occasion:—

"Some of the writer's friends took a walk up the Island quay towards the Exchange, and counted 160 broken windows. What must it have been in the neighbourhood of the fortress."

It was right that the funeral of a barbarous Monarch should be attended with some sacrifice. Some such obsequies have been celebrated by sacrifices more serious than breakage of windows. But let us admire ALEXANDER'S moderation. He thought it enough to persevere in paternal aggression; to persist in the war which he has inherited, rejecting honourable terms of peace. The torn, and mangled, and writhing myriads of his fellow-men, were regarded by him as sufficient, perhaps, to pacify, if not to glut, the ghost of his father. Therefore, in honour of the parental interment, he had the benevolence to have merely blank cannon fired at St. Petersburg, and was graciously pleased not to order any persons to be blown from the mouths of the guns.

PRUSSIAN CAVALRY.

In the *Globe* of May 2, we find the following characteristic information:—

"A letter from Kiel states that Prussia is having large purchases of horses made in that country, some dealers having received orders for upwards of 2,000."

Now, if the horses are "made" in that country, they must be either rocking-horses, or clothes-horses,—just the kind of horses that Prussia would be calculated to lead into the present War. KING FREDERICK WILLIAM, seated on a monster rocking-horse, rocking backwards and forwards between the East and the West, would, by the bye, form an admirable subject for a grand allegorical picture of "NEUTRALITY." To complete the meaning, the KING, patting his favourite horse *de combat*, might be pointing to Sebastopol in the distance, and exclaiming, in the old war-cry of BLUCHER, "Vorwärts!"

Weights and Measures.

MR. WILSON has obtained leave of Parliament to bring in a Bill for "legalising the restored standard of weights and measures." To this permission, *Mr. Punch* expressly adds his full consent that MR. WILSON shall add a clause or so that shall bring home to the business and bosoms of certain shopkeepers, whose weights are light, and whose measures are short, the inconvenience of a penal enactment. As it is, we have one law for the thief before the counter, and no law soever against the thief behind it.

The Empire is Peace.

THIS apothegm has not been rigidly carried out in the Crimes; but was most felicitously illustrated by SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, when he "raised the waters" on the occasion of the Imperial visit to the Crystal Palace; for—says the *Times*:—

"In the centre jet of the loftiest of the fountains, a rainbow was finely formed."

And in the rainbow is, prismatically rendered, the word—PEACE.

THE CHARGE OF SODOR AND MAN.—"If you find your head is 'Splitting' in the morning, the best thing is to have it instantly Soda-ed!"

SUGGESTION ON THE SUNDAY BILL.—The Sabbatarians are consistent in denying the merit of works. They place the highest duty of man in doing nothing.



Officious Proctor. "SIR!!—PRAY, ARE YOU A MEMBER OF THIS UNIVERSITY?"
Military Swell. "NO I'M NOT, OLD FELLOW.—ARE YOU!"

THE NEW SUNDAY BILL.

We earnestly beg the attention of the promoters of the new Sunday Bill to the subjoined advertisement, carefully copied from the serious *Morning Herald*, of Friday, the 4th inst. :—

J. WHITE is requested to call on **MARY SWEEP** on Sundays, as usual.—S. T.—H.

Now, we put it to **LORD EMBINGTON** whether such invitations to Sunday calls should be permitted to appear in a Christian newspaper? Any way, we presume his Lordship will deem it incumbent upon him—if male **WHITES** are to be allowed to meet female **SWEEPS** at all on the Sabbath—at least, to name the statute hours at which such meetings may be held. Noble Lords have not hesitated to legislate for Sabbath shaving hours; and surely Sabbath appointments must meet with their earnest and most pious attention. We have been particularly pleased with the following clause that appears in the draft of the new Sunday Bill :—

"AND BE IT ENACTED, that on and after Sunday, the of , it shall be lawful for any valet, footman, page, or servant whatever, to refuse to answer the bell of his master, if rung after ten o'clock, for shaving-water; and further, that the said valet, footman, page, or servant whatever, may, upon information before a police-sergeant, recover of his master a fine of not less than ten shillings for the first offence, the fine to be doubled until it shall rise to £5 for every offence succeeding; and that in all cases the fine shall be paid to the informer; who from the time of such information shall further be entitled to claim of the offending master a clear year's warning, or a full year's wages."

When we have an enactment in which the wealthy and the educated are so stringently considered, we cannot but expect that some clause will henceforth notify the statute hours between which it may be lawful for the **J. WHITES** to call on the **MARY SWEEPS** on Sundays. If **J. WHITE** shall not be shavable after ten, why should **MARY SWEEP** be visitable after eleven?

THE CHIEF OF SCUTARI.

THERE is a species of disorder which is cured with a hair of the dog that bit you. Such appears to have been the disorder at Scutari. Too many cooks had spoiled the broth: and now **M. SOYER** has put it all to rights.

RUSSIAN SPIRITUAL INTELLIGENCE.

MENSCHIKOFF was lately reported to be dead. It appears that he was only in a trance, during which he had a dream, which he mistook for a revelation. In his last order of the day, on bidding his troops farewell, he assures those prodigiously faithful soldiers that—

"The Imperial leader of the Orthodox army, now passed into eternity, bestows his blessing from above on their fortitude and unexampled intrepidity."

No, **MENSCHIKOFF**, don't say so! Your late master, let us hope, is now at peace; his fight has been fought—he thinks no more of war: cares about no army but the Army of Martyrs, of which in his time he rather augmented the ranks. His thoughts tend upwards, not downwards to the earth; he has something better to contemplate than human fortitude and intrepidity, however unexampled. What, man, do not you believe that he is in the enjoyment of the beatific vision? Oh, **MENSCHIKOFF**! drag not down the spirit of your blessed **EMPEROR** to battle and carnage. *Non confundar in aeternum!* he said himself, but the other day. Do not confound him, and mix him up now with villainous saltpetre and sulphur. Don't!—for his son succeeds him, and you will not encourage **ALEXANDER** to imitate his Papa by presenting him with that view of the state of sanctified **NICHOLAS**.

An Old Woman Wanted.

CAPTAIN SCODELL complained the other evening that the Government had not prevented a "count-out" a few nights ago: and he urged that the duty of keeping a House should be undertaken by the Ministers. If a House is to be kept, **MR. ARSLEY PELLATT** must really hold his tongue, or, at least restrain his lucubrations within proper limits. Should Government determine that a House shall be kept, we recommend **LORD PALMERSTON** to advertise at once for a Housekeeper.

A FALLACY FOR THE FACULTIES.—Why ought a tailor never to begin to make a coat until he tries it on? Because everything in connection with business ought to be done at the fitting time.

THE DEN DOWN UPON LAYARD.

WHAT may that frantic uproar mean; groans, hootings, shrieks, and howls,

The snarl and bark of angry curs, the screams of carrion fowls? What makes St. Stephen's walls resound with cries more dire and dread, Than you ever hear in the Regent's Park when the animals are fed?

LAYARD in eager zeal the mask from jobbery to strip,
Mistaken on a point of fact, has chanced to make a slip,
So down the vultures swoop on him, the ravens, and the crows,
The wolves, jackals, and poodle dogs of state that are his foes.

The little foxes snap at him for showing up the Whigs;
In angry chorus round him grunt and squeak official pigs;
With threatening horns and bullying roar the stalled placeman-ox
Assails him; **BERKELEY** groans at him, and bellows **COLONEL KNOX**.

"He's down: and now set on him; at him **LINDRAY**, at him **BYNG**;
Before the public teach him names of gentlemen to bring;
Give it him well: pitch into him; to lesson other snobs
In caution how they venture on exposing army-jobs."

"Down, down upon him, **PALMERSTON**, with final crushing stroke!
His is a mouth that must be stopped; a voice that you must choke,
Take we the opportunity that Fortune kindly sends,
Kick him, and hit him hard; he has among ourselves no friends!"

"Friends!" to the yell within the House an echo from without
Repeats, and thrice ten millions "Friends" unanimously shout;
"Hit **LAYARD**! hit him if ye dare! avast, dishonest crew,
Humbugs, get out and make room for a better man than you!"

A RIDDLE, BUT NO JOKE.

WHICH is more probable: that **LORD DUNDONALD**'s proposals for putting an end to the war should be impracticable, or that Ministers should be incapable of comprehending their merits?



BAITING THE NINEVEH BULL.



WAITING THE ZEPHRAH BELL.

A WAVE OF THE SPOON.



THE Spoon, has, at length, achieved a great victory. Fortune knows how much we have trusted to a spoon throughout the present War; especially to that sort of silver spoon that is said to be made by no silversmith, but, nevertheless, is ever and anon to be found, new and glistening, in certain new-born babies' mouths. JOHN BULL has, time out of mind, shown himself inordinately proud of this providential sort of plate; nor have the losses and the disasters occasioned by such conceit lessened, much less cured him of the weakness. True is it, he has wanted swords; but he

has, nevertheless, contented himself with the born spoons,—for were they not spoons bearing dragons, unicorns, pelicans; all of them, in their antiquity, originally copied from the wild beasts and birds of the Ark? To these he has trusted, and let him count, if he can, the cost of his credulity.

At length, however, we are told of a "wave of the spoon" in the East that "has been as effective as the wand of harlequin." SOYER'S Spoon—though seemingly of plebeian wood—is plainly of wood of the beech-tree grown in fairy forests; a magical spoon that, with a motion, turns what before was "half-raw or boiled-to-rags mutton, cold potatoes, and greasy soup," to rations succulent, delicious! Much has SOYER been lauded; nevertheless, we may not be deaf to the further testimony of his merits, as gratefully acknowledged in a letter in the *Times*, dated "Scutari, Easter Monday;" and signed, "A Visitor at Scutari."

Easter, it is known, is the great national holiday of Russia: and Easter, with epigrammatic felicity did M. SOYER select, as the season to make a most powerful demonstration against Muscovy, in the hospital of the French and English sick. Who is to calculate the value of the reinforcements brought up to the bed-side of the wounded emaciated soldier?

"On Easter Monday," writes the visitor:—

"Of all days of rejoicing, M. SOYER, in the benevolent exercise of his art, provided a feast for the sick soldier, not for the day, but for his stay in hospital; the wave of SOYER'S spoon has been as effective as the wand of harlequin. On the kitchen table were displayed, to the wondering eyes of commandants, inspectors, doctors, ladies, nurses, cooks, and other critics, lemonade, rice water, beef tea, rice puddings, vegetables, cooked rations (boiled mutton), tea, &c. of a quality never before seen; and they were shown the receipts and prices, and received an explanation of the process of preparing each kind of food."

And all this was, of course, at considerably less cost—for is not true science always economy?—than the old, nasty, greasy way of the greasy soup, and the nasty tea. Rations which "poor dysenteric and worn-out men have hopelessly, but uncomplainingly eaten or refused," became—under the Spoon of SOYER, nothing less than "delicious!" We thought that praises enough had been the fate of SOYER—himself, with the modesty of a great nature, more than sated with eulogy—but at this hour, and on such an occasion, with SOYER reinforcing the allied armies against the Czar, we may not deny him further applause. What, if in every War Department the War Spoon of SOYER could be multiplied! For, consider it, what a savoury kettle of fish is SOYER'S, to the pretty kettle of fish of the Commissariat!

And how is this man of the wooden spoon to be rewarded? Of course the SULTAN will, in consideration of SOYER'S mutton miracles, make him a Pacha of Three Tails; three sheep's tails. But how will the British Government—at length so wide awake to merit—distinguish the man who is the benefactor of the sick and wounded British soldier! We can only guess by what has already been done to other patriots in this struggling season. Does not the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON preside at a luncheon given to the EMPEROR NAPOLEON? Does he not, with the greatest alacrity and the finest presence of mind, sit at the board where an EMPEROR quaffs champagne, and an EMPRESS sips tea? For these services should not a grateful country reward a faithful, energetic LORD MAYOR?—unquestionably. Therefore, LORD PALMERSTON writes a beautiful letter, as the civic patriot himself observed, informing said patriot that he is straightway refined into a Baronet "as a mark of HER MAJESTY'S Royal approbation of the distinguished reception which

her illustrious guest the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH met with on the occasion of his recent visit to the City of London." This intimation was made the more emphatic by the after warning that—"it must be clearly understood that what is now done is not to be drawn into a precedent for the future." There cannot be two MOONS. An EMPEROR OF MOROCCO may take kabobs in the City in 1886, nevertheless the LORD MAYOR of the time shall be no more convertible into a Baronet than is LORD MAYOR SIR FRANCIS MOON convertible—even by M. SOYER—into green cheese.

If, however, a LORD MAYOR be turned into a Baronet for supplying an Emperor with luncheon, it follows that a wizard cook should be correspondingly honoured for solacing and strengthening the vitals of a whole army. With the LORD MAYOR a Baronet, we do not see how SOYER can escape an Earldom at least. We are already prepared for another beautiful letter from LORD PALMERSTON informing the culinary ALEXIS that he has been raised to the Lords. THE EARL OF SCUTARI! Truly a Spoon that must do honour to the Peerage.

BAITING THE NINEVEH BULL.

GONE are the days of the bull-ring at Birmingham, Stamford and Tutbury gather no more Curs, clubs, and blackguards (as we'd be for terming 'em) In the bull-runnings, so famous of yore. *Matador, Picador, Paris can't stomach ye,—* Spite of an EMPRESS of *sangre azul*! Only our Commons still keep up tauromachy, Baiting with war-dogs the Nineveh Bull.

Muse, who the garden which bears once were baited in Erat did't preside over, under QUEEN BESS, Thence to the Commons' bear-garden translated, in— Spire me with words fit the theme to express. Tell who the dogs were, and who were their masters,— Who bark'd the loudest where all bark'd so loud— Who round the ring threw up highest their castors— Tell how the bull was a bull,—and not cow'd.

LINDSAY, the led dog, and NORTH, the high-bred dog, Ever for barking, not biting, escape; KNOX, the numb-skull dog, and FRED PERI, the dull dog, Tugg'd to the ring by a leash of red-tape. BARKING, the rich dog, and BYNG (although which dog, The bull or the poodle, I doubt very much. If 'twas the bull, he behaved like a poodle, If 'twas the poodle, he acted as such)

Bettors and backers, excited and lowering, Lustily cheer'd 'em, and hounded them on; But with horns pointed, and red eye a-glowing, Bull kept his ground, though 'twas twenty to one. While PAM bottle-holder who may grow older, But ne'erless jaunty or devil-may-care,— Crack'd his jokes round, with his thumb o'er his shoulder, Happy-go-lucky, his nose in the air.

KNOX made a rush, but a lick from the mace, Sir, Of grave MR. SPEAKER, sent him yelping back: LINDSAY tried pinning, but there was no winning A grip of the bull by a cur of the pack. Downybrook fight, Sir, ne'er showed such a sight, Sir, Of howling and growling, and pushing and pull,— Ne'er was so much of bark to so little of bite, Sir, Since a dog was a dog, and a bull was a bull.

Ended the match was, though never a scratch was To see on the bull, at the close of the fray: Cads with huzzaing spent, curs hoarse with baying, went Clubwards, and kennelwards, glorious, away. But though their pack, Sir, the Commons may back, Sir, Though of his clap-traps and jokes, PAM be full, Public opinion asserts its dominion, Giving its voice for the Nineveh Bull.

One praise is his—in those days 'tis no slight one— Straight at his foe he goes, never askew: Now and then wrong dog he may toss for right one, Horns will swerve sometimes, when laid the most true. So his Nineveh name-sake JOHN BULL for his aim's sake Excuses, if wrong in an instance he go; For he knows, though PAM'S thunder be hurled at the blunder, What it would crush, is the Truth hid below.

• The Empress has the true "blue blood" of the Spanish Grandees in her veins.

TURKEY IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

It ought to be generally known that Turkey may now be reached from any part of London for sixpence. Every one who wishes to visit the Turkish nation, should repair to St. George's Gallery, Knightsbridge; where it will be seen that instead of the Cumania being the weak and effeminate race that is generally supposed, they are "lads of wax" in the most literal sense, and that so far from having no confidence in our Turkish ally, we may repose on the Ottoman. The only thing that the "sick man" is really sick of is the style of his dress, which is rapidly undergoing reform, and the Ottoman calls for redress as loudly as he demands a remedy for his political grievances. The picturesque Turkish robe is rapidly being superseded by the more convenient but less graceful surcoat or palatof, and it is one of the objects of the Turkish Museum to secure an accurate representation of a state of things which would otherwise be without any other record than the wardrobe of a Theatre, or the second-hand stock of a Fancy Ball costumier. In a short time we might have nothing left on which to found our knowledge of Turkey but our Turkey carpets, were it not for this interesting Museum, which gives us much better ground to go upon.



COUNTRY RACES.—STRIKING SIMILARITY BETWEEN AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

Starter. "You'd better be going, Sir: it's a start!"
Gentleman Rider. "Oh, I'm ordered to ride a waiting race, and I may as well wait here as anywhere else!"

EXTENSION OF FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

THE excellent conduct of our troops, under the most trying circumstances of actual warfare, affords abundant evidence of the wisdom of that policy which has almost abolished flogging in the army. For the government of British soldiers the lash has been proved to be unnecessary, and the predictions of the cruel old military logies who prophesied that the service would never get on without it, have been falsified. But though corporal punishment might be advantageously discontinued as regards the army

in general, those best qualified to form an opinion on the subject have come to the conclusion that its introduction, on the other hand, into a portion thereof would be beneficial. The serious attention of the Government has been called to the loose practices prevalent among young Officers, and consisting in assaults and mischievous tricks, performed and committed on one another. To put a stop to such childish offences, the most suitable means is evidently a child's punishment: and although the men may not require personal correction, the boys who misconduct themselves as these do can be effectually dealt with only by being

whipped. Accordingly, we are in a position to announce that Ministers have in preparation, and will shortly produce, a Bill for rendering Officers in the army, under a certain age, liable for any kind of disgraceful behaviour, to bodily chastisement. This act will not subject the young Officers and Gentlemen to the infliction of the cat; the instrument of flagellation will be the milder species of scourge ordinarily employed in scholastic discipline: and the delinquents will not receive its stripes on their shoulders, but *more parcissime*. For every rod to which a young Officer necessitates recourse, 3s. 6d. will be charged; and will be deducted from his pay.



A FRIEND IN NEED.

"Dearest Rosalind, how delighted I am to meet you! One moment later, and my new Bonnet would have been utterly ruined."

PRO BONO CLERICO.

SOMEBODY advertises a Book containing "150 Skeleton Sermons," which he calls *Outlines for Pulpit Preparation*. These "Skeletons" will, no doubt, be much resorted to by those Preachers who, vulgarly speaking, may be said to "bone" all their ideas from others. Such "Skeletons" will, of course, abound in denunciations of the flesh, and every Parson who cannot write a sermon for himself, will take care to have one of those "Skeletons" in his closet ready to be brought out to terrify the alarmed consciences of his parishioners. We fear that it is a common practice among Clergymen to resort to these "Skeletons," for to hear people talk of having heard a sermon which was "as dry as a bone" is a very frequent occurrence.

MERRY MAY.

THE sky scowls,
The wind howls,
The leaves shrivel up in folds;
The flocks and herds,
And little birds,
Are all suffering from colds:
And my rose
Is quite froze!
With teeth chattering away,
Let us sing
Severe Spring,
O miserable May!

THE GREATEST ORGAN IN THE WORLD.—
The Organ of Speech in Woman;—an organ, too, without a Stop!

WASPS OR BEES?

At the Warwick Meeting, the REV. SYDNEY TURNER—the earnest, hopeful Chaplain and Governor of the Philanthropic Farm School, at Red Hill—briefly gave the statistics of that Institution. Of the five hundred and fifty lads who had left the school he could say that "seven out of every ten had been substantially reformed and moralized—that instead of being wasps, they had become bees." We know it is a fact of the mysterious economy of the hive that when a queen bee is wanting, all that is necessary is to take a common bee, and to feed it upon a certain special food, until the royalty of the sovereign shall be fully developed by the process of digestion. The community of bees know this, and straightway make to themselves a queen by act of stomach. We as firmly believe that wasps are in like manner, changeable into bees: that is, the human wasp, plundering and stinging, may be made the human bee, working and singing. Not that even all bees are alike provident, temperate, industrious. There are drunken bees! It is a sad fact, a scandal on the morality of bees, to know that bees are to be found in suburban public houses. Bees that get drunk at the King's Head. Bees that die in their drunkenness in the Queen's Arms? But so it is. Bees, at times, lured by the odour of saccharine rum, may be seen at the bar, sliding, staggering up the side of a goblet, or lying dead drunk upon their backs at the bottom of the pewter quartern. They ought to be singing merrily in the cup of a flower; and lo! they are voiceless, heels upwards in the liquor measure! Such are some bees, and such are many men.

Let us return to the hopeful avowal of Mr. SYDNEY TURNER. The wasps of Newgate may become the bees of the workshop. And by what means convertible? Purely by the difference of their moral aliment. They shall not be allowed to eat of the abomination of the alley and the cellar; the moral mud of the highway and byway shall not be to them as their daily bread,—but they shall be fed upon wholesome, invigorating tasks, strengthened by the atmosphere of daily example. And so, although originally swarmed as wasps, they shall, like queen bees, be made susceptible of higher change. They shall not sting and plunder, but they shall sing and work. This is the creed—the social creed—of the REV. SYDNEY TURNER, and may ten thousands of examples prove its reality and beauty!

And we now come to the three Bills at the present hour before the House of Commons; all of them having, for vital essence, the purpose and intention of rendering extinct the human wasp, as swarmed in dirt, in penury, and ignorance, and providing for the better production of

swarms of working-bees. Now this is to be done by means of education. LORD JOHN RUSSELL has his notion of the convertibility of wasp to bee. MR. MILNER GIBSON has his, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON his; but—we come to the sad, disheartening question—will either one of the three become the statute plan? We fear it. We fear that, rather than have bees made wasps, unless fed upon the bee-bread extracted from certain church flowers—each dissident lustily advocating the adoption of his own church nose-gay—the floral champions will rather have clouds of wasps; for, truly, hives of bees, otherwise fed, could not but be worthless, if not dangerous.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's bill has been most hardly used by SIR JOHN's dear friend MR. HENLEY, who, with the best conscience and tenderest heart, served SIR JOHN, as old WALTON ever served the frog stitched to the hook, sewing him up as though he loved him. MR. HENLEY thought the institutions of the country "were never more secure than at the present." Further, we "never could look with greater satisfaction on the state of the people." There never were so few wasps. Never did the working-bees work so merrily; never were they required to deduct so little from their personal honey and wax, so much for the common stock. Still joyfully they worked; and still, with happy hearts, hummed "God save the Queen Bee!" MR. HENLEY further praised English bees at the cost of all foreign bees afove. It was provable, he said, that—"in that portion of Austria where education was the most extensively diffused, the moral condition of the people was the worst." But then, according to MR. HENLEY, education—such as it was—was commonly forced at the point of the bayonet; a course of instruction, we take it, by which the scholar is apt to think more of the weapon than the primer.

However, there have been two debates on SIR JOHN PAKINGTON's bill; and he is promised a third palaver on an early day after Whitsuntide. However, there are three Bills, all of which LORD RUSSELL suggests should have a second reading; and when read should be sent to a Committee; a skimming committee, that shall skim the cream of each measure. For ourselves, we would rather bet on the certainty that there will be no House on the Derby Day, than on the likelihood of agreement on any of these A. B. C. Bills. For a still longer time, we fear, the wasps will be allowed to swarm,—honourable and pious members shaking their heads, and crying No, at all bees that shall not be fed upon the flowers that grow in their own particular church-yards. "The bee" says the beautiful proverb, "extracts honey from a thistle." Would that hon. members would copy the wisdom, and from the very nettle of disputation, extract at length the honey of compromise!



LAST, THOUGH NOT LATEST.

"It is extremely becoming, Mem, and is the last Spring fashion, I assure you."

LITERARY LARCENY.

A PERSON who gave the name of PAUL JONES, described as proprietor of the *Literary Pirate*, a penny paper for the people, was charged with having in his possession several valuable articles which were reasonably suspected to have been stolen.

The first witness called was POLICEMAN A.B.C., who deposed that, in consequence of information he had received, he visited the house of the prisoner, who carries on the business of a Literary Marine Store Dealer. Witness stated that he searched the prisoner's house, and found the articles produced, all of which had been identified by their various proprietors. On a further search, a large pair of scissors, with a paste-pot and other implements, were discovered, by which, it is supposed, the prisoner has been in the habit of carrying on his nefarious practices.

The next witness was the Proprietor of the *Times*, who identified one of the articles as having been stolen in the course of the morning from that journal. In answer to some questions as to the value of the article, the witness said that it was difficult to name any exact amount, as the article was one of a large number, which were the work of a first-rate hand, who received about a thousand a-year for his services.

The prisoner cross-examined the witness, with the view of showing that a penny a line was the usual rate of newspaper pay, but the replies elicited went to prove that such articles as the one that had been identified, were paid for at the rate of from four or five to ten guineas.

On examining the mass of stolen articles that had been produced, the same witness identified a letter from the Crimea as the property of the *Times* journal. In answer to questions as to the value of this article, the witness proved that the cost of production was very great, as the materials had to be gathered under very great difficulties at the seat of war, where a correspondent was employed expressly for the supply of this article.

The prisoner, in cross-examination of the witness, asked whether it was not the practice to employ persons at home to write news from abroad, and whether it was not notorious that there was now living, in the New Cut, Lambeth, a person who was furnishing letters from the seat of war to several London journals? (*a laugh*). The witness in reply stated that he had heard of such tricks, but that they were never practised by any respectable newspapers.

The next witness called was the Proprietor of the *Daily News*, who identified a small article called a Telegraphic Dispatch which had been stolen from the journal about an hour after it was received at the office. The witness added that he saw a dirty-looking fellow whom he believed to be the prisoner hanging about the premises, and immediately on the telegraphic dispatch being exposed to public view, he (the prisoner) snatched up the paper in which it appeared and

A PLACE AT LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR'S.

How happy must be the man-servant and maid
Who LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR as master obey!
His Lordship—so zealous to stop Sunday trade—
No manner of work makes them do on that day.

They've no grates to black-lead, they've no fires to light,
No hearth-rug to shake and no carpet to sweep;
All these operations are done over night,
In order the Sabbath-day strictly to keep.

My Lord, whose new measure, with piety fraught,
Forbids after ten every barber to wave
The razor, will never have hot water brought
On Sunday, that he may indulge in a shave.

There's no roasting, boiling, or baking: all cold
The Noble Lord's meals are; so rigid is he:
The man who attempts to stop food's being sold,
Denies himself even warm coffee and tea.

If I were a Flunkey, 'tis LORD ROBERT's plush
Which I should desire of all others to wear,
For I should on Sunday have no clothes to brush;
Of boots not be called on to polish one pair.

No plates, knives, or forks should I then have to clean,
On one day in seven should sweetly repose,
My body at ease and my bosom serene,
For twenty-four hours should be able to doze.

Groom, valet, and porter, and coachman, and all
Of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR's domestics are blest,
Peace reigns every Sunday in his Servants' Hall;
Where not a bell rings to break anyone's rest.

ran off in the direction of Holywell Street. One hundred pounds, the witness added, would not repay the loss incurred by the stealing of this small but valuable article.

Several other witnesses came forward to claim some of the articles produced, and among others the Proprietor of an evening journal, who claimed a foreign article as his own, but a gentleman came forward and proved that the very same article which was now claimed as the property of the evening paper had been stolen on the very same afternoon from a morning paper. The Magistrate upon this asked the Proprietor of the evening paper how he accounted for the possession of the article in question. The witness said he did not know, he supposed it had been picked up by some of his people, and seeing it in his own paper, he thought it must be his property. He did not attend much to the business himself, but left it to the Editor.

The Editor, a highly respectable gentleman, here came forward and said he had nothing to do with any but the leading articles; there was a Sub-editor who was employed to get the other part of the paper together: the Sub-editor was not in attendance.

The Magistrate told the Editor he was morally if not legally responsible for the respectable conduct of the journal. He, the Magistrate would suggest, that a word from the Editor might put a stop to the practice of allowing the establishment to be made a receptacle for articles that had been stolen. The Editor promised to attend to his Worship's suggestion.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, said that all he had done was for the good of the public, and his only object was to supply the public with good articles at the lowest prices.

The Magistrate said it could not be allowed that such an excuse should prevail, for if it were so, there was not a thief in the land who might not say, that he only robbed people of their goods in order to supply them to other people as cheaply as possible. He, the Magistrate, saw no distinction between the pickpocket who steals a handkerchief, or the burglar who appropriates a quantity of plate, and the prisoner, who confessedly lives by literary plunder. As to the wretched cant about this system being adopted on public grounds to give the public a cheap press, any other thief might as well say that his object was to supply the public with cheap watches or cheap pocket-handkerchiefs. The public have no right to literary articles any more than to other articles at less than their original cost, unless the owners of the articles chose to make the sacrifice. It would be monstrous to say that a stranger shall have my silver teapot for five shillings, because he buys it of a man like the prisoner; who, having robbed me of it and got it for nothing, can afford to sell it for very little. In conclusion, the Magistrate sentenced the prisoner to two months' imprisonment with hard labour.

SOLDIERS OF THE PARLIAMENT.



ARE half ashamed to advert to the malignant sarcasms of the plebeians who have had the impertinence to suggest that soldiers of the class which produces such men as those honourable and gallant Members of Parliament who so nobly chastised the libellous LAYARD, are mere drawing-room warriors, and that their military zeal is all affectation. But, as the immortal MILTON expresses it, "Mark, now, how a plain tale shall put them down." The modesty for which the soldier of fashion is remarkable, would be offended did we allude personally to the honourable and gallant Members who most prominently figured upon the occasion in question. But as HERODOTUS remarks, *ascitur a sociis*, and we are sure that we shall run no risk of wounding the delicacy of the NORTHs, PERs, KNOXes, and other military ornaments of our Senate, if from the records of the services of the class of whom they are illustrious types, we extract a few details in order to confute the ignorant malice of their detractors. From among the number of gallant officers who have distinguished themselves by services which not one of their plebeian and pothouse assailants would have known how to render, we take some names at random, for light where we will, we find courage, chivalry, and devotion.

CAPTAIN GUFFAW happens to be the first whom we recal, and we mention him before his superiors in rank to show how base and mean is the accusation, that merit is not appreciated by the aristocracy, and those who, like ourselves, humbly represent them. CAPTAIN GUFFAW's services date as far back as the TAMBURINI affair, when that gallant officer went into the Opera pit without orders (being on the free list), occupied a place in the front of the trenches, or rather benches, and kept up a most damaging fire of Yah-yahs against every foreigner who dared to present himself, until physical exhaustion made it necessary for him to retire and recruit himself with pale ale. He then undauntedly returned to the attack, and having purchased a pint of nuts in the Haymarket, continued to throw shells against the curtain of the fortress, until an officer of the A division, appreciating his character, removed him to a station where his peculiar talents were better placed. For this exploit CAPTAIN GUFFAW received the Order of the Fine of Forty Bob.

Another of the gallant men of the same admirable class, COLONEL SPOONEY, distinguished himself during the arduous JENNY LIND campaign, when he took some boxes at a less sacrifice than any officer in HER MAJESTY's service, besides once, on a wet Opera night, mounting the box of a carriage, and cutting out and cutting in, after a style which, though ignorantly censured at the time by those who are afraid of any spirited course of action, opened a communication between the DOWAGER LADY SLOGGOLLION (then besieged by linkmen) and her servants, and so enabled her to go home and throw supplies, including oysters and Madeira, into herself, at an earlier date than she had expected. For this he was rewarded with a Clasp of the hand by her grateful Ladyship.

Of the services of COLONEL BLOKE it is needless to speak. He was entrusted by a friend with the difficult duty of conveying a note to an heiress who sat in the centre of the stalls on a crowded night, and who was guarded by two vigilant sentinels in the form of aunts. The adroit stratagem, by which he contrived to effect this (by making his way to one of the aunt's stalls, claiming it as his own, searching his pockets for his ticket, and creating a confusion, in the midst of which he managed to stoop and squeeze up the note into the young lady's pocket-handkerchief), is matter of history at Doctors' Commons. He occupied a stall under the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON, whose attention, when in his box, the COLONEL more than once attracted, but the Iron Duke's habitual reserve prevented his taking any particular notice of the young officer. He was also engaged in several actions,

and in one of them, at the suit of a landlady, he lost all his baggage, and two guns, double-barrels, but he speedily retrieved his loss by his skilful management of a cannon, (at billiards) by which, and a bold stroke over a bridge, he completely defeated the enemy.

Lastly, we have to mention CAPTAIN WHYTE CHOKER, an officer of true British mould, and well known as a stormer, having stormed at his servant every morning for thirty years, until that menial declared he could no longer face such a storming party. When MR. HOPE, M.P., could not find his carriage one night, CAPTAIN CHOKER led the forlorn HOPE to the very place where it was. At the siege of Badajos, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, he lost the sight of one eye, through some dust getting into it, but from this he recovered rapidly, but only to lose the pocket-handkerchief with which he had wiped it out. He was never actually engaged with the French, but has often fought cocks, which are the Gallic symbol, and those who have observed the extreme fastidiousness with which he selects his dentifrices, and the mode in which he rows the perfumers, if stupid, would not again assert that he never smelt powder in anger. Such are the men who are ridiculed and despised by a plebeian press and public for their exertions in putting down the Nineveh Nuisance.

THE FEAST OF THE BOTTLE.

It seems that every year, on the First of June, there is held at a village, called Boulbon, in the department of the Bouches-du-Rhône, a grand festival in honour of the vintage. This festival is called "*Le fête des Bouleilles*." The entire village assists at it, and each man takes with him to church a bottle filled with the best wine of his last year's vintage. After the wine has been blessed by the Priest, every one opens his bottle, and drinks a small quantity of it. Then the Mayor offers glasses to the Curate and the Priests, and fills them as well as one for himself. The organ strikes up, a hymn is sung, and the Mayor, Curate, and Priests "*triqueat*" their glasses, and drink solemnly together.

Now, could not the KING of PRUSSIA institute a similar festival in honour of his favourite beverage? Why should he not ordain a *Fête de St. Clicquot*—for he is a Saint that the Prussians have every reason to regard as a martyr, considering the sacrifices their monarch makes every day and night in his honour? As a Saint that is the best beloved and the most worshipped by FREDERICK WILLIAM, he surely deserves some little homage? Besides the King himself has great interest in his character being duly honoured, and he should not be too proud to assist, even though it should be in a Catholic chapel, at a ceremony that tends to his glorification, and which may have the effect of keeping up the high quality of his Saintship's renown. Let him, then, see the wine he loves best, solemnly blessed with all the ecclesiastical honours, and his reward probably may be that the next year's *Clicquot* will be quite as good as the last. If he does this with proper seriousness, emptying a bottle of Champagne on the spot, we will royally dub him "*THE JUDICIOUS BOTTLE-HOLDER OF EUROPE*," *sic* PALMERSTON, who has been holding the bottle lately anything but judiciously. Commend us to the man, who, whenever he opens a fresh bottle, never leaves it until he has gone regularly to the bottom of it.

The Sabbatarian's Holy Office.

RELIGIOUS Persecution is erroneously supposed to have ceased in these dominions. It is true that the adherents of one set of opinions do not now absolutely burn people who differ from them: but, what is nearly the same thing, they prevent them from quenching their thirst; and how can it be said that persons of one persuasion no longer persecute those of another, whilst the Sabbatarians try to deprive the Excursionists of their beer?

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED ACCIDENTS.

M. HUC's book upon China is filled with nothing but chapter after chapter of accidents. The trials and misfortunes he undergoes exceed those of the most persecuted heroine of domestic drama. A classical friend of ours suggests that an appropriate motto for the book would be "*Huc et illuc*" (ill-luck).

Clicquot and Hock.

THE Berlin Correspondent of one of the papers stated that on the breaking-up of the Prussian Chambers, the members gave a *hock* for the KING. Shouldn't it have been *hoc*? THE KING OF PRUSSIA is neuter.

No doubt his Majesty himself would prefer *Hock*—without prejudice to *Clicquot*.

TO THE HUMANE.—A gentleman who has been heavily victimised by the Income Tax Commissioners, would be happy to communicate privately with any other gentleman who may be about to send "*Conscience Money*" to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Address "*Victim*," No. 1, Anywhere Place.

THE VALUE OF FREEDOM!



sistently with courtesy, wish him long life and health to enjoy the advantages with which the freedom of the city has invested him, for we cannot imagine the Ruler of France driving through Temple-bar in a van, and giving a wink, with an exclamation of "all right," as he points the attention of the toll-collector to the city arms on the vehicle.

THE Corporation of London is very fond of presenting illustrious persons with what is called the "freedom of the city,"—the last celebrity who obtained the precious gift being no less an individual than the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. We have been induced to make some inquiries into the value of the article in question, and we have found that it confers no less than three privileges on the recipient. LOUIS NAPOLEON has gained by the freedom of the city—1st, the right to drive a cart through Temple-bar, without paying toll; 2nd, the permission to keep a shop in the city without serving an apprenticeship; and 3rd, his Imperial Majesty has become eligible to the occupancy of one of the almshouses belonging to certain city charities.

We do not know whether LOUIS NAPOLEON's long residence in England, and his knowledge of English institutions, may have enlightened him as to the value of the gift he was pleased to accept at the hands of the citizens. We cannot, con-

A SONG OF SPRING.

BY A SURGEON.

SPRING's delights are now returning,
Tree and shrub begin to leave;
But while the sun at noon is burning,
The wind is in the East at eve.

Lovely woman, prone to folly,
Too soon her winter clothing doffs:
And the doctor makes up jolly
Lots of draughts for colds and coughs.

Now gentle showers the hedges splash on,
Each sprig its coat of green renews;
But greener are those sprigs of fashion
Who in damp weather wear thin shoes.

They who trust this treacherous season
Venture out, and take a chill:
Prudently the man of reason
Stays within, and takes a pill.

Origin of the Crimea.

A LEARNED philologist informs us that the Crimea was originally spelt very differently. He says, from its being the most beautiful spot that the Tartars held away over, that it was considered quite the "Cream of the Tartars," and accordingly was so called, but that this got gradually corrupted into Creamea, Cremes, and ultimately into Crimea. As a proof we are further informed that the French phrase "*La Crème de la Crème*" is still current amongst some of the most barbarous hordes, and is frequently applied by them to the Bashis Bezouks and other equestrian aristocrats. We must say that these derivations are a trifle too wordy, and far too learned for us.

NOVELTY FOR THE TRADE REPORT.—Indigo looks blue.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 7th, Monday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH announced (to the great discomposure of poor LORD PANMURE) that on the following Monday, he, E., meant to submit a set of resolutions, to the effect that their Lordships were determined to stand by the QUEEN in the matter of the war, were delighted at the excellent understanding between her and LOUIS NAPOLEON, were enchanted with the valour of the allied armies, were entranced with admiration at the patriotism of the people of England, were enthusiastic in their resolution not to yield to Russia, and—were disgusted with the way the Ministers were managing matters, besides being convinced that men ought to be selected for the public service only because they were fitted for it. This is an intimation of a dexterous Tory move, designed to make the present agitation for administrative reform useful for bringing the Derbyites back to office.

LORD CAMPBELL moved the second reading of a Bill for relieving certain Scotchmen from the necessity of swearing. If the fines for oaths were properly exacted, one could understand why this Bill was demanded, but as swearing costs nothing, one hardly knows why the Scotch "felt themselves hurt," as CAMPBELL declared to be the case.

Mr. Punch, having to thank the House of Lords for having, on divers occasions, "squashed" SIR THOMAS MARYON WILSON's attempts upon Hampstead Heath, deems this a good opportunity to apprise their Lordships that TOM is at it again. Of course they will be ready with the right kick, in the right place, at the right time:—

"Tom, Tom, his father's son,
Wants the Heath, but it can't be done.
Heaths are sweet,
And Tom gets beat,
And Tom goes roaring down the street."

In the Commons, MR. DISRAELI pleasantly reminded Government that it was a fortnight since the Vienna negotiations had terminated unsuccessfully, and a week since the "Unsuccessful Negotiator" (rather supposed to be LORD JOHN RUSSELL) had appeared in the House, and yet there were no papers produced. The excuse was, that the only person in the Foreign Office who understood French, and could translate the documents, was ill. The Foreign Office clerks may be as ignorant as the answer implies; but even Members of Parliament can, generally speaking, read French, so that the papers might have been furnished

in the original. MR. STAFFORD then made an inquiry about the huts for the soldiers in the Crimea. MR. WILSON, thinking the hon. gent. had said hats, rose to improvise a reply, but was pulled down by FRED PERL, who stated that "several" huts had been sent out. MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL then asked a question about the Militia at Aldershot, but of course FRED PERL "could not give an answer."

LORD PALMERSTON, then, with something less than his usual tact, showed how apprehensive the Routines are of the motion which MR. LAYARD is to bring on about Administrative Reform. The member for Nineveh requested the Government to name a day on which it would be convenient that the motion should be brought on. PALMERSTON snapped at him with an answer which was not only not statesmanlike, but which was actually rude. "I can't give you a day, you may find one for yourself." The Opera Officers and their friends hee-hawed at this, as denoted smart, but MR. LAYARD quietly mentioned that he would find a day, and would interpose his motion the next time PALMERSTON came to the House for any of the public money. So, later in the week, PALMERSTON thought better of it, and proposed a day.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON had also to ask for a day to resume the discussion on National Education, but LORD PALMERSTON (very politely, his interpellator being a rich baronet) regretted that he could not sacrifice important business to such a subject as that.

The Newspaper Stamp Duties Bill then came on for the third reading, but the dreadful nonsense which the SPEAKER has been hearing of late had made the right hon. gentleman so ill, that the discussion had to be stopped. PALMERSTON made a little speech, asking the House to let MR. LEFEVRE off, but was not at all funny in his mode of doing it. One expected something of this kind:—"I beg to apprise the House that LEFEVRE has a fever—ha! ha!—and is quite indisposed—a—a indisposed to remain in his chair (laughter). He is the—a—organ of the House, and if the organ don't get tuned sometimes, the House will soon want a *Nocturn Organum* (laughter). I heard an hon. member say 'Pshaw!' well, I am saying SHAW, and saying that he is ill (applause). I hope he'll go home to bed, have some gruel, and put some of his own Mace into it (laughter), and if he puts his feet in hot water, he'll only put 'em into what he has often got us out of (applause). Sir, we are very sorry for you, you seem to have got a fit of all-over-ness, and a touch of the wretchedables, and the first thing for you

to do is to take your way to bed, and the next to take your whey after you get there (*applause*). It is our duty to support the Chair, and I move that a select committee be appointed to support him out of the House."

Last Mr. Punch should be supposed to make light of a matter which might have been serious, he begs to add, with much gratification, that on the next day but one the excellent SPEAKER came back to his work, all the better for having escaped some ten or twelve hours of Bunkum. In his absence the Commons could, of course, take no business of an important character, so they went at the Estimates, and just voted away a few millions, *pour passer le temps*.

Tuesday. The Lords did nothing; and the Commons did better, for they would not make a House.

Wednesday. The Commons decided, by a majority of 8, that you ought to be allowed to marry your wife's sister, if you like—and she likes.

Thursday. LORD GREY astounded the Peers of England by announcing his intention of endeavouring on Monday next, to convince them that England ought to humble herself before Russia, and accept her "proposals."

In the Commons SIR ERSKINE PERRY brought forward the question of the Indian Army, and showed that it was a splendid force of nearly 500,000 men, who, if constituted a Royal Army, might, upon emergency be employed to do noble service to the Empire. HOGG, for the India Company, and VERNON SMITH for the Government, made such a desperate outcry against so novel a proposal, that the House got frightened and rejected it. The thing will have to be done, however, by a successor of LORD PALMERSTON.

Friday. In the Lords certain legal measures, of some merit, (if bit-by-bit reform of the law be tolerated) were discussed.

In the Commons MR. SPOONER was convicted of robbing a "mare's nest," (*Punch* uses the phraseology of LORD HARROWBY,) in order to obtain eggs to pelt Maynooth. But it also came out that a Popish member of the Maynooth Commission did most improperly send to PAUL CULLEN the evidence which that Commissioner received under trust. The poor creature who was guilty of this conduct, no doubt designed to "please his clergy" but (according to the custom of such donkeys) he injured the cause he meant to serve, for he showed that a man who is really in subjection to a bullying priest, will do acts at which a gentleman's instinct revolts.

Then came another proof of the terror which MR. LAYARD's threatened motion has inspired. LORD PALMERSTON, quite irregularly and contrary to the rule for which he had stickled the week before (as MR. DISRAELI kindly reminded him) broke out, without notice, into a long description of some military reforms which it had occurred to the authorities ought to be made. The word "re-modelling" chiefly pervades the speech, as reported—the east winds have made Mr. Punch rather deaf, but to his prescient ear it sounded sadly like "re-muddling."

The Newspaper Stamp Bill was read a third time, and passed. Its pith might have been compressed into six words, "Stamp, or not, as you like." There is no copyright given to the London press. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who had intended to put a penny stamp on bankers' cheques, having been informed that such an imposition will interfere with business, renounced such intention, and the only stamp connected with these documents, will in future be that of the dawdler who reaches the bank door after four o'clock, and in this case (like that of some note-paper vendors) there is No Charge for Stamping.

A JOB FOR BRITISH DRAMATISTS.

WHEN the House of Commons complained of the non-production of the papers relating to the Vienna Conference, LORD PALMERSTON accounted for the delay by saying that "the gentleman who does the translations for the Foreign Office was suffering from indisposition." Surely there ought to be more than one individual at the Foreign Office who understands enough of the French language to enable him to do a French exercise. If the regular translator was on the sick list, there might have been somebody found, who, with the aid of a French dictionary for the hard words, might have given a pretty fair English version of the Protocols. If such another emergency should arise, we hope the protocols will be handed over for translation to the British Dramatists, whose proficiency in the art of translating from the French is proverbial. If LORD PALMERSTON had availed himself of this resource he would have accomplished a double object, for he would not only have got the work done, but he would have had the merit of patronising the British Drama, by giving a job to some of its brightest ornaments. If the Premier had put the protocols into the hands of one of those geniuses who turn a French Opera into English in a week, or—which is more like what had to be done—translate a Farce in a single night, there would have been no ground for complaint, as no delay would have been occasioned.

A PUZZLE BY POLONIUS.



THE *London Gazette* once more contains the following remarkable notification:—

"N.B. The Knights of the several Orders are to appear in their Collars at the Drawing Room on the 19th May next."

A philosopher, not exactly knowing what ridiculous trappings are worn by the principal performers of these absurd ceremonies which are wont, on state occasions, to be practised at the British Court, might be puzzled to understand what the Knights are directed to appear in under the name of collars. He would hardly suppose that collars for the neck are meant, as if it were feared that the Knights, if not otherwise admonished, would be likely to appear in the presence of Royalty without their "gills." He might,

perhaps have some indistinct idea that the collars intended are pantomimic horse-collars, of which the performers in the burlesque alluded to will make their appearance within the circumference, and solemnly grin.

THE SEVEN AGES OF A PUBLIC MAN.

Public Life's a stage,

And all the men in office merely players:
They have their characters and salaries:
And one man in his course plays many parts,
And acts through seven ages. First the Infant,
High-born, inheriting a coat of arms,
And then the Public School-boy, with his satchel,
And shining lot of fag, going by rail,
Uncaringly to school: then the Collegian
Boating and driving, with a comic ballad,
And supercilious eyebrow. Then the Patriot
Full of strong oaths, and moustached like the pard,
Anxious for honour, not disposed to quarrel
With any decent situation,
Suffice that can one's mouth. And then the Member,
Quoting old saws and modern instances,
In fair round paunch, with public dinners lined;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered Minister;
With spectacles, and prose, and votes on side,
His youthful views renounced, a world too wide
For his shrunk wits, and his once manly voice,
Trying in vain to hoax the people, pipes
A miserable sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this sad disgraceful history,
Is childish Red-tapism, and mere Routine:
Sans heart, sans brains, sans pluck, sans everything.

A MYSTERIOUS FOOTMAN.

WE find the subjoined announcement to the British Isles in the *Times*. We, however, charitably omit the advertiser's address.

AS FOOTMAN, in livery, to a gentleman, on Sundays, and during the week of an evening, a respectable young man, of good character.

This footman, evidently with an eye to the success of the new Sunday Bill for the Better Observation of the Sabbath, wants an easy berth in a high family. Nevertheless, we think it is worth while for Peckham Rye, Kentish Town, and other genteel localities to consider the offer. It would give a dignity to the Browns to have a footman in livery, with their Sunday pudding, once a week. The advertiser is, moreover, desirous of an evening engagement during week days; and this circumstance somewhat quickens our curiosity to know how the remainder of his time is ordinarily occupied. Is he a Government clerk, with an industrious turn out of office hours? It has been hinted to us that it is the identical "PETERDICK," of whom MR. W. S. LINDSAY, in the House of Commons, painted so lively a picture.

THE HANGMEN OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Hanging Committee of the Royal Academy have been unjustly compared to executioners. They differ from CALCRAFT, in hanging the good men, instead of the bad, out of the way.

THE JUDGMENT OF JENKINS.

"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours." Surely this saying has been verified by the return of our old friend JENKINS to the *Morning Post*. *Punch* took notice, the other day, of a Song by a Person of Quality, which can have been no other than the quality of JENKINS. Here is a specimen of prose, which, though not equal to JENKINS's "mighty line,"—

"Nature on no social duty,"

is yet manifestly JENKINS. MR. JENKINS is exercising his literary cane on the prostrate offender, PIANORI:—

"The life has been, as we trust the death will be, that of a malignant organisation, bad and mischievous to all around it, which society obliterates when it carries its animosity to a point that would be fatal to the greatest human interests."

"As we trust the death will be!" What does JENKINS mean by that? To express a hope that the man will die as he has lived—a trust that he will not repent? In whom or what does JENKINS trust for PIANORI's final impentence? To carry reprobation so far as this, in the enthusiasm of adulation, because the criminal's intended victim was an Emperor, is what MR. CARLYLE might well call "flunkeyism grown truculent and transcendent." The judge in the black cap concludes his remarks with a merciful aspiration; the very reverse of which appears to have been added by JUDGE JENKINS to the sentence pronounced by him in the hat with a gold band and a cockade.

QUESTION FOR LAWYERS.—If the drawer of a bill finds it lying on the pavement, is he bound to take it up?

A RELIGION AND ITS MINISTERS.—Red-Tapeism is the Religio Loci of Downing Street.



THE WEDDING DAY—FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND SUCH A LOVELY BRACELET!!



THE WEDDING DAY—FOURTEENTH ANNIVERSARY.

PRESENTS—BEAUTIFUL BUNDLE OF ASPARAGUS FROM COVENT GARDEN, AND THE NICEST DOUBLE PERAMBULATOR IN THE WORLD!!

TE VENIENTE DIE.

Our Chinese intelligence tells us that "a stir in tea has been caused by the movements of the rebels in the vicinity of Canton." If we are to judge by the accounts we have heard, we should be inclined to think that a greater "stir in tea" would be made by members of the Government than by the rebels, for the former are decidedly greater spoons than the latter. It is to be regretted for the sake of the masses who are devoted to the enjoyment of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," that the intelligence from the tea districts still has what may be called a "roughish flavour."

STIR AND STRIKE.

THE *Scotsman* contains an advertisement to literary men, which, as literary men are not much in the habit of reading (or writing) Scotch papers, we beg to put into circulation. A certain publisher is willing to treat for what he is pleased to call "A Stirring and Striking Tale." We have not time to write it, but are happy to make the advertiser a present of a title, which seems to meet his requirements. "The Poker and the Clock; a Stirring and Striking Tale of Domestic Life." In return, when a work obtained in such fashion shall be published, we particularly request that a copy may not be sent to *Punch*.

A RAMBLING TRUTH.—It is in argument as in travelling, we never go so far as when we don't know where we are going to.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—WRIGHT at the Adelphi Theatre.



MILITARY REFORM—A NOBLE BEGINNING.

H.R.H. P.A. Resigning his Field Marshal's Baton and Pay.



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ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

THE FATHER OF ONIONS.



ONE time ago, when the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH was residing in his fortress of Ham, he did what so many sages and philosophers have done,—he cultivated a little garden. Did not his uncle before him delve the ungrateful soil of St. Helena? LOUIS NAPOLEON then wrote — “I might, indeed, already gather a bouquet worthy of LADY —’s garden. Perhaps I boast a little in saying this; but then I look upon my onions with paternal eyes.” It is not many men who could look long upon such a progeny (without weeping; but the father of onions was also doomed to be the father of the French people,—and tears under such circumstances would have been undignified, unmanly. An old legend tells us that at the first footstep taken by the Evil One out of the Garden of Eden there sprang up garlic; at the second, onions. We do not believe it; otherwise, we must even take both garlic and onions as the progeny of the cloven foot. An EMPEROR, now in the very fullness of his purple, redeems the onion by having, in the hours of his captivity, fathered it. There is a story told of certain innocent settlers who once upon a time sowed gunpowder for onion-seed; whereas, we have here the reverse of the accident,—the onion-seed of Ham bearing in good time, the gunpowder of the Crimea and other places. We hope that the Imperial onion-seed is still to be had; and, if so, we counsel the City of London to beg a pinch or two thereof that, duly sown on a certain patch of City land may, for all time, supply Napoleonic onions wherewith to stuff the Michaelmas City goose. This, indeed, would be a further proof of the alliance; a proof fragrant to the nostrils and savoury to the palate of the wisdom of London. There will be a deep significance in the sentence of the future biographer of LOUIS NAPOLEON, when posterity shall read this of him—“He was at once the father of his country, and the parent of onions.”

PRINCE ALBERT'S EXAMPLE.

A CANKERWORM was gnawing at the heart of England's Oak,
And palsy threatened its great arms that braved the thunderstroke;
Its glorious crown was fading, and our foes began to hoot,
“Behold the Oak is rotting and the axe is at its root!”

Aristocratic vermin did offices infest,
Not the Best men, but such men as lackeys call the Best,
Men with the very richest kind of fluid in their veins,
But men whose little heads enclosed exceedingly poor brains.

We drew the sword for Freedom: the battle-flag unfurled
Against barbarians marching to overrun the world;
The sword was bravely wielded, the flag was nobly borne,
But by unready Rulers were our arms of glory shorn.

Then rose a cry among us for a Government of worth,
We said “Away with empty Rank, and down with stupid Birth;
Incompetent Nobility shall us no longer rule,
Born with a spoon of silver in its mouth; born, sometimes, fool.”

These tidings heard PRINCE ALBERT at Windsor where he lay,
And walked upon the Slopes and lunched at half-past two each day,
And with a grand piano made the grander pile to ring,
So as beseecheth him whose son hereafter shall be King.

“That cry,” said he “is just; it is a shame and a disgrace
That any but a proper man should be in any place;
An end must to this wrong be put; there is no doubt of that;
Some one the movement must begin—myself shall bell the cat.”

FIELD MARSHAL THE PRINCE ALBERT then did order and decree,
That in Hyde Park a Grand Review straightway should holden be;
And thither he betook himself in sight of all the land,
His charger prancing under him; his baton in his hand.

Before the troops assembled, in all the people's view,
On the altar of his country the good PRINCE that baton threw;
And thus he spoke “O public and soldiers! I resign
The title with the token that ought not to be mine.

“Lie there, thou idle symbol of victories not won,
Reward of warlike services which I have never done;
And let that soldier win thee that shall have done the most
In this our war with Muscovy of all the British host.”

Then all the people shouted, and said “Long live the PRINCE,
What truthfulness, what manliness, what greatness to evince!”
“Hooray for good PRINCE ALBERT!” was the universal roar:
They cheered him thrice and after that they gave him one cheer more.

Then every Lord incapable, and every booby Duke,
Accepted at their PRINCE's hands a lesson and rebuke;
They cast away their offices; their places up they threw,
And England's Oak revived again and England throve anew.

BARNUM'S ELEPHANT.

NEWS comes to us from across the Atlantic of BARNUM's elephant. Poor creature! Here is another proof of the degrading condition of the state of slavery! To think of the majestic animal, free in his native savannahs, and then to behold him ploughing, carting loads of gravel, drawing stone on a dray, piling wood, and “making himself generally useful,”—for we are assured that the victim lord of the forest does all this—on the farm of P. T. BARNUM, Bridgefoot, Connecticut, is to fire us with indignation, to melt us with pity towards the “peculiar institution” to which, in America, men and elephants are alike a sacrifice. The descendants of Guinea kings and Gold Coast princes have, doubtless, blacked the shoes of free republicans, have served UNCLE SAM with sherry-cobblers, and supplied BROTHER JONATHAN with many a mint-julep. But such family declension, such and descent, touches us not so much as the thought of the lordly elephant, the wise, the grand, the magnanimous, gentle elephant—“the truly great are ever gentle”—degraded to a piler of logs and a carter of gravel for—(and this is the sting)—for BARNUM! How wisely and well speaks MAJOR MOIR, in his *Oriental Fragments*, of the moral dignity of the animal. He says —“there is something in the elephant, independently of its bulk, I think, which distinguishes it from other quadrupeds. No person or persons would commit any act of gross indelicacy in presence of an elephant. The same feeling could not prevail touching the presence of a stupid rhinoceros, almost as bulky.”

Nevertheless, even an elephant is susceptible of degrading moral influences. “Show me your company,” says the proverb, “and I'll show you the man.” Show me your BARNUM, and I'll show you the elephant. In his day, the elephant has kept the most glorious company; for there are extant several ancient medals on which the head of SOCRATES is found united with the head of an elephant. But —true is the saying—every medal has its reverse. Again: these SOCRATIC-ELPHANTINE medals are of gold and silver. Whereas the medal to be henceforth struck commemorative of the elephant and the owner of Connecticut, must be of basest brass.

We put it to MRS. BEECHER STOWE, whether the enslaved condition of this long-suffering elephant is not worthy of a tale illustrative of its sorrows? it is said that materials abound for its biography. We do entreat the benevolent HARRITT to undertake the goodly work; and further, to set apart a portion of the profits of the book to redeem the noble animal from the bondage of the showman. We hear among other incidents of its many-coloured life, that the elephant was last employed by BARNUM as money-taker; and such was the elevation of its moral sense in those days, it never took a bad shilling. When BARNUM retired from the cares of showmanship, the elephant bore him company; and was long employed in BARNUM's Palace, as a domestic of all work: the elephant making BARNUM's bed, bringing BARNUM's shaving-water, cutting and curling BARNUM's hair, and drawing the corks of BARNUM's ginger pop. The best understanding long prevailed between the two animals; and was only broken by the fact that when BARNUM was about his *Life*, the elephant would not go down upon his knees—as BARNUM desired—to hold the showman's inkhorn. Upon this, the elephant was degraded to its present drudgery, from which we hope the pen of MRS. STOWE will, like fairy wand, full soon release him.

Storm of Sebastopol!

By the time when these lines shall have appeared in print, it is possible that LORD RAGLAN will have communicated to the Government intelligence of the storm of Sebastopol; but we are afraid the gallant meteorologist will have nothing of the sort to announce, unless Sebastopol should be visited with a tempest.

A POPULAR NUISANCE MORALISED.

“The Red, White, and Blue.”—Port, Sherry, and your Look when your wine-merchant's bill comes in.

COLLECTIVE WISEACREDOM.



ford spun out a whole yarn of the same tangle: and really, to read the report of their discourses touching the matter in debate, one might well suppose that both of the honourable gentlemen were partners in the concern of LOYOLA AND CO.

What fun it would be if the House of Commons, so ready to laugh without a cause, could learn to laugh with reason: that is, at folly! But that merry assembly has no perception of the ludicrous. It does not see the absurdity inherent in a debate, such as that in which SIR

EAR—were happy in being once more able to say—MR. CORDEN:—

"When he reflected on the state of public opinion out of doors, and then found the House spending whole days in this splitting of hairs (*hear, hear*), in this ecclesiastical casuistry worthy of the dark ages, he thought their conduct might almost be said to rival that of the inhabitants of Constantinople who were engaged in similar disputes, while the Turks were thundering at their gates, and the Byzantine empire was tottering to its fall."

Now for a specimen of the splitting of hairs—the question under quirk having been marriage with a deceased wife's sister:—

"The prohibitions were introduced by expressions forbidding marriage between persons near of kin, and the cases of affinity were brought within the rule of nearness of kin by terms showing—to use the words pronounced at the creation—that those relatives by affinity were related to one flesh."

The foregoing specimen of "Collective Wisdom" was, according to the *Times*, a contribution afforded to that sum total of sagacity by SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE. The other

Romantic Member for Oxford span out a whole yarn of the same tangle: and really, to read the report of their discourses touching the matter in debate, one might well suppose that both of the honourable gentlemen were partners in the concern of LOYOLA AND CO.

WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, with his flashes of argument, so nearly fired the neighbouring river; a dispute as to the meaning of a Scriptural command. As if the ordinances of the Bible resembled those of the statute-book: ambiguous enactments worded by blundering members of Parliament! SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, MR. ROUNDELL PALMER, and MR. GLADSTONE contend that the marriage alluded to is prohibited by the "Divine Law." MR. SPOONER declares that it is not, supported by MR. CORDEN, MR. LOWE, the ATTORNEY GENERAL, and all the Jews, the people to whom the controverted precept was first delivered. What an edifying sort of discussion for BARON SUTTER, or CHING-WANG, those heathen gentlemen being present perchance, in the Strangers' Gallery! Not that there can be two opinions on the matter, considered with honesty and common sense; but if there could, which would be more likely, that MR. SPOONER should not understand his Bible, or that MR. GLADSTONE's and SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE's judgment should be warped by Puseyite prejudice? Does not every reasonable being feel convinced that if the ecclesiastical canons had prohibited marriage with a deceased wife's dress-maker, those gentlemen would try to prove the prohibition to have been dictated by the "Divine Law?"

However, the Marriage Law Amendment Bill has passed its second reading. In the meanwhile, in order to its consideration in committee, the more thoroughly in the spirit wherein they treated it on that occasion, let SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, MR. ROUNDELL PALMER, and MR. GLADSTONE, apply themselves to the study of those pages of *Tristram Shandy* in which that profound church-lawyer DIDIVUS, and his worthy brethren GASTRIPHERES and PHUTATORIUS, pursue a kindred disquisition in the same tone.

NEIGHBOUR LONDON TO NEIGHBOUR PARIS.

"DEAREST NEIGHBOUR,

"Knowing that you were at least well satisfied with the hearty welcome and humble fare (for I confess it, I cannot cook as you can) offered to your distinguished friend on his late visit with his very beautiful wife; thinking that it would only make us the better friends, the better we treated each other's countrymen,—I own I was a little hurt when I found myself spoken of in a manner, by one of your people, that I do not think I quite deserve. Now, mind, my dear PARIS, I dwell upon this in the best temper; and with no sourness, no ill-will whatever. Besides I know that lawyers *will* be abusive; nevertheless, I think even the lawyer went a little beyond his professional black, when—very properly denouncing a very wicked man, by name PIANORI, and by trade a shoemaker—the lawyer said,

"But a month ago he left London, that centre of the most audacious agitators—of those men whom rage and defeat have driven to madness, and who have come to such a point that appeal to crime is their only means to serve their ambitious designs, their material appetites, and their lust for power."

"I confess it, when I found these very hard words flung at myself, I did for a moment feel in a pucker. What, thought I, and did I do my best to receive my Neighbour's exalted friend with smiles and cordiality, and am I to be considered as a person who harbours the very wickedest of persons for the very worst of purposes. I know I *am* hospitable; and more than that, I can't and I won't help it. I know that many and many a time, poor hunted, desolate creatures, have almost fallen down upon their knees, ready to kiss my threshold; because, when there they were safe and sound, although roared and howled after as the sea roars and howls at times about my dwelling.

"And dear Neighbour, it is not my fault—but rather, I think, it is the excellence of my constitution, which the sea by the bye, has ever done much to brace and strengthen—if I am alike hospitable to all sorts of people. Great Kings that have left their sceptres behind, and only come to me with a cotton umbrella—Prime Ministers with only the one shirt upon the back turned at a minute's notice to their own country—lawyer's clerks that have been dictators and have become as poor and helpless as lawyers' clerks again. All of these have been alike welcomed by me, and will be, always and for ever. My sky is, I know, not as blue as yours! it is so often mixed with coal-smoke; and wash as one will, one cannot at times help having smutty spots upon one's face,—but for all this, the air is very sweet and very comforting.

Some say, it is the unrestricted quantity of printers' ink that is used, that, mixing with the atmosphere, makes it mightily wholesome.

Now I know, that people will take advantage of this easiness, one's wish to be hospitable. It is the old story of ingratitude, as old as the poison in the frozen snake brought to the woodman's fire-place. Still, I will say, that I have always endeavoured to preach peace and good-manners to the strangers who have sought me. And therefore, am I to be called the nurse of audacious agitators—the patroness of criminals and madmen—the easy looker-on of desperate lunatics, lusting for bulrush sceptres, and diadems of straw? I am sure, your excellent friend who lately visited me has no right to think this of me. I did my best to give him a kind welcome; and began to flatter myself with my success, but—so it is; when a lawyer opens his mouth, even LONDON is not safe.

I know and own that, now and then, I have—I am so hospitable—harboured strangers who have slept away, and gone on board a boat, and made themselves jolly with no end of champagne, and afterwards, made a great disturbance when they got to the other side of the sea: but for all that, I do not think that—especially after what's so lately happened, one of your lawyers should be allowed to abuse my kindness, when *certain people*—for I'm above naming names—have years ago done what they pleased, with their knees comforted at my fireside.

"Now, my dear Neighbour PARIS,—I'm not angry, only a little sad at what your lawyer has said; but I defy his words; and—I can't help it—shall go on my old way, opening my door to whatever stranger may knock, whether his name be AUGUSTUS CESAAR, or JOHN SMITH; whether he comes with both his pockets crammed with gold snuff-boxes,—or whether he doesn't bear his own likeness in a sou's-worth of copper.

"My dear Neighbour,—Let you and I continue to love one another, and we may defy all lawyers,—though they should go on abusing us, till their tongues were as black as the tongues of Foll-Parrots. And so I remain, Dearest PARIS,

"Your Affectionate Friend and Neighbour, LONDON."

"P.S. Talking of gold boxes, and knowing how ready some folks are to take things in huff, I sent to my friend, my own LORD MAYOR, begging him not to think of what your lawyer had said of me, and not by any means—for my own LORD MAYOR is so sensitive—not to send back the gold box with the diamond N. I was much relieved when my own LORD MAYOR sent me word to say that—as for sending back such a box, such a thought would be the last thought in this world to enter such a head."

SOME AMERICAN CURS.



E know that America produces opossums and racoons, rattlesnakes also, and other reptiles. It may not perhaps be generally known that there exists also an American

breed of curs—a remarkable species of animal, and principally remarkable for having two legs. Of these diminutive biped creatures of the canine species we have had one lately giving utterance to a yelp and a snarl in a letter to the *Times* on "The United States and Russia." He answers to the name of A "STATES" MAN. This American cur is evidently

one of a pack, and whilst yelping and snarling in common with the rest of it, he whines and howls an apology for their common cry. Here is a specimen of this dog's "pen and-ink":—

"Without stopping to decide whether Americans are more benevolently inclined to Russia than to those who, in spite of negative protestations, are evidently straining every nerve to humiliate her, it is not difficult to comprehend why such a disposition should not be uncommon throughout the States. If I mistake not, there exists a strong and general conviction among disinterested persons that the present frightful struggle between Christian nations in arms is a disgrace to the nineteenth century; that the object of it is as unattainable and unwise as it is indefensible; that no contingent or prospective danger to Europe or to India was sufficiently menacing to justify in the sight of God the slaughter of His chief handwork on earth at the rate of 200,000 souls a year, or in the sight of man the destruction of his hard earnings so as to outstrip the almost miraculous productiveness of the present day; and that when Russia consents, as she has done, to the demands of the Allies concerning the SULTAN'S Greek subjects, the protectorate of the Principality, and the navigation of the Danube, to require her, in the plenitude of her strength and the height of her pride to assist in tying her own hands, is an indignity to which none would submit save a fool, who is more than one half coward. Is it to be wondered at, then, if among other impartial observers, some Americans be found who, seeing Russia humbled as an annexerist by the Allies, call upon these, as another set of self-righteous annexers were once exhorted to 'cast the first stones'?"

Here the whine assumes a nasal twang, into which the American cur can never long give tongue without subsiding. He never fails to snuffle a text and a pious sentiment in the course of his howl. Considering who first uttered the phrase of Scripture which the "States"-man quotes, one cannot but think its adoption by those "some Americans" as rather cool, and very characteristic of the "some"—some Americans being, as aforesaid, curs. Is it not banning Russia as an "annexerist" that provokes the wrath, and evokes the piety of these brethren in annexation of the Russian orthodox?

For the rest, the cur howls that we interfere in American affairs, which he rather vaguely specifies; avoiding the mention of filibusterism in connexion with Cuba. Another American affair he omits to yelp upon: slavery to wit. In not referring to these, he passes over the very points on which "some Americans" particularly sympathise with the Czar. "Some Americans" are each of them a little Czar in himself, a tyrant of slaves; and a scoundrel who wants to "carry out the destiny of his country" by plundering his neighbours. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind to fellow-criminals, wondrous savage, malignant, and malicious against their prosecutors, whose acts are a protest against our own conduct. Add to this the pious sentiment of "some Americans." NICHOLAS had, he said, the Sword in his hand and the Cross in his heart—he had indeed the sword in one hand and the knout in the other. So "some Americans" carry the revolver and the cow-hide; so do they sanctimoniously whine and turn up the whites of their eyes, whilst they scourge the flesh from the bones of miserable blacks.

The other chief reason why, "some Americans" hate us is, because the English Press abuses and ridicules the American nation. "Some Americans" are a very thin-skinned race of curs; with which remark we dismiss the consideration of the animal; rejoicing that "some Americans" are by no means all.

COMB IN.—We blame Fortune for not visiting us, whereas in many cases the fault lies at our own door in doing nothing to invite her in.

THE LAST STAGE OF PUFFING.

An action was brought the other day against a theatrical Manager for having omitted to do a certain Pantomime trick which had been paid for as an advertisement. Somebody's patent something was to have been represented as doing something or other, such as turning a white house into a black one, to prove the virtues of somebody's Indelible Ink; or to convert a black house into a white one, to show the power of somebody's Patent Whitewash. We will not stop to inquire—nor nobody will think it worth while to ask—whether the "author's" permission is required to introduce these acknowledged puffs into his production, or whether he receives any of the profit arising from the interpolation, but as Managers seem to consider this mode of advertising a legitimate mode of increasing their receipts, we give a few hints by which the plan may be adapted to SHAKESPEARE'S plays, or any other stock pieces.

Macbeth's speech to the Physician in the Fifth Act might be thus made the vehicle of a quack advertisement:—

Throw physic to the dogs! I'll none off it.
But let me have my ointment and my pill.
This cures me always of rheumatic pains;
The other frees me from attacks of bile:
Both are procured of PUFFAWAY AND CO.
Seyton send out, &c. &c.

In *Richard the Third* a very legitimate advertisement might be introduced at the point where *Richard* orders his horse. The passage might run as follows:—

Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow:
And let the saddle be my favourite one.
Complete, with all improvements, that I bought
Of PRAT AND CO., the price was moderate.

Another fine opportunity for an introduced puff occurs in the Third Act of *King John*, when *Constance*, in reply to *King Philip's* observation,

"Have I not pawned to you my Majesty?"

proceeds to observe—

"You have beguiled me with a counterfeit."

And might go on to remark—

Oh! Let us all beware of counterfeits.
For I have often been beguiled before,
By purchasing an inefficient wash;
Palmed off upon me as Macassar Oil:
Though I confess I should have been aware
That none are genuine unless they show
The signature—A. ROWLAND—on the bottle!

Clarence's celebrated dream might be also made a vehicle—literally a vehicle—for a puff in the following fashion:—

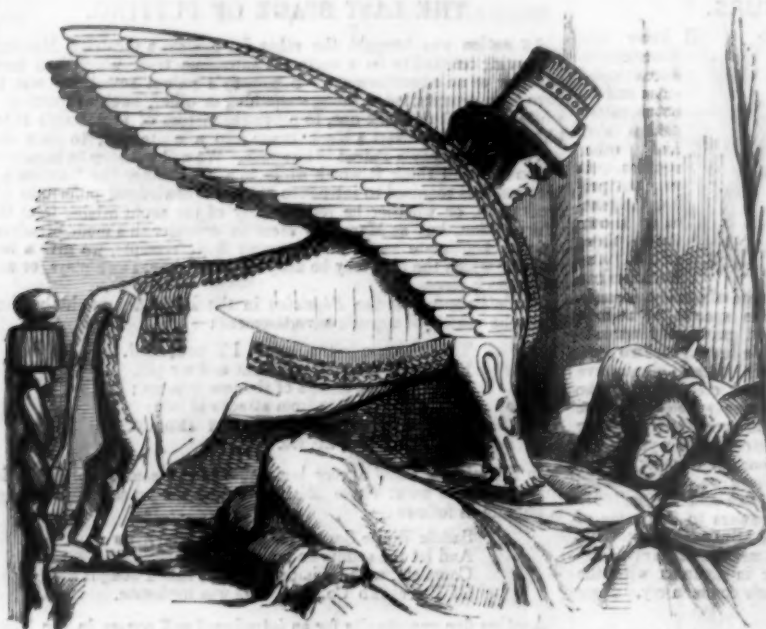
Clarence is come—false, fleeing, perjured *Clarence*!
Not such a *Clarence* as I lately bought!
Complete with lamps and patent axle-trees,
Constructed cleverly to carry four;
But running lightly on its patent springs!
So lightly, that a single horse may draw it,
And yet where stylishness is much desired,
'Tis easy to adapt the vehicle
For double harness—as there is a pole,
Which is attached—the shafts being taken off,
And may be had at LAURIE'S well known mart.
This were a *Clarence* worthy all respect:
Not false, nor perjur'd, though a fleeing *Clarence*!
&c. &c.

The above instances, in which the puff is introduced into the high drama, will be sufficient to afford a hint to those town or country Managers, who, looking on the stage as a legitimate source of making money, are prepared to take advantage of any and every mode of increasing the receipts of a theatre.

Weather or No!

WHY IS LORD RAGLAN more fitted to defend a place that is besieged than to conduct offensive operations? Everybody will or ought to anticipate the answer, which consists in the fact, that he must be well fitted to resist an attempt to take a place by storm, because he is always ready to weather it.

THE RUSSIAN REBELLION.—We have fed the Russian prisoners at Lewes so well, that a few days since they broke into rebellion and showed fight. Now JOHN BULL cannot stand this. It is a little too much when his own beef rises against him.



PALMERSTON'S NIGHTMARE.

SWABBING CRITICS.

"If you have only a plank to swab," CAPTAIN SWOMMER used to say, "swab it as if DAVY JONES was after you." Good advice, which the *Morning Herald* has borne in mind. Noticing a book, of which we will say more when we can hear of anybody who has read it, the *Herald* observes:—

"The Author possesses no common mind or attainments. The dignity and eloquence of a sage speak forth in every page, and the result is a novel that SCOTT or BULWER may have equalled, but never surpassed."

That's the way to swab planks. That's the way to promote an author's reputation and the interests of a book. These are the gems that make the "opinions of the press" so invaluable—these specimens of scholarly recognition and discriminating eulogium. And how intellect advances too. We will be bound that the very "SCOTT" thus carelessly named for the sake of heightening a successor's glory, never deserved—stay, we mean never received such laudation.

We propose that a new order of critical merit be founded, its members to be called the "Swabbers," and the first Knight Companion to be the *Herald* reviewer. No such service is rendered to literature as is paid by the devoted and faithful Swabbers.

THE PROBLEM OF THE TIMES.—The Money Market may sometimes be easy, but does one man in a hundred ever understand it?

HONOUR DEFERRED.

In the House of Lords the other evening—

"LORD VIVIAN begged to ask the Noble Lord the Minister for War how it happened that the honours usually bestowed on our soldiers for good conduct in the field had been so long withheld. The fortunes of war had already carried to their last account many of the gallant men who had helped to gain the victories won in the Crimea, and he hoped therefore that the medals intended to be bestowed upon them would no longer be delayed."

The striking of these medals affords, we think, another striking proof of the way our Ministers now manage matters. Probably by the time they are ready for distributing, there will be no one left alive to receive them. National comparisons are odious, of course; but that it would be well for us to take a leaf from the Russian book occasionally, we think may be inferred from the EARL OF MALMESBURY'S statement, in the debate which followed, that—

"There were, it was well known, at the present moment in London medals taken from dead Russians, which were inscribed with the name of Inkermann."

Fas est ab hoste doceri is a maxim not sufficiently acknowledged yet in Downing Street, and we think in this case it might be fitly studied. As far as money goes, JOHN BULL has always had the character of being a prompt paymaster; but in paying off his debts of honour, he has been too commonly allowed, we think, too long a credit. It was but yesterday that the Peninsula veterans were decorated, and it seems as if the old Peninsula precedent will be followed now in this respect as in every other. If we might propose a design in future for our army medals, we would suggest the figure of "Hope deferred," encircled with the motto "Never see Die."

Patriotism and Perspicuity.

THE letter of "A CONSERVATIVE" to the *Morning Herald* thus commences:—

"Sir, Conservatives are reluctant to incur the charge of faction, even without cause."

They would rather, then, incur the charge of faction without cause than with. How very good and patriotic! But did not the "Conservative" write rather the worse for old port, and should not "even" have been "especially?"

HOW TO COOK YOUR DINNER WITHOUT COALS, GAS, OR FUEL!—Have three Removes, for we all know that "three removes are as good as a Fire."

THE SEA-SERPENT WITHIN HAIL.



or only does the following paragraph occur in the *Morning Post's* American news:—

"The *New York Herald* states that the renowned Sea-Serpent, after an absence of several years, has turned up off the Capes of Delaware. He is reported to be 100 feet in length."

But it also asserts that

"During a storm at Corning, ballistones felt that measured nine inches in circumference, and weighing eight ounces or thereabouts."

It is lucky for the Sea-Serpent that the hail-storm was confined to Corning; for if it had occurred off the Capes of Delaware when he turned up, the eight-ounce hail-stones would certainly have killed him.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S (PUBLIC) HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE.

The *Morning Advertiser* is wrath with the *Times* for inserting letters from a correspondent who signs himself "AN ENGLISHMAN." The great organ of the half-and-half interest declares that the "only real Englishman," confines his contributions to the columns of that journal. "Is it to be inferred that every other writer for every other portion of the newspaper press is a foreigner, and that the *Advertiser* is the only paper supported by 'native talent'?" Looking at the signatures to some of the correspondence of that foaming journal, we should have imagined that in the material of which it is composed there is a good sprinkling of what—instead of being pure British spirit—is evidently some foreign compound.

We cannot suppose that there is only one Englishman who writes in the newspapers, and that all the other contributors to the public press are representatives of some outlandish part of the world, and adherents of what are called separate "nationalities." It is not very politic on the part of the *Advertiser* to claim the ENGLISHMAN as the writer of particular portions only of the journal, for it naturally makes rather doubtful English of all the other articles.

OXENSTERN AT ST. STEPHEN'S.—Behold, my son, by how small a joke the House of Commons is moved to laughter!



HONOUR TO THE BRAVE.

Plunket (rode). "Yesterday, thirty of the Invalids from the Crimea were inspected * * * many of the gallant fellows were dreadfully mutilated at the Alma and Inkermann. * * * After the inspection ten of the Guards were regaled in the Servants' Hall."

Plunket (log). "REGALED IN THE SERVANTS' 'ALL! EH! WELL, I DON'T THINK THEY'VE ANY CALL TO GRUMBLE ABOUT NOT BEIN' 'HONORED SUFFICIENT!'"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

May 14th, Monday. A great House was drawn by the announcement that the celebrated performing Elephant, ELLENBOROUGH, would go through a series of feats, such as spouting water over an enemy, trumpeting his own merits, picking up the largest and the smallest things as if they were of equal weight, and butting at the world in general. The Ladies of the Peerage came down in such numbers that LORD REDESDALE declared that they made the place "look like a Casino." The question occurs to one—how does LORD REDESDALE, Chairman of Committees of the Lords, know how a Casino looks? *Punch* hopes that LORD BROUGHAM, who is fond of seeing Ladies in the House, and once turned out an Ambassador to make room for some, will bear this matter in his mind. On the ELLENBOROUGH affair *Mr. Punch* will not waste many of his golden lines—it was all humbug. The demonstration was intended to do good to the DERBY party, by trying to make the nation believe that the followers of LORD D. are administrative reformers. LORD DERBY disclaimed any partnership with MR. LAYARD, but avowed his opinion that the member for Nineveh represented the feelings of the country. The debate was as lively and personal as possible, several anecdotes were told, the Ladies were much amused, and one of the Ministers implied that it was ridiculous to make a fuss about the 20,000 soldiers that we have lost, when we have reason to believe that Russia had lost 277,000. This is the way the Lords discuss the war.

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON signified that he should give no day for discussing the Vienna business, nor should he raise the subject. He saw no fun in that.

Tuesday. LORD MALMESBURY, as usual, opened his mouth to let out nonsense. He made a complaint about the division on the previous night, when government "proxies" had been used, without notice. MALMESBURY with his habitual accurate information about everything, said it had *always* been customary for notice to be given. To which LORD BESSBOROUGH, who, having been a Précis-writer, (to the very

office by the way in which MALMESBURY muddled matters so miserably) was more precise, told MALMY that on the contrary, the practice had *never* been as he stated. Now here is a man who was a Cabinet Minister, and hopes to be so again, and yet has not observation or memory enough to be right on a matter which has been constantly coming under his notice since 1841, when he left off being JIMMY HARRIS, and, under the sobriquet of MALMESBURY, began to make laws for us.

LORD ALDERMAR, who is a Lord of another sort, and a really able man, then brought forward a resolution affirming the necessity of injuring Russia by really crippling her commerce; instead of pretending to do it, as hitherto, but it is needless to say that Government set itself determinately against anything so rational.

The Commons did not do much, but SIR GEORGE GREY obtained leave to bring in a bill for the inspection of coal mines, in order to provide some protection to the miners against the frightful accidents to which they are at present exposed. The object is laudable, but unless the act calls the owners of mines over their own coals in case of negligence, it will be useless.

Wednesday. SIR WILLIAM CLAY moved the second reading of the bill for Abolishing Church Rates. LORD PALMERSTON thought the subject so difficult that nobody ought to try and deal with it. The House thought differently, and defeated the Government and the other opponents of the bill by 217 to 189.

Thursday. The Lords did not sit, because it was a day of religious observance. It is therefore to be hoped that they went to church.

The Commons had better have gone to church too, or even taken a secular holiday, for all they did was to shelve a measure for meeting a great public want—the appointment of Public Prosecutors—and to squabble over a Parish Constables' bill.

LORD PALMERSTON however made an announcement which had better be noticed. He stated that "informal" communications were still going on with the Continental Powers upon the subject of peace. SHAKSPERE uses informal in the sense of "deranged in mind," and LORD PALMERSTON must believe that JOHN BULL is in that condition, if his Jauntyship supposes that JOHN will stand any peace that is not based upon the humiliation of Russia.

AND JOHN RUSSELL as Colonial Secretary proposed an exceedingly objectionable plan for a New South Wales Constitution, which the New South Welsh are likely to treat with small ceremony.

Friday. In the Lords the War Minister expounded the Government plan for remodelling or remuddling certain military organisations. This attempt at reform has been forced out of the Ministry by sheer fright, and therefore the scheme, like all insincere things, is good for little.

In the Commons the only thing worth notice was another attack upon MR. LAYARD by the small fry of the opposition, backed up by SIR JAMES GRAHAM and SIR JOHN PAKINGTON. GRAHAM's intense love of candour and truth made him very indignant at an alleged mistake of MR. LAYARD's, and the other respected Bart., who, *Mr. Punch* has heard, was for some time qualifying himself for the trade of an apothecary, pounded away as if he were once more equipped with pestle and mortar. There was some hee-hawing, as usual, from the sham soldiers, but MR. LAYARD told them the truth, namely, that all the yelping and howling of the inferior creation would have no other effect upon the country, except to show how much reforms are needed, and how distasteful they are to the folks who thrive and batten upon the present rotten system.

STATE OF THE BIRMINGHAM "IDOL" TRADE.

HAVING learned from the *Record* that a very brisk manufacture of Hindoo idols was carried on by a most respectable and orthodox house at Birmingham, we have, though we confess it, with some difficulty, obtained a list of the articles. The bill we have had duly translated from Hindostanee.

YAMEN (God of Death) . . .	In fine copper; very tasteful.
NIBONDI (King of the Demons) . . .	In great variety. The giant he rides is of the boldest design, and his sabre of the present style.
VARONNIN (God of the Sun) . . .	Very spirited. His crocodile in brass, and whip in silver.
COUREREN (God of Wealth) . . .	This god is of the most exquisite workmanship; having stimulated the best powers of the manufacturers.

SMALLER DEMI-GODS, AND MINOR DEMONS IN EVERY VARIETY

No Credit; and Discount allowed for Ready Money.

GENTLEMEN'S SUMMER FASHIONS FOR 1855.—Great coats will be worn so long, that it will require the assistance of a page, or a JAMES, behind to hold up the skirts.



WHAT HAPPENED TO SMITH AFTER SENDING HIS WET UMBRELLA
TO BE AIRED IN THE KITCHEN.

BISHOP BERKELEY v. DRUMMOND.

MR. PUNCH presents his compliments to LORD PANMURE, and begs to suggest that he should restore to BISHOP BERKELEY, author of *The Minute Philosopher*, his rightful property, unceremoniously handed over by his Lordship to MR. DRUMMOND. We mean the property in the figure of square men in the round holes, and round men in square. Nothing, it was alleged, could go well with us until we had the right men in the right places—

"Or, my Lords, to use the quaint expression of my friend, MR. DRUMMOND, until the square men shall be put into the square holes, and the round men into the round holes." (Laughter.)

MR. DRUMMOND, of course, never reads the *Times*; otherwise he would, doubtless, have immediately written, disavowing all property in the "quaint expression," too liberally given to him. "The world seems to me," says the original author, "to be like a board pierced with square holes and round holes; with the round pegs in the square, and the square in the round." Now let not a Cabinet Minister despoil of his own, even a Bishop. MR. DRUMMOND may be a great wit, but he is not yet up to BISHOP BERKELEY; hardly up to the Bishop's beadle.

DOWN WITH THE LADIES.

WE never heard anything so ungallant as the remarks made by LORD REDESDALE on the presence of Ladies at the debate on the motion of LORD ELLENBOROUGH. The former Nobleman declared that the presence of the fair sex depressed the eloquence of the best speakers among the Peers, who were prevented from reaching the sublime by the counteracting effects of the beautiful. It is strange that a sex so remarkable for garrulity in itself should be the cause of the taciturnity of others. We presume, of course, that all the Ladies present on the occasion alluded to were beautiful, and it would have been more polite of LORD REDESDALE to have complimented them on this head at least, by saying that "the power of speech of the Peerage was taken away, by seeing so many regular stunners in the way of female loveliness."

Not a Magic Minstrel.

HERR WAGNER, Professor of the "Music of the Future," appears, in conducting at the Philharmonic, to have made strange work with the music of all time. He alters MOZART, it appears, if not exactly as a parish clerk once said that he had altered HAYDN for the singing gallery, yet in a manner nearly as audacious, altering "allegro" to "moderato;" "andante" to "adagio;" "allegretto" to "andante;" and "allegro" again to "prestissimo." WAGNER would seem strongly to resemble his namesake in *Faust*, in the particular wherein that Wagner differs from his master—that is, in the circumstance of being no conjuror.

THE QUESTION AS TOUCHING INDIA!

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

THE Indian Question is twofold, ordinary and extraordinary, at least the latter is stated by that talented journal, the *Press*, to be practised, as a means of judicial investigation, in a portion of our Indian possessions, by the officials of the East India Company. One branch of the ordinary Indian Question is the inquiry respectfully addressed to the

HONOURABLE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

BY MESSRS. WRENCH AND GYVES,

SHEFFIELD, CUTLERS,

Manufacturers of Engines and Instruments in Hardware, &c.

Whether that statement of the *Press* can be relied on as authentic? Because, if so, Messrs. W. AND G. confidently invite the attention of the Honourable Board to their new and extensive Stock of

Instruments of Torture,

warranted to defy Competition, and exhibiting a great superiority to the Apparatus in use during the

GOOD OLD TIMES.

In particular, they would recommend an early inspection of their

PATENT EXTRA-EXCRUCIATING THUMB-SCREWS!

on a new and improved principle; warranted to extract the truth, or its equivalent, in five minutes, with a degree of pain infinitely exceeding that produced by the complicated proceeding of binding the fingers and toes with twine, and driving pegs between them, at present resorted to by the Company's servants. W. and G. beg to submit to the notice of the Directors a large assortment of

SELF-ACTING SYNCLASCELES FERRO-CALEFACIENT BOOTS!

in which the Leg is crushed by Machinery, and at the same time subjected to the action of a high degree of Heat: thus possessing important advantages over the old Iron Boot unsuccessfully employed for the subjugation of the Scottish Covenanters. May be had of all sizes. This invention will procure, in a few hours, results, which by the Indian Stocks, with sharp-edged holes and ankle-pegs, are sometimes with difficulty obtained in as many weeks. An ancient invention for the infliction of suffering has been modified by W. and G., and is submitted by them for approval to the Leadenhall Street authorities under the appellation of

THE SCAVENGER'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER!!!

Through the judicious application of the lever, and other mechanical principles, this instrument is capable of being worked by a child; consequently saving the executioner an amount of muscular exertion unduly fatiguing in a warm climate. Whilst bending the body into an orbicular form it also, by means of a spring affixed to its lower end, applies the bastinado to the soles of the feet. The trouble of hauling a prisoner up to a tree by the arms tied behind him, and beating him at the same time with sticks on the shins, may thus be dispensed with, by an operation which is as easy to the official as it is intolerable to the native. POLISHED METAL REFLECTORS, for intensifying the effect of EXPOSURE in a state of nudity to the RAYS of the SUN; also CAYENNE-PEPPER INHALERS, for causing suspected individuals to breathe the fumes of Cayenne-pepper, volatilised by burning charcoal, which will be found much more convenient than the nosebag now employed, have also been manufactured by W. and G. in great numbers; but perhaps their most perfect agonific apparatus will be pronounced to be their

STEAM RACK!!!!

which, by the exquisite suffering which it is adapted to inflict, extorting any confession that can possibly be required, will altogether supersede all the other modes of torture described by the *Press*, as well as those which that journal refrains from mentioning. WHEELS, with Iron Bar, &c., complete. Pincers, Branding Irons, &c. &c.

N.B. WRENCH AND GYVES, Sheffield, Makers to HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF NAPLES.

A Poet's Prayer Granted.

RECOLLECTING, as Mr. Punch sat with his toes on the fender, last Friday week, that this was the merry month of roses, he felt inspired, and began an ode. He had, however, only got as far as "Hail, May!" when didn't it?

"A QUIVER FULL OF DAUGHTERS."

HAPPY is he who—according to LORD GRANVILLE's new version—has a quiver full of daughters; and happier still, if all that are in the quiver meet with the proper bow.

THE PROTOCOL OF PRIVATE LIFE.



THE unfortunate differences which have arisen between various members of the TOMKINS family were taken into consideration at the recent Conference in Finsbury. The original dispute arose in the summer of 1854, about eleven months after the marriage of Mr. THOMAS TOMKINS with Miss MARIA, the beautiful and amiable daughter of Mr. and Mrs. CHOWDERBY, of the City Road. Mr. CHOWDERBY, a year before a coal-agent in apparently affluent circumstances, became, in June, 1854, from circumstances

over which he had no control, unable to meet his financial engagements. Previous recourse, (especially upon an occasion when an infuriated milkman urged his demand with some precipitancy) had been had to the Loan system, and Mr. TOMKINS, who is engaged in the pickle trade, had discounted a series of (dishonoured) bills for his father-in-law. Deeming it necessary to restrict his cash operations, Mr. TOMKINS had lately declined this course, and to his son-in-law refusing him money, Mr. CHOWDERBY, with some plausibility attributes his being without any. Differences arose, which were rather suspended than settled by a visit, which at MARIA TOMKINS's desire her husband requested from Mrs. CHOWDERBY. It is here necessary to mention, that about December last, a baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. TOMKINS. Mrs. CHOWDERBY accepted the invitation, bringing with her two younger brothers of MARIA, and they remained as guests until Easter, at which period the unsolicited superintendence of the elder lady with the management of the infant, the continual disarrangement of the pickle pots by the younger CHOWDERBYS, the incessant demands of the elder CHOWDERBY for money, and a final proposition that the whole CHOWDERBY family should come and live with the TOMKINS's, brought matters to a crisis, which terminated in the expulsion of the CHOWDERBYS, and a total estrangement. Mr. TOMKINS felt no discontent at this; but his wife and various members of the family considering it objectionable, it was agreed that a Conference should be held at Miss TIDDLES's, (a maiden aunt of Mr. TOMKINS), in order to endeavour to arrange matters.

The Conference took place at the above locality on Wednesday afternoon. Everybody attended on his and her own behalf. There were present, therefore, Mr. SILAS CHOWDERBY, Miss TIDDLES, Mrs. S. CHOWDERBY, Mr. T. TOMKINS, MARIA TOMKINS, BABY TOMKINS, (provisionally registered THOMAS AUGUSTUS PICKLES), SARAH CARTER (nurse of the latter), MASTER PETER CHOWDERBY, MASTER JACK CHOWDERBY, Miss LOUISA TOMKINS (Mr. T. T.'s sister), and Mr. FREDERIC BINKLE (keeping company with the latter).

Miss TIDDLES could not understand why relatives could not live in peace and harmony. She hated to see family disturbances, and thought the shortest way was to forget and forgive, and try to bear with one another better for the future. She would express no opinion on any subject, except that THOMAS AUGUSTUS PICKLES was the loveliest little ticksywicksy that ever was, so he was, and a duck of diamonds, and a treasure of the Indian seas, and the gold mines of America, chick, chick, chick, chick.

The initiative was then, at her own desire, conceded to Mrs. CHOWDERBY, who expressed a conviction that things had come to a pretty pass, when a child forgot her duty to the mother that had weaned her, that the meanness of Mr. TOMKINS did not surprise her, for it was well known that he came of a mean stock; but that MARIA should go against her was indeed a blow, which, when she was laid in the silent extramural cemetery, that undutiful girl would remember, in sacking and haahes. To suppose that a woman at her time of life did not understand babies better than a chit was ridiculous, but this was only a pretence for MASTER TOMKINS to get rid of his duty to his wife's parents. They happened not to be so well off in worldly things as he was, perhaps because they had not stooped to the same low means of turning cash—some people, respectable people too, had spoken of half-pennies boiled in pickles to give them a colour, but that was neither here nor there. Mr. TOMKINS ought to be ashamed of himself, and as for his wife—(here Mrs. CHOWDERBY wept).

SARAH CARTER had no right to speak, being only a poor servant, but sooner than see that blessed baby (article produced) physicked with the messes Mrs. CHOWDERBY gave it when its mamma's back was turned, she would break stones on the high ropes.

Mrs. CHOWDERBY insisted on that slut's withdrawal from the Conference; but after some discussion this proposal was overruled.

Mr. TOMKINS had deuced little to say. He had married MARIA, and not the whole family; but he was a good-natured fellow, and so long as her relations behaved with any sort of decency, he had been glad to do his best for them. But there was such a thing as cutting it too f— (here Mrs. TOMKINS gently suggested that her husband should vary his illustration). Well, he meant as riding a willing horse to death. He appealed to MARIA if he had not been a kind husband to her, in spite of her relatives. (Mrs. TOMKINS here threw herself on his bosom, and sobbed).

Mr. CHOWDERBY said that it was keener than a toothache to have a thankless serpent instead of a child.

Mr. TOMKINS was willing to admit that proposition in all its fullness, but did not see the applicability.

Miss LOUISA TOMKINS was sure that her brother would do everything that was right, and suggested that he should give them a day on the water, and a dinner at Richmond, and everybody be friends.

Mr. FREDERIC BINKLE cordially concurred in the last suggestion, and if the word champagne were not deemed inadmissible, he would venture to offer, on his own account, that addition to the proposed festivity. (Miss L. TOMKINS touched his hand, and said "Duck.")

Mr. CHOWDERBY regarded all that as trash. If Mr. TOMKINS would give him the money such a piece of foolery would cost, it would enable him to remove his silver tea-pot from the house of a supposititious relative, where, to the infinite disgrace of the family, it had long been deposited.

MASTERS PETER and JACK CHOWDERBY expressed an opinion that the party would be much more jolly, and bother the old tea-pot; besides papa never took tea, but gin-and-water. (The extrusion of these members of the Conference occupied the next half minute).

Mrs. MARIA TOMKINS cried for some time, and then stated, that except her husband, her blessed baby was the only comfort she had on earth. Her papa and mamma were very unkind, she was sure, and THOMAS had a great deal to complain of. She had tried to make peace, but she hoped she knew her duty as a wife.

BABY TOMKINS (hearing his mamma's voice) signified that she owed a duty as a mother which he called upon her in the most urgent manner to perform without delay. (The proceedings became inaudible until his demand was complied with.)

Mrs. CHOWDERBY hoped that what the unmarried young lady had seen and heard that day, would be a warning to her in case she ever had the misfortune of having children. No girl could have been better brought up than MARIA, and now let them look at her.

Mrs. TOMKINS begged, laughing, that they would do nothing of the kind.

Mr. CHOWDERBY conceived that if they were going to have nothing but nonsense, they had better go. He was a man of business, and would make a business-like proposition. Would TOMKINS pay all his debts, and advance him £100 to buy him a milk-walk, taking the advance out, for he was a man of business, in milk on week days and cream on Sundays?

Mr. TOMKINS, in justice to his adored wife, to that innocent babe, and to—well, never mind that—must decline doing anything of the sort. But a £20 note was heartily at Mr. CHOWDERBY's service, and there it was.

Mr. CHOWDERBY would accept it, but without prejudice to his other claims.

Mrs. CHOWDERBY would forgive her MARIA, if MARIA could forgive herself.

Mrs. TOMKINS signifying that she was decidedly equal to this latter conciliatory effort, there was much mutual embracing, and ten at the expense of Miss TIDDLES.

Short Lecture to Young Ladies.

HAVE a good piano, or none. Be sure to have a dreadful cold when requested "to favour the company." Cry at a wedding. Scream at a spider. Never leave your curl-papers in the drawing-room. Drop your handkerchief when you are going to faint. Mind you are engaged if you don't like your partner. Abjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what there is for dinner. Nuts are bad if you are going to sing. Never see a black coat as long as there is a red one, and always give the preference to the elder brother. Get married at St. George's, if you can—at all events, get married.

A NOTED TRUTH.—If "every man has his price," as some human appraiser has said; so has friendship. And, in many cases, an Enemy is only a Friend returned dishonoured for want of funds to meet him with.



FRIGHTFUL.

Clara. "WELL, ROSE, DEAR, AND HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER THE PARTY?"

Rose. "OH, PRETTY WELL; ONLY I HAVE HAD SUCH A HORRID DREAM! DO YOU KNOW, I DREAMT THAT THAT GREAT STUPID CAPTAIN DRAWLER UPSET A DISH OF TRIFLE OVER MY NEW LACE DRESS WITH THE BLUE SLIP!"

AN OPENING FOR THE ARISTOCRACY.

THE demand for right men in the right places will have the effect of turning some of the wrong men out of the wrong places into which they have found their way, and it is possible that a large supply of aristocracy will be thrown adrift on society. In contemplation probably of a good deal of this material being sent into the market, some speculators are beginning to look for it, as it will in the first instance be obtainable for a very low figure. The following advertisement contains an offer which cannot be called liberal; but, as the advertiser is one of the first in the field, he may succeed in getting what he requires.

WANTED, to keep a set of books by double entry, and conduct the correspondence of a shipping house, where the duties are light, a GENTLEMAN of good family, from 25 to 35 years of age, who would not be entirely dependent on the salary he would receive.—Address, &c. &c., Manchester, with reference and stating salary required.

We should like to see the applications from "men of family," in reply to this advertisement, and we shall be curious to learn what portion of the aristocracy will become candidates for the occupation of keeping a set of books, without being entirely "dependent on the salary." It is certainly better that the allowances made to younger sons should be eked out by a small salary for keeping a tradesman's books, than by quartering the junior branches of the nobility on the public departments. These scions of high families would be much more appropriately occupied in conducting the correspondence of "a shipping house" than in mismanaging the public business in the government offices. We hail the advertisement before us as an eligible opening for the younger sons of the aristocracy, whom we hope to find usefully employed in keeping tradesmen's books, and learning the art of making out, and sending in, a bill, instead of knowing only how to receive—though not always to pay—such a vulgar document.

CURLS OF SMOKE.—False ringlets.

NO RESERVOIR OF TALENT.

THE honoured name of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE appears in the great ELLENBOROUGH debate. The Noble Earl told a story of the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON; how that his Grace would not fire a great gun against so small a bird as PALMERSTON. The benevolent MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, with great dignity, said—"He, too, could tell an anecdote, but would not." He would compress the jest within him; LORD ELLENBOROUGH being, perhaps one of those men who can be trusted with untold jokes. Perhaps it was something about an elephant, or a pig in a Somnauth gate; but whatever it was, history is left not to truly tell, but at least to guess at. The Noble Marquis, however, with reference to the popular cry for right men in right places, said:—

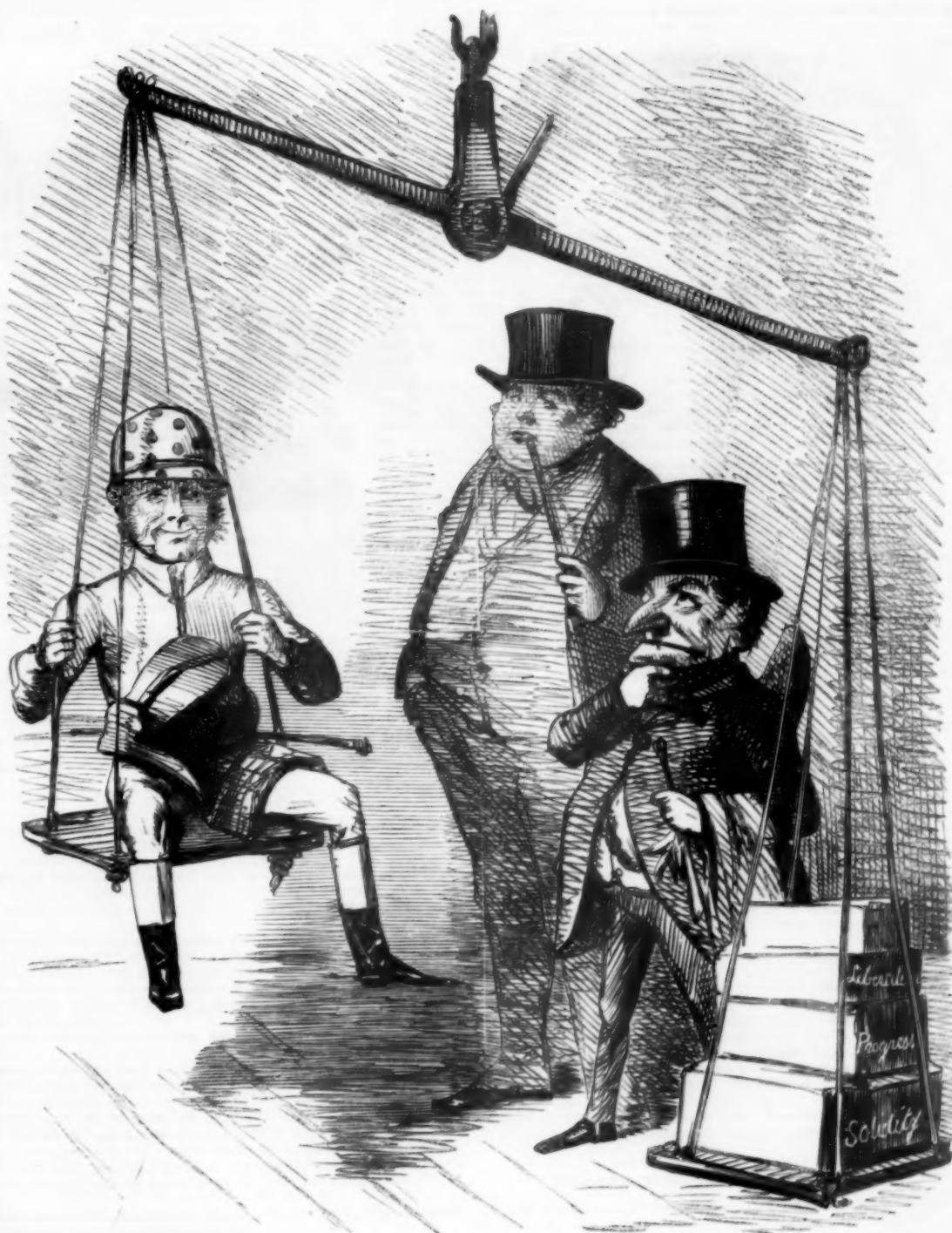
"It is a popular error to suppose that there exists in this country any great reservoir of talent or experience, which may be dipped into at any time, and will always produce exactly what is wanted."

This may be. But if, in very fact, there be no great reservoir of administrative talent, is that any reason—asks *Mr. Punch*—that we should employ nothing but pumps?

A Learned Master of the Rolls.

A POETICAL baker, whose imagination seems to have more flower than he needs for his business, advertises "A LOVING LOAF," the great salient quality of which seems to be that it consists of nothing but "Kissing-Crusts." He recommends it as being "highly digestive," being made of none but the very best "crumbs of comfort," and he declares it to be "the fittest ornament for any Board, household or otherwise, that is in the habit of quarrelling." The advertisement winds up by saying:—"This loaf should be on every married man's table."

IF THE CROSSING SWEEPER, who, on Thursday last, gave a lady a penny for sweeping his crossing with her dress, will call at No. 290 A, Belgrave Square, he will be handsomely rewarded for his gratitude.



WEIGHING FOR "THE FAVOURITE."

John Bull. "POOR OLD PAM!—TOO LIGHT, I'M AFRAID, MR. PUNCH."



THE END OF THE WORLD

A CASE OF CLICQUOT FOR MR. GOUGH.

To MR. J. B. GOUGH, Temperance Orator.



A

BSTEMIOUS SIR,—Let me call your attention to a subject, or I should rather say to a King, on whose example you might exert your eloquence to great advantage. The Berlin Correspondent of the *Times* makes the following suggestive statements respecting the Monarch, of whose dominions that city is the capital, but whose favourite retreat is the more appropriate locality of Potsdam:—

"The King's health continues to improve, but he is still far from entirely restored. All the stories about his having an interview very shortly with the Emperor of Russia (on occasion of the latter coming to Warsaw), and still more with the Emperor of Austria, are entirely destitute of any actual foundation."

... The King's visit to Königsberg, where he is to inspect the flooded districts, and to be present at some municipal solemnities, has been put off till September. His visit to the Rhine to perform the same office in the inundated provinces there, and to be present at the laying of the first stone of the bridge at Cologne, is hardly likely to take place at all, so doubtful is the period of his being well enough to undertake these fatigues. His physicians are most anxious that he should retire for a short time to a private estate he has at Ermansdorf, in the neighbourhood of the Giant Mountains in Silesia."

So this is what the KING OF PRUSSIA has come to—whence it is unnecessary for me to say. Small indeed must be the improvement which has taken place in his health! That fatal habit! Now don't you think, MR. GOUGH, that in your Orations you would find a Monarch, cited as an illustration of its baneful consequences, an effective novelty?—ALEXANDER THE GREAT is the only prince that has hitherto been available for that purpose; but he is a classical personage; and the facts of his having murdered CLITUS, and ultimately killed himself, through

indulgence in you know what, are familiar to Schoolboys and uninteresting to the British Public. But a live King, not likely to remain so much longer if he goes on in the same way, affords a warning which would be attended to by a popular audience. Their minds are familiarized with the picture of the victim of that propensity in connexion with the shop-board or the workman's bench. But they have never had shown them a creature in the same predicament tottering on a throne. Such a figure has often been presented to them in a brown paper cap. But, except in these pages, they have never beheld it with a crown on—to wit upon one side of the head. The portrait would be striking from its freshness—almost as much so as the original. You might hold it up, too, to the higher orders, to convince them that in all ranks the same deplorable results are occasioned by the excessive contemplation of the little finger. Then you might show that the moral and political effects of that practice correspond to the bodily—how it produces a vacillating line of conduct as well as a faltering gait, and a tortuous and feeble policy equally with a tendency to walk zigzag, and stagger first on one side of the way and then on the other—causes a duplicity of mind as well as of vision, and makes an individual shaky not only as a man but as a sovereign.

Nay you might—who knows that it is yet too late?—arrest that course which will otherwise soon terminate in a manner too plainly indicated in this further remark of the *Times* correspondent:—

"It must be some very unforeseen conjuncture indeed that within a considerable period brings the King of Prussia or his Prime Minister again into the circle of European transactions."

By the way, the Minister, you see, is as bad as the KING; like master like man: a Minister, prime always, and generally also, no doubt, pretty well primed. Both, however, may have some intervals of self-consciousness and control. In one of these, poor FREDERICK WILLIAM might read your Oration about himself (which I would send to him), and be thus induced, at the eleventh hour, to abandon his career. That career will at the best be suicidal. Cessation of existence is preferable to loss of faculties, and if he does not quickly destroy his own constitution, he will destroy that (such as it is) of his kingdom: and the slave of that predilection which it is your occupation to deprecate will have reduced his dishonoured and degraded subjects to slavery under the Czar.

PUNCH.

THE NEW WIG CLUB.

A PAID paragraph in the papers informs us that a fashionable hair-dresser at the West-end, has turned part of his establishment into a Club, under the title of the New Wig Club, to which the "titled, the wealthy, and persons of fashion," will have the exclusive privilege of *entrée*. We have not been favoured with a sight of the rules of this Club, but we can imagine them to run somewhat after the following fashion:—

1. The New Wig Club is instituted for the purpose of promoting the privacy of persons who wear wigs or ornamental hair, or who resort to the dyeing process, to conceal their greyness.
2. The New Wig Club shall consist of any number of members, who shall be either grey or bald, and any one with black hair who is not bald will be black-balled.
3. Ladies and gentlemen whose hair is beginning to fall off or turn grey may be admitted as honorary members for one month, after which they must either purchase a wig or a bottle of hair-dye, in order to continue to enjoy the privilege of admission.
4. Each candidate for admission shall be proposed by one member who is bald or grey, and seconded by another; and a lock of the candidate's hair, or, if bald, a curl of his wig, shall be hung up for at least one week before the day of election in the Club-room.
5. No member shall be allowed to vote at an election whose hair has not been dyed, or his wig dressed, within one month from the day of voting.
6. No wash or dye except that supplied by the Club, shall be made up in the Club on any pretence whatever.
7. No member shall bring a stranger into the Club on any pretence whatever.
8. The Club shall be open for the dyeing and hair-dressing of members from ten in the morning until ten at night, except during the London season, when the Club shall be open till midnight.
9. Any defect in a wig or a hair-dye, must be complained of to the Manager of the Club; and if a head is badly dressed, or not done to the turn of a hair, the complaining member may put the curl on the Secretary's box, which must be kept under lock till the complaint is verified.

A FAIR ADVANTAGE.

WE all know how the serious thoughts of Doctor Cantwell were flustered and diverted by the low drees of Charlotte; we know too, how pious Lady Lambert goes shopping, and returns with thick muslin that the Doctor may be no further agitated or disturbed. Must LORD REDESDALE suffer confusion of intellect, and haply, palpitation of the heart from the presence of "a large number of ladies in the House of Lords," at the cost of "a very prejudicial effect to the general appearance of the House." Sr. ANTONY was never more tryingly persecuted:—

"The habit of surrounding a house of debate with that which was, no doubt, most beautiful, but which here was out of place, made their Lordships' House look more like a Casino than any thing else (Oh! and renewed laughter), and was not advantageous to the discussions carried on there."

Out of place! No doubt, the old story with a variation. The right women in the wrong places! It is told of Sr. AUGUSTIN that once to avoid the face of a woman advancing towards him, he jumped into a horse-pond; luckily for the Saint, the horse-pond was at hand; unluckily for LORD REDESDALE on Monday, there was no such retreat open for him. We are sorry for it; for the noble lord who can object to the presence of what is "no doubt, most beautiful," certainly deserves all the comfort and consolation that a horse-pond can bestow.

Scientific Definition by a Young Wife.

ECONOMIC BOTANY.—Baying three bad geraniums with the price of FREDERICK's second best vest and trousers, that frock coat, two hats, a pair of Wellingtons (they did want soles), and the horrid rough outside great coat you always hated to see him in.

A WAR OF OFFENCE.

ANTAGONISTS in warfare should have no personal animosity against each other; but the Russians have some cause to be disgusted with our troops, whose conduct towards them, especially when they make sorties, must be admitted to be very repulsive.



A DELICATE CREATURE.

Youthful Swell. "NOW CHARLEY—YOU'RE JUST IN TIME FOR BREAKFAST—HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE!"

Languid Swell (probably in a Government Office). "THANKS! NO! I ASSURE YAH—MY DEAR FELLAH! IF I WAS TO TAKE A CUP OF COFFEE IN THE MORNING, IT WOULD KEEP ME AWAKE ALL DAY!"

LORD ELLENBOROUGH'S BIRDS.

THE EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH, who so gallantly came forward in the House of Lords to help the country out of the frying-pan into the fire, is reported to have entertained their Lordships, in addressing them with that object, with the subjoined facetious anecdote and remark thereon:—

"THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON was called out of the House on the occasion to which I refer, and on his return he said to me, 'That was LORD PALMERSTON who wanted to see me, in order to tell me that if HICKISSON went out he would go too. I made no reply, for it is not for me to fire great guns at small birds.' (Lord Laughter.) Such, at that time, was the opinion of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. Now, I will not pretend to say that the small bird may not in subsequent times have attained to the dimensions, and, perhaps, the character, of the eagle. (Laughter.)"

We hope we do not commit a breach of privilege in suggesting to LORD ELLENBOROUGH that this latter observation was a very dangerous one to make. What if LORD PALMERSTON had retorted in the House of Commons by saying, in allusion to an ornithological illustration ascribed to a Noble Lord in another place, that some small birds, in attaining to their full size, attain to the dimensions, and, perhaps, the character, of the goose?

Really, but that LORD ELLENBOROUGH is undeniably a Nobleman of considerable abilities, the JUDICIOUS BOTTLEHOLDER would have been almost justified in returning such a *Rowland* for the noble Earl's *Oliver* by the following passage in his Lordship's peroration:—

"We are here for the services of our ancestors. Is it for us, then, who sit here by that right, and enjoy dignity and honour by reason of their services and their fitness for public employment—is it for us to turn round and say, 'It is true our ancestors rose by fitness, but our relatives shall enjoy advantages from connexion with us, and from favour.' (Cheers.) No!"

"Yes!"—we should say—admitting, and approving of, the premises. LORD ELLENBOROUGH replies, "No;" but Logic would answer in the affirmative. If Noble Lords are where they are for the services of their ancestors, sit there by that right, and enjoy dignity and honour by

A BRASS RAILING IN BAD TASTE.

[*"The pavilion is erected on a square raised platform or dais; it is open on the side facing the enclosure, having in front a handsomely finished brass railing, over which HER MAJESTY will present the decoration to the gallant recipients as they pass in succession."*—*Times*.]

A BRASS railing between
Our liege lady the QUEEN
And the brave men who bled for her!—what could it mean?

Sure HER MAJESTY's eyes
Must have opened with surprise,
When she saw this arrangement so very unwise.

Whose was this sorry job?
Who proposed, like a mob
From the SOVEREIGN to rail off her soldiers?—a Snob!

Did the creature suppose
They would stamp on her toes,
Upon wooden legs hobbling especially those?

Did he fear they would press,
If permitted access,
To her person so close as to rumple her dress?

Did he think that the brave
Knew not how to behave;
Like an ignorant flunkey and insolent slave?

Why not also, the pack
To keep still farther back,
Have appointed a groom with a dogwhip to crack?

O the honours of war,
For the maim, bruise, and scar,
To our heroes distributed over a bar!

If the taint to prevent
Of the least touch were meant,
Tongs were wanting alone to fulfil the intent.

Which the fellow no doubt
Had suggested, without
He had feared that they might be applied to his snout.

What a brute—what an ass
He must see in the glass,
Whosoever invented that Railing of Brass!

FAMILY TREES.—In many instances, these Family Trees are no better than—Ashes and Hoax.

reason of their ancestors' services and their ancestors' fitness for public employment, and not for their own personal merits, it is quite consistent of them to say that their relatives shall, in like manner, enjoy advantages from connexion with themselves, and from favour. Supposing—what we may suppose without asserting—any Noble Lord to be, as aforesaid, a goose, if honour and dignity are fit sauce for the goose, they are also fit sauce for the gander. Whether the goose is worth the sauce is another matter.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN."

A FEW days ago "We went, we saw, we purchased" a little book with this title, and we expected to get at least sixpenny-worth of information out of it, as it purported to be a corrective of "mistakes of daily occurrence." We must confess, however, that we felt ourselves rather insulted when we found ourselves called upon (in page 44) to "say *January* and not *Jennicery*," and we became still more indignant when we were cautioned against "leaving out the *s* in *February*, or calling it *Febbiverry*." If the author of this little volume were to write a Book of Etiquette, he would no doubt tell the lady of the house to "say *Asparagus* instead of *Sparrow Grass*," and recommend the host to use the word "*oyster* for *higster*," when talking of oyster-sauce. The same refined authority would also suggest the substitution of "*Because why* for *Cos Vy*," and would recommend "*By no means whatever* as preferable to *Novays Votumdever*."

A Contradiction in Terms.

THE *Times* concludes its report of the dinner given at the Mansion House to the Ministers by saying "one or two other toasts of a purely civic character followed." Surely our contemporary has fallen into a contradiction, for it is impossible that any thing can be pure and civic at the same time.

JENKINS, "BAKED TATURS," AND REFORM.



JENKINS has declared himself against administrative reform. And wherefore? Why, the thing is low. Even as JENKINS would think it vulgar to eat periwinkles with a pin—and may revolution never drive him to that hard stress of stomach!—so JENKINS laughs phibsonically, laughs until the powder flies from his head, at the cry raised at the London Tavern. "If the gents could only ha' met at the Clarendon, there would have been 'ope." JENKINS, in the grandeur of his contempt, unites the cry for administrative reform with the cry of "baked tatur's all 'ot." The LINDSAYS would sell their country, just as the GUTTENMUDS, with tin ovens, would sell their kidneys. But hear JENKINS upon "cries":—

"A 'cry' is the resource no less of an overmatched party or a repressed politician, than it is of the Jew boy who has purchased a stock of refuse oranges, or of the vendor of brandy balls four a penny."

In the emotion of his scorn, JENKINS has made a slip. What can the sublime

JENKINS know of refuse oranges? how can he have learned even the plebeian brandy ball? But highest natures are subject to these declensions. "In troth," says PRINCE HAL, "I do now remember the creature small beer." It is upon this principle, and this alone, that brandy balls could ever have entered the head of JENKINS.

However, JENKINS has given notice to the malcontents that, even as the Persian blacksmith raised his leathern apron for a rallying standard—an apron in after-time bejewelled and begilt—so will JENKINS, upon his own cane, raise his own plush. Let cravens fail; but if the aristocracy be attacked—and even though GOG and MAGOG should march through Temple Bar—the heroic JENKINS is determined to smell powder to the last, and die at his *Post*.

A LIVING NOT A LIVELIHOOD.

COMPLAINTS have been lately published of the beggarly stipend allowed to the officiating Minister of Mortlake, who is allowed by Worcester College, Oxford, a paltry forty pounds per annum, on which he is expected to make a decent appearance, support a wife and family if he has any, and keep up the position of a gentleman. Unless his wife can go out as a governess, or do a day's charring now and then in the neighbourhood, it must be hopeless to attempt to make his income suffice for his expenditure. It seems rather hard that the inferior clergy are not allowed to keep a shop or enter into any trade, by which to augment their incomes; and indeed it is probable that many a luckless curate would willingly turn an honest penny by turning a patent mangle, if such a privilege were allowed. The incumbent who gets only forty pounds a year for the cure of souls had better undertake to cure hams or haddocks, as far as the profit of the employment is concerned. We really think the higher authorities in the Church should grant a license to some of the poorer clergy to enter into certain light and genteel businesses, such as the sale of snuff and periodicals, or hardbake and ginger-beer.

We are not aware whether waiting at table is prohibited, and we are disposed to think that some of those clerical looking gentlemen who have sometimes asked us at a dinner-party whether we will take "Oak or Sherry," have been Curates whose orthography and social position have been equally disguised. We feel so much sympathy for the reverend gentlemen who are doing duty in large parishes, at very little salaries, that we should be very glad to give out our washing to any respectable Curate's wife, and entrust our carpets to be beaten by the boys of the family, if they are strong enough for the job. We believe there is already in existence an old clothes club, for the purpose of bestowing worn out wearing apparel on the poorer members of the clerical profession, and if we are informed of the place of meeting of the society we shall be happy to attend with our contribution of discarded linen, including seven socks (sundries) four shirts, a wraprascal, and a wide-awake.

Accidence of Crowned Heads.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH is Masculine, the QUEEN OF ENGLAND is Feminine, and CLICQUOT is Neuter. FRANCIS JOSEPH is held by some to differ from CLICQUOT in being Doubtful, but may with greater correctness be referred to the same gender with it.

ODE TO LORD DUNDONALD.

DUNDONALD, much neglected man,
What is the nature of your plan,
The Russians to destroy;
Whether balloon, or monster shell,
I do not know; I cannot tell
What agent you employ.

But if its sole demerit be
Its mischievous enormity,
As I, indeed, have heard,
For mercy's very sake, I say,
Let us that scruple cast away,
So empty and absurd.

Stand upon points with noble foes,
Perhaps, we might; not such are those
Whom we have now to fight!
No doubtful claim is to be tried;
Wager of battle to decide
On which side lies the right.

We war against a brutal, base,
Feroocious, cruel, wretched race
Of slaves, whose hateful aim
Is to compel us all to bear
Their own vile Tyrant's yoke, and share
Their misery and shame.

O spirit named PANSLAVIC well!
Just such incites the fiends who dwell
In Evil's dark domain,
To strive our souls to chain and bind,
That over prostrate humankind
Their CZAR may also reign.

Our happy peace they needs must mar;
The miscreants dragged us into war;
Our proffered hand they spurn:
And now, how we may quell the pest,
How we may bane the vermin breed,
That is our sole concern.

Life, in destroying them, we save;
And for the gentle and the brave
The fewer tears will gush
Of mothers; fewer wives, bereft,
To mourn their dear ones will be left,
The more of them we crush.

Is it a fact? we should inquire:
Then—poison fumes, or liquid fire—
Whatever be your plan,
No measures with them let us keep,
But simply to perdition sweep
As many as we can.

THE DANCING SCHOOL OF POLITICS.

LORD PALMERSTON has been compared to a "dancing master." We only wish, that in that capacity he would play some tune that would make our Ministers look lively, and at the same time lead the Russian Bear a good dance. For instance, what does he say to a new *Cracovienne*?—or why does he not introduce a few bold steps into the *Polonaise*, such as should set all the Cossacks by the heels, and produce quite a revolution in the *salons* of Europe? Let him do this—getting his friend WESTMORLAND to put a few notes to it, so as to gain the ears of the Austrians—and we will eat our dress boots if, in a very short time, LORD PALMERSTON does not find all England and France jumping in loud response, and echoing the spirit of his new measure.

Two Wonders.

I. WONDERFUL BRAVERY OF FACE.—Last week LORD CLARKE addressed the House of Lords twice!

II. WONDER OF TOLERATION.—The Lords listened!



APPROPRIATE.

First Citizen. "I SAY BILL—I WONDER WHAT HE CALLS HIMSELF!"

Second Ditto. "BLOWED IF I KNOW!—BUT I CALLS HIM A BLOATED HARISTOCRAT."

A NEW CHURCH CONDUCTOR.

THE *Caledonian Mercury* (but then the Scotch are such born wags!) tells a story of an infirm, bed-ridden old lady, who, incapable of going to church, took a house adjoining the building, and, that she might hear the service, "had a gutta percha conductor actually led into her bed." This is certainly "laying on" religion, and at High Church Service. We hear that, improving on this hint, a company is about to be started, to be called the "Belgravian Purple Stocking Redemption," which has for its object the laying on of Puseyism, with every variety of "intoning," from St. Barnabas throughout the adjoining district. A due allowance will be made to families. Sermons in stones are an old, familiar sort of discourse; but homilies through gutta percha must come with a very "melodious twang." Indeed, we do not see why the pipes might not be conducted from Rome itself, into the very bosom of Belgravia. It would be something to have the Pope, like rolls, hot every morning.

A Cardinal Point.

As the Roman Catholics generally are rather clever in matters of evasion, especially in all legal cases where fines are concerned, we wonder they have never thought of disguising their BISHOP OF MANCHESTER under the more familiar and homespun title (providing Mr. CHARLES KEAN has no prior voice in the adoption) of CARDINAL LINSEY WOOLLEY.

POOR RUSSIA!—We believe that the great wealth of Russia is fictitious. We imagine after all that the greater part of its wealth lies only in Tartar hordes.

LORD MOON AND THE MINISTRY.

LORD MAYOR MOON has given his last Ministerial dinner. Nothing could be more delightful than the dishes, except the eloquence of the LORD MAYOR. It was wonderful to mark how Ministers gained confidence as SIR FRANCIS GRAHAM MOON expressed to them—for the country at large—his entire satisfaction with the policy of the present Cabinet. It was whispered that his Lordship had given orders for a medal to be struck commemorative of the double event of his own Mayoralty and the visit of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. However, the artist entrusted with the execution of the work had not completed it. Illness had been charitably suggested and adopted as the cause of the failure; but let the fact be told—the LORD MAYOR had paid the artist in advance. Nevertheless, the medal will be ready in a week or two, and then be duly distributed. Meanwhile, we hope we betray no confidence, when we state that in the handsomest manner, the LORD MAYOR offered to LORD JOHN RUSSELL to confer the honour of knighthood upon him. The Noble Lord had constitutional doubts of the LORD MAYOR's authority for such an act,—but SIR FRANCIS, heroically snapping his fingers, declared for himself, if LORD JOHN were willing, he'd chance it. We know not how the friendly contest was settled; but it is said that, at the breaking up, SIR FRANCIS followed LORD JOHN into the street, and knighted him behind his back upon the carriage step.

THE LORD MAYOR gave the usual toasts with unusual eloquence. He then proceeded to encourage the Cabinet. He would give the health of LORD PALMERSTON. His Lordship had been called a judicious bottle-holder. (*Laughter.*) He knew nothing of this, but this he did know. He knew he hoped that, on that occasion, his noble friend—as he would call him—would prove himself a bottle-emptier. (*Screams of laughter.*) Any way his noble friend might continue to smile at the abuse of a few bad City people. His noble friend was like a balloon (*sensation*); the more he was blown up, the higher he'd go. (*Cheers.*) Abuse was a good thing; like the spice to the loving cup, it gave a flavour to duty. Nothing is so bad as not to be noticed somehow: a man undressed was a man, he might say, unpublished. And, for his noble friend—for he would continue to call him so—he would rather see such a statesman in the pillory, than not see him at all. (*Great cheering.*) And therefore he would conclude by coupling with LORD PALMERSTON's family, a sentiment just now very much in fashion—LORD PALMERSTON, or the right man in the right place. (*Drunk with cheers.*)

VISCOUNT PALMERSTON rose to return thanks.—The kindness of the LORD MAYOR had coupled his name with the pillory (*cries of No, no*). He begged pardon; such had been the compliment paid to the unworthy person addressing them—for as a compliment he viewed it, and was thankful for the allusion. He could only say that it must be a source of great satisfaction to him to know that he had received the approbation of the LORD MAYOR and those around him. There was nothing that could so cheer him through the drudgery of many political duties, as to know that the Mansion-house dinner-hour would come; and that the loving cup—he verily believed he could that night have partaken of that cup with even the hon. Member for Aylesbury (*cheers*)—the loving cup of which the LORD MAYOR was so judicious a holder (*great laughter, in which the LORD MAYOR joined*), the loving cup would circulate. His Lordship had spoken of spices (*hear*). Now, he did not mean to say that his position as Premier was altogether a spicy affair (*cheers*), and yet it was very like it. His characteristic and somewhat natural diffidence would prevent him—it always did—from speaking of himself (*cries of Go on*), nevertheless, he would return to spices. The heart of a statesman was like a nutmeg grated by public opinion. (*Laughter.*) Was not the mace always on the table before him? (*Roars of laughter.*) Were not his beat intentions too often trod upon by a foot of clover—he begged the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY's pardon—by a cloven foot? (*Great applause.*) And thus, from session to session, until at length a stick of cinnamon, in the shape of Black Rod (*roars of laughter*) dismissed the Minister to a little rest. (*Applause.*) He would conclude by proposing the health of the LADY MAYORESS. (*Cheers.*) And when he beheld the presiding influence, when he saw—what he did see—around him, he trusted the LORD MAYOR would permit him to observe with Horace (*"Hear" from HIS LORDSHIP*)—

"Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, imminente Lunâ."

(*Great laughter. HIS LORDSHIP vehemently applauding.*)

A Device of the Enemy.

ACCORDING to intelligence published by the *Augsburg Gazette*,

"At the upper extremity of the Bug, on the frontier of the Russian province of Volhynia, four heavy and as many light cavalry regiments have been concentrated."

This concentration of troops on the Bug is evidently intended to constitute a bugbear, which, however, nobody is going to be frightened at.



THE HAPPIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE.

The Crimean Medal received from the Queen, and pinned to his breast by "the girl he left behind him." May 18th, 1855.

THE ORDER OF THE HOT AIR BATH.

To the LORD CHAMBERLAIN.

WHAT noble lord or lady, being heir,
Or heiress, both of property and brains,
Would barter for St. James's heated air
The vernal breezes of their own domains?

Aristocratic noses are allowed
The finest in this world of ours to be.
Can they prefer a close, though courtly, crowd,
To clover-bloom, and Zephyr breathing free?

The fair VERBENA, beautifully drest,
Some hours was hustled in a crowd like that
At the last Drawing Room, and so compressed,
She passed before her SOVEREIGN nearly flat.

Her dress, of satin, silk, and *moire antique*,
And *taille*, was rumpled, crumpled, rent, and torn.
And she looked quite a figure, so to speak,
Of feathers, wreaths, festoons, and flounces shorn.

Through a long passage, striving, steaming, soaked,
To fight by tedious inches it was hers,
Now by ill-managed rapiers being poked,
Now being scratched by clumsily worn spurs.

She blessed Court trains, of splendid matrons well
Devised excessive ankles to conceal:
Of those "potatoes" which refuse to tell
Dug out of silken hose by rowelled heel.

POLONIUS! thou that, with thy white and long
Stick, dost o'er courtly sacred rites preside,
Canst thou do nought to thin this reeking throng,
Wherein BRITANNIA'S noblest fat is fried?

Go, now to FARADAY; bid him declare
If limewater will be made chalky less,
By the carbonic acid in the air,
Exhaled by Beauty and High-Mightiness.

And in a narrow space if, cheek by jowl,
You pen folks up, the same result there comes
Not equally in hot Calcutta's hole,
St. James's Palace, or St. Giles's slums!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Legislature devoted itself last week to the amusement of the public, and was remarkably successful. It was the Epsom week, and it led up to the Whitsun holidays, and the Senate showed that it could sympathise with the festive feelings of the nation. Nothing serious occurred in either House to mar the general mirth.

May 21, Monday. Even MALMESBURY was almost funny. It seems that a great many trees in the New Forest have been maliciously burned. This has been done, out of revenge, by the resident thieves who used to plunder the forest, until Mr. KENNEDY (whom Mr. GLADSTONE expelled) put a stop to the practice. LORD MALMESBURY suggested a new and curious plan for preventing this incendiarism. It was that the QUEEN'S hounds should hunt the New Forest. Poor stupid MALMY had been spelling over some book on the furniture of Windsor Castle, and found that the QUEEN had some remarkably fine Fire-dogs in the hall, and these the poor man took to be HER MAJESTY'S Hounds, and just what were wanted to put out the fires. A little knowledge (especially such a very little as MALMESBURY'S) is a dangerous thing.

There was great fun in the Commons. On the previous Friday, and also in presence of the Sebastopol Committee, SIR JAMES GRAHAM, better known as PEEL'S Dirty Boy, had been making a desperate effort to damage MR. LAYARD. One CAPTAIN CHRISTIE, who mismanaged at Balaklava, had been called to account for his short-comings, but had died before the investigation, and MR. LAYARD had occasion to remark upon CAPTAIN CHRISTIE'S conduct. The Dirty Boy got up some sham pathos before the Committee, talked of "poor CHRISTIE'S broken heart," and "looked hard at MR. LAYARD," to imply that he was the breaker. And in the House on Friday, the Unclean Boy actually made that charge in the most distinct way; and, amid the applause of the Hee-haw Officers and their friends, asserted that no steps were taken to call poor CHRISTIE to account until MR. LAYARD had brought up the subject. The latter examines dates, and inserts in the *Times* a letter, in which he proves that SIR JAMES GRAHAM had dismissed CHRISTIE, and ordered a court-martial upon him, before MR. LAYARD

had spoken on the subject. As the Hee-haws can't yelp down the *Times*, the Unclean Boy was obliged to reply; so he confessed that he had made a "mis-statement," but appealed to the House whether it was likely that a man who had been thirty-seven years before the public would tell a wilful falsehood. Without troubling SIR JAMES with a reply on this point, Mr. Punch would be glad to know, first, whether the Dirty Boy thinks that a charge of wilfully breaking a man's heart ought to be made without previous enquiry into the facts; and, secondly, whether, had MR. LAYARD (who has been so yelped at for alleged and unproved inaccuracy) made such a false charge in his place in Parliament, the yowling of the Hee-haws would not have been heard up to Pall Mall?

Then the standing and standard joke—the War—was worked up into a little farce, very neatly played. MILNER GIBSON pretended to be about to bring on a peace-motion, but, PALMERSTON gravely assuring him that the Vienna Negotiations were not all exhausted, and some other amusing things having been said, he withdrew it, amid the laughter of the House. The only man who did not seem to like the joke was MALINS. Chancery practice does dull most wits. MR. MALINS'S terming the whole affair "a mock proceeding," was downright rude and uncalled for. If the farce had a fault, it was its length—it played from eight to eleven.

Tuesday. Some of the Commons sat in the morning, and just enough business was done with the Metropolis Management Bill to give them a zest for the sports of the evening, when MR. DISRAELI came out well. He insisted upon LORD PALMERSTON'S telling the House all about the Vienna Negotiations, and threatened, if he refused, to bring in a motion involving a vote of censure upon Government. PAM said he didn't care, he would fight the motion, but he would tell nothing. So they arranged a grand sham-battle for Thursday.

The prospect of this delighted the House so much, that, like little boys when some new excitement is promised them, they began dancing about and punching their best friends and one another, all out of ecstacy at the approaching lark. PALMERSTON could not keep them in order a bit. Wise, for fun, brought on a motion that our Diplomatic Establishments ought to be revised, but he had no intention of carrying it, and as soon as PAM had rebuked him, he tried to snatch it away; but the

bounding spirits of the other lads were too much for him—they would not give it up, hustled, hoorayed, and beat the proposer by carrying his motion against his will—and by a majority of 2 to 1, which shows the state they must have been in. However, they grew ashamed of themselves, and tried to make amends to their master, by rejecting BERKELEY's Ballot motion by 215 to 166.

The Ballot was advocated and resisted only on the old hackneyed grounds, with one exception. LORD SEYMOUR, its enemy, objected to it for a reason which is worth notice. He said, that the persons who chiefly demanded the protection of secret voting were the £10 householders, usually tradesmen. Now, argued his lordship, these people deserve no protection; for they are unprincipled creatures. It is these very persons who want to vote in secret, who now, in secret (according to the Radical *Lances*), adulterate bread, water milk, dust pepper, poison beer, paint sweetmeats, copper-stain pickles, chicorate coffee, and generally deteriorate, tamper with, and cheat in selling, almost every article of daily household use. First, therefore, they are dishonest persons who deserve no favour; and, secondly, those who do this kind of thing in secret are not likely to act more honourably with a secret franchise. Mr. PUNCH thinks that this difficulty might be met by every voter, as he came to the hustings, handing in a sample of his goods for examination; and if the legislature would order all such samples to be of sufficient value, Mr. PUNCH is willing to take the (salaried) office of Revising Analyzer to the Metropolitan District.

Wednesday. Parliament met at Epsom. The EARL OF DERRY had given notice of his intention, that a Rider to a favourite hobby of his own should be carried a certain stage; and one of the Judges had been summoned in order to give his opinion on the merits; but, the evening before, LORD DERRY renounced his idea, and it was said that the numbers, if taken, would have been 40 to 1. Some other business was, however, transacted, chiefly matters of course; several bills were passed—to discounters: and some Cockney horsemen took their seats, and soon afterwards the oaths in every form least binding—some of them with their hats off. LORD ANGLESEY, LORD ZETLAND, LORD DERRY, the DUKE OF BEDFORD, LORD EGLINTON, LORD POWLETT, LORD GLASGOW, and other Noblemen, took part in the proceedings; and the Episcopal Bench was represented by the BISHOP OF BOND-STREET. A question of form arose, about 2 o'clock, from somebody wishing to stand upon a form without paying; but the previous question having been moved, how much he would stand, and satisfactorily answered, the subject dropped, as, later, did the whole row of people on the form. Some persons standing on a table, yet falsely stating that "they were off," were ordered not to lie upon the table.

A very impertinent person, who, having read in the debates that LORD PALMERSTON had said that it was impossible to afford a day for the discussion of National Education, had the audacity to hint that our senators might have given up their horse-race, and devoted the day to the welfare of the children of the country. But Mr. PUNCH is happy to say that he was immediately given into custody.

Thursday. In the Lords, it was explained that MR. PHINN, a clever barrister, had been appointed Second Secretary to the Admiralty, in order that there might be an educated man there to correct the insulting and ungrammatical letters which, according to LORD ELLENBOROUGH, that department is in the habit of writing to naval officers. The Newspaper Stamp Bill was read a second time, LORD MONTEAGLE making some dreary observations against it, which rather expedited its progress with the bored Lords.

The great fun of the week began in the Commons, and lasted two nights. Mr. PUNCH will compress his report into a considerably smaller number of lines than the number of the columns his contemporaries have devoted to the farce. The Tories, knowing that the people are disgusted with the Vienna humbug, wish to avail themselves of that feeling, in order to damage the Government. MR. DISRAELI, as almost the only man of real brains on the Opposition side, was therefore employed to bring on a motion, involving a vote of censure. The Commons were in a dilemma. They knew the popular feeling, and knew that the Negotiations were humbug. But they knew something more, namely, that a vote in which the truth should be conveyed, would result in a change of Ministry, and a Dissolution of Parliament. So they had to find all sorts of reasons for resisting the motion. This ingenious exercise occupied them Thursday and Friday night. At two o'clock, on the latter night, Mr. PUNCH, compassionating their condition, rose, and amid loud cheering, moved the following amendment to all the resolutions that had been proposed:—

"THAT as a Dissolution of Parliament would, in the present temper of the British Public, indubitably send from one-third to one-half of us to the right-about, it is most inexpedient and unconstitutional to run any such risk."

This proposition, which cut the Gordian knot, was received with tremendous cheering, and a division was carried by 319 to 219, majority against a Dissolution, 100.

It is hardly worth while recording that in the Lords on Friday night, LORD GREY brought forward his proposal, that we should eat humble pie to Russia. He was snubbed so frightfully, and had to withdraw his motion so humiliatingly, that he shall be let off more easily than he deserves by the merciful Mr. PUNCH.

OUR WAR MINISTER ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



FTER the distribution of the medals the other day by the QUEEN in the Park, HER MAJESTY, it is well known, caused a good dinner to be given to the men in the Riding-school at Buckingham Palace. By this happy arrangement the gallant fellows obtained not only the honour that was their due, but the solid beef and pudding with which praise is not always accompanied.

It is not generally known that LORD PANMURE was—what he is seldom known to be—"very active on the occasion." The activity of the Noble Lord was not, however, exhibited to the public gaze; for the scene of his energetic operations was "in the Riding-school," and the time of his activity was "half-an-hour before the dinner." The War Minister was in fact most anxious to see that everything was prepared; and he no doubt reviewed the whole of the plates, inspected the knives and forks, formed the bits of bread into squares, mustered all the salts, and reconnoitred all the mustard. It was, on the whole, a regular field-day for the Minister of War; who saw the mugs for the stout drawn up in double columns, and gave directions to the carver-in-chief with the temporary rank of General of Division. One of his commands was no doubt that the potatoes should take close order, and should all appear in their jackets. On the whole, the day was a very successful one: and we think it only fair to LORD PANMURE to let the world know the important part he took in the very interesting operations. It will henceforth be impossible for the most persevering calumniators of LORD PANMURE to say that he has "never been on active service;" for those who saw how active he was with the dinner service on the memorable occasion to which we refer, will be able to vindicate his lordship against the attacks of his enemies.

A RUSSIAN COUNT "DISCOUNTED."

COUNT THOMAS, said to be nephew to the Russian RUDIGER, was tried before MR. SERJEANT ADAMS for an excessive admiration of the fine arts. The Count had obtained a picture of the value of sixty guineas, with intent to defraud. The Count had been in trouble before, and was therefore sentenced to penal servitude for four years. In the course of the case, one of the counsel said—"Well, we all know what these Counts are." Whereupon MR. SERJEANT ADAMS, without waiting to consider a minute; not even half a minute, rejoined—"Oh, yes; discounts." So it is:—

"For gentle ADAMS ever loves a joke."

We understand, however, that—on the representation of LORD PALMERSTON—the learned Serjeant has received a first warning against the jocular vein from the Home Office.

With respect to the Russian Count, it is said, that his Muscovite origin has touched the sympathies of a very distinguished statesman. Now, if the Count were left in his prison, even as the Austrian and Prussian negotiations for peace are left—with the door open, it would only be another compliment to the Czar.

Return of Spring in the Frame.

GRIST and TAMBURINI at the Opera once more! Our chest expands, our waist contracts, we feel four stone lighter, our hair has turned quite brown again, and so have our whiskers; the crows' feet at the corners of our eyes have disappeared: we seem as if we could hand over a railing, and stoop with ease. We feel at least fifteen years younger, and we must immediately get our tailor to remodel our costume, and must adopt a smaller and a thinner kind of boots.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR IN GERMANY.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that the officers of German forces were mostly in the pay of Russia. It is not a very ennobling employment for a man to feed a bear, but perfect dignity to the condition when the bear feeds the man.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S SALE.



By Command.—THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN has the honour to announce that he will this day **SELL BY AUCTION**, at his Rooms, St. James's Palace, at 4 P.M. precisely, a large and valuable Collection of **DROPPED and TORN OFF ARTICLES**, principally of **LADIES' COSTUME**, left behind in the **PASSAGE** and the "**PER**" at the last **DRAWING ROOM**, in consequence of the **CROWD** and the **SCUFFLE**, and unclaimed by the Owners. His LORDSHIP invites the attention of the female aspirants to **FASHION** among the **MIDDLING CLASSES** to a splendid **LOT of PLUMES of OSTRICH FEATHERS**, highly superb, though in a slightly crumpled state, from which, as is well known, they can be restored to their pristine **SPLENDOR** by the agency of the **STEAM** issuing from the **SPROUT** of a **COMMON KETTLE**. A few **SELECT SPECIMENS of JEWELRY**, consisting of **DIAMOND BROOCHES, BRACELETS, &c.**, will also be submitted to **PUBLIC COMPETITION**; and the **L. C.** feels himself warranted in expressing the opinion that the majority of these articles have been pro-

bably lost by **DISTINGUISHED and ILLUSTRIOUS UNKNOWN FOREIGNERS**; whose ignorance of the **CUSTOMS of the BRITISH COURT** has extinguished in their minds the idea of recovering the **VALUABLES** in question. The Catalogue will comprise a **MISCELLANEOUS but SUPERB LOT of CHAPELAIN, WREATHS, ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACE, TRIMMINGS, and FRENCH CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS**; numerous **WHITE KID GLOVES of Superior Make**, and a variety of the most elegant **WHITE SATIN SHOES**, at an immensely low figure in consequence of being **ODD PAIRS**. Any **LADY** moving in an exclusively **CIVIC Circle** will find this an eligible opportunity of putting her foot into what may, with a high degree of probability, be conjectured to have been the **SLIPPER of a DUCHESS**.

N.B. A **Tortoise-Shell SNUFF BOX**, and two **Paper Maché** ditto, for which no claimants have turned up; one **VINAIGRETTE**, and three blue **SILVER-MOUNTED BOTTLES of PRESTON SALTS**. **TO BE SOLD** without **RESERVE**. May be **VIEWED**, and **CATALOGUES** obtained at the Office of the **LORD CHAMBERLAIN**.

MADRIGAL OF ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM.

Stubbs, 1855.

No more will we be ruled by men
Whose sole qualification
Is not ability and ken;
But lies in rank and station:
None shall this land
Henceforth command,
No men will we submit to,
But those who business understand;
Practical men of ditto.
Hey! ditto, ditto,
Sing hey! ditto, ditto,
To none we'll give the upper hand,
But men of ditto, ditto.

Let men of ditto toil, no, no,
Alone at ledgers heavy;
In peace who how to govern know,
And war as well to levy.
Though pen appear,
Behind the ear,
We'll choose the man that's fit to,
The country's bark of business steer;
The clever man of ditto.
Hey! ditto, ditto,
Sing hey! ditto, ditto,
The men whose heads are strong and clear:
The men of ditto, ditto.

Gross Assault in the House of Commons.

MR. DISRAELI, on Thursday night, looking MR. LAYARD "steadily in the face," said—

"So far as the Hon. Gentleman is concerned—I have known him from childhood, and have always had the greatest confidence in his abilities and character."

Next morning, enquirers at the Hon. Gentleman's house were informed that "MR. LAYARD was as well as could be expected."

POLITICAL ILLUMINATIONS.

(From our Special Penny-a-liner.)

AMONG the illuminations on the evening of HER MAJESTY's birthday, there were several of so singularly marked and political a character that we are surprised to find the papers have omitted to notice them. We have, however, vainly searched the pages of our various daily, nightly, and weekly contemporaries for what, in Derby-day language, would be called a "c'rect list;" and we are compelled, therefore, by our duty as correctors of the press to devote some valuable inches to supply its omissions. For the correctness of the following descriptions we have the authority of our own penny-a-liner to vouch for—

The house of MR. FREDERICK PERL presented a somewhat singular appearance, the entire front being covered with party-coloured lamps, which on close inspection proved to be tied together with red tape. The devices were, as usual, somewhat stale, and it was noticed that the whole seemed on the point of going out.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL exhibited a dissolving view: War fading into Peace; the latter appearing in a most uncertain light, and in fact seeming a mere shadow. At the bottom of this was shown, in somewhat doubtful colours, the figure of an old whig, which looked we thought as though it wanted trimming.

At the residence of the Prussian Ambassador was exhibited a transparency: Prussia, in a neutral tint, going hand in hand with Austria, in green and gold; a bag of the latter being held up in the background by a figure which was thought to represent a Russian agent. The whole being a transparency, was of course very easily to be seen through.

The Member for Nineveh displayed, in vivid colours, the figure of Truth being gagged and blindfolded by a party of officials, others of whom were discovered in the background playing battledore and shuttlecock: the latter being labelled with the word "*Responsibility*." On the other side was parodied the well-known scene from *William Tell*, MR. JOHN BULL being represented as that personage, in an attitude of flat refusal to bow down to a peer's coronet, stuck upon a stick.

LORD PALMERSTON exhibited, in his upper story, the head of an ancient jester, which was thought by some to represent the head of the

Government. Underneath was an allegory: the vessel of the State having struck upon the rock "*Routine*," is in danger of foundering, while a figure of JOE MILLER, gorgeously arrayed in the embroidered coat of office, appears enveloped in a blaze of triumph, and points with a complacent smile to the scroll "*On recent conjours a sea Premier's amours*."

Several members of the Peace Society showed a solitary star, the Star of Hope; but we observed that in most cases its light was very faint, and indeed in some it was completely blown out.

An exception to the general illumination must be noticed in the mansion of the EARL OF ABERDEEN, which exhibited an aspect of funereal darkness. It was, however, understood that the noble Earl was still in mourning for his friend, the late NICHOLAS, of Russia.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that MR. PUNCH, at his official residence, 85, Fleet Street, displayed his accustomed splendid illumination, consisting simply of the sheets of his last number, which were as usual scattered in the window, and by their surpassing brilliancy quite dazzled the mind's eyes of all beholders.

Aberdeen's Thistle.

WE are told by the historian of the late Drawing-room that "the EARL OF ABERDEEN wore, among other orders, the 'Thistle,' which his Lordship retains by special command of HER MAJESTY." Perhaps no statesman more richly deserved the Thistle, seeing how many thistles his policy has thrust in the pillows of others. What a nosegay may history, *Ophelia*-like, cull for the noble Earl from the grave-grounds of the Crimea! Rue and pansy for thoughts—and such thoughts! Of a verity the EARL OF ABERDEEN has earned a thistle of some sort, though hardly the one called *Carduus benedictus*.

A De-Tractarian.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM is said to have Puseyite leanings. These may account for his behaviour to MR. LAYARD, in attempting to shuffle on that gentleman the odium of having broken the heart of CAPTAIN CHRISTIE. The Puseyites admire the Saints of the monkish ages, who were chiefly remarkable for being shabby and dirty fellows.



VERY PARTICULAR.

First Railway Porter. "WHAT DOES HE SAY, BILL?"

Second Ditto. "WHY HE SAYS HE MUST HAVE A COMPARTMENT TO HIMSELF, BECAUSE HE CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT HIS SMOKE!"

A LENTEN ENTERTAINMENT.

MADAME GRISI has been prevailed upon to have a few more "Last Nights." We have nothing to say against this arrangement, as the public will be only the gainer by it, but it is scarcely fair that GRISI herself should be the loser. And yet there is the fact boldly stated in the advertisements, and where is the man of such little faith as to doubt an advertisement? By those oracles of truth we are informed that, under such and such circumstances, that are by far too pathetic to relate, MADAME GRISI,—

"With her accustomed kindness, has consented to lend the Directors her invaluable services."

There, you see, that GRISI does not give her services, but merely "lends" them. It is the first instance of a similar loan we ever met with, especially in an Italian Opera Singer, because Opera Singers have been rather distinguished in this country for getting as much as they could for their "invaluable services." How different to the mercenary feeling as displayed by one WAGNER, who laid down the bold axiom that "England was to be valued only for its money." The loan, too, is to be continued for ten nights! You never hear of a Prime Minister, or a Field Marshal, or an Archbishop of Canterbury, "lending" his services; no, the liberality is reserved for a Prima Donna, who delays taking possession of her villa purposely to ennoble the gift. However, we hope the Directors will never be mean enough to accept the "invaluable services" of MADAME GRISI upon the terms stated in the above advertisement; or, at all events, that they will be induced by a like spirit of liberality to lend her, in return for the services lent on the ten nights during this GRISI Lenten Entertainment, a small sum of several thousand pounds, in addition to the brougham, and the table, and the bouquets and diamond bracelets, that are usually "lent" to Prima Donnas on similar occasions. It would be too bad if GRISI, after stopping in this country on purpose, was a loser by her kindness; and we should not be astonished to hear of her having purchased another Villa with the proceeds of her liberality. It is but fair that a favour so handsomely "lent" should meet with a return as handsome as itself.

TO THE DIRTY BOY.—(FROM HIS NURSE).

O, JIM, you should bridle your tongue,
Or into grief it will get you—
You should have corrected, when young,
The vice that always beset you.
Every time when you rise,
My old heart in a tremor is,
Proverbs I hate and despise,
But—GRAHAMs should have good memories.

Awful complaints you lodge,
Shaking your head imposingly;
Coming the sorrowful dodge—
Carneying, blarneying, glozingly.
Even your north country burr,
(Much like the late Mr. EMERY's),
Helps your palaver and purr,—
But GRAHAMs should have good memories.

How could you go for to charge
LAYARD with slaying poor CHRISTIE?
Invention may wander at large,
But yours is so blessedly misty.
Always beware of a fact
Recorded in HANSARD's *Ephemeris*,
Character's easily blacked,
But—GRAHAMs should have good memories.

Now, MASTER JIM, it appears,
Of your words you've had to make luncheon,
The public has met you with jeers,
And *Puck* with a whack from his truncheon;
Try, and in future avoid
Rousing the national phlegm, or his,—
Never mind how you're amused—
GRAHAMs should have good memories.



JAMIE GR—H—M, THE UNPLEASANT BOY, WHO
MADE A DIRT-PIE AND ATE IT.

THE CRYSTAL FLOWER AND WATER FROLIC.



BEFORE our
humber is
published,
Saint Ste-
phen's will
have left off
spouting for a
season (alas too
brief!), and St.
Sydenham's will
be about to begin.
The English Ver-
sailles opens out
its Great Waters
on Saturday next,
and then to see
whether the PAX-
TONIAN Crystal

is as brilliant, in solution, as in solidity. It seems too that the pardonable superstition of our British floriculturists has induced them to bring all their choicest productions together for that day, to receive lustration from the newly unsealed fountains. Such a show of Water and Flowers will fitly inaugurate the fine weather, which seems actually come at last. Perhaps Sunshine and Sydenham were waiting for each other, in the way CHATHAM and STRAHAN waited in the verse, which (in the original) no Member of Parliament has ever yet been able to quote accurately:—

"The English Summer, as we see,
Was waiting for Sir JOSEPH F.,
Sir JOSEPH (always punctual comer)
Was waiting for the English Summer."

However, we are rejoiced to have all the pleasant things at once, fountains, flowers and fine weather; and Saturday next may be regarded as the real opening of the People's Palace. Great times for the pilgrims to the Hill of Glass. When their gaze is sufficiently filled with the cerulean hues within the building, they can stray, in all becoming reverence, to the basins without; and so, as SIR WALTER SCOTT singeth of ladies' eyes (expressly for this occasion):

"He that's satiated with the blue,
May bow before the Jet."

Sebastopol in Surrey.

At the Zoological Gardens—unsuccessfully stormed, and therefore not taken by the teetotalers—there is a capital view of Sebastopol, to be nightly assaulted until further notice. An early performance will be given under the patronage of the EARL OF ABERDEEN, who has been pleased to express his entire satisfaction with all the details of the siege; inasmuch as, though a considerable quantity of gunpowder is expended in the attack, no soldier is permitted to fire a single bullet.

King Clicquot's Glee:

On his recovery from his late "Indisposition."

"The King, I am told, is quite himself again."—*Berlin Correspondent.*

Hiccup, hiccup, dock!
Champagne I prefer to hook.
So bumpers fill,
And let's get ill:
Hiccup, hiccup, dock!

LUNACY AND LONGEVITY.

Lunatics live proverbially to a good old age, and one of the proverbs, upon which the fact is founded, is, we suppose, the old household truism that "Cracked vessels last the longest."

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE (1855).—Lamb, and plenty of mint sauce.

ANGLO-FRANCO MOTTO FOR AN ALLIED MERMAID.—*Comb il faut.*

A PROPOSAL TO THE PEACE SOCIETY.



HE war, Gentlemen, I believe, has already cost us £80,000,000. *Per contra*, the Russians have lost 247,000 men. Now, 247,000 men, in £80,000,000, is £323 17s. 8½d., and the fraction of a farthing, per man. Never mind the fraction. Suppose, therefore, that we have killed all those Russians—we have been killing them at the rate of £323 17s. 8½d. a-piece. This is awful work—I mean, extravagance. In the other point of view, it is no more—and no less—awful, than the execution of so many assassins might be reasonably considered. Two hundred and forty-seven thousand tools of a sanguinary barbarian have been smashed in being used by him with a view to subjugate Europe and Asia—that is all; and I can only say, that as the smashing of them has mulcted us in the sum of eighty millions, my sole regret is, that we have not smashed more. To rid ourselves of one Kalmuck or Cosack savage, £323 17s. 8½d.—all that money for the life of a single truculent slave; when a tenth of it would have made so many peaceable English workmen, with their wives and families, happy! Why it is like destroying rats, or fleas, or bugs, by a process which would relieve you of 247,000 only of the vermin, leave you infested with myriads of them still, and stand you for the 247,000 at 6d. a-head.

But, in fact, we did not kill all those Russians. GENERALS JANUARY and FEBRUARY, who are armed neutrals—differently from CLICQUOT and FRANCIS-JOSEPH—and who pitched impartially into the combatants on either side, probably destroyed more than we; and I admit, that Heaven, which rules the elements, does appear, by their effect upon armies, rather to discourage war in a general way—but, observe, only in a general way, and by general laws. Moreover, it discourages war by destruction—just mark that point. Well; but then if GENERALS JANUARY and FEBRUARY, with their BRIGADIERS FROST and SNOW, killed the majority of those 247,000 Russians, it is obvious that to kill each of the minority must have cost us a sum considerably exceeding £323 17s. 8½d.

With how small a result have we flung away eighty millions—uselessly fired and blazed away a large part of it! Think of that!—you may well say. I do. It seems as if we must have been firing golden shot—cannon-balls as well as Minié—and flinging shells of platinum charged with fulminating silver. This brings me to the proposal to which I wish to call your attention.

Like, you, Gentlemen, I detest war; and also, like you, I should wish to prevent it by arbitration. But arbitration was tried with Russia; and Russia would not abide by the arbitrators' decision. We—France and England—have been obliged to try and enforce the award. This is war, and must always happen in a like case—except when all the arbitrators consent to eat dirt, like Austria and Prussia. Some of you would advise nations to accept the alternative, in a spirit of faith and reliance that the probable consequence of doing so will be averted. But this is simply calculating on a miracle: have we a right to do that? and are not inoffensive old women, in spite of their non-resistance, pretty frequently murdered by housebreakers? Sacrifice no human life, if possible; but sacrifice human life to any amount to prevent the sacrifice of a larger amount of it. This is what you do with your money—with anything else that you hold precious, if you are wise. Now, therefore, I ask you whether, if, six months ago—and I by no means know that the thing is not possible—the night ascent of a balloon could have been effected at Sebastopol, and by that means a huge bale of gun-cotton, or a hoghead of chloride of nitrogen, have been dropped into the place, and it and its whole garrison blown thereby to atoms, the state of things at this present time would not have been better, not only for us, but for our Russian enemies themselves?

Accordingly, I beseech you, do the next best thing to preventing war by negotiation; endeavour, that is, aid in endeavouring, to put a stop to it by force. There is a plan proposed by LORD DUNDONALD for terminating the war by some operation which would, if effectual, be as destructive as an earthquake. It is "under consideration," and has been so for some time. Evidently, therefore, it is not mere moonshine. If adopted, and successful, it would save an indefinite, by a comparatively moderate, expenditure of human life, and—pray observe—a ditto of money. Then do, my dear friends, depute MR. BRIGHT to make every inquiry, and use all the influence that he possesses in the House of Commons, in order to prevent the plan of LORD DUNDONALD from being thrown over for any other reason than its demonstrable insufficiency for its purpose—that of annihilating the Russian strongholds and their occupants at a blow. That would be the best way, just now, of promoting the good cause, to which as anxious a well-wisher as yourself, is your humble servant,

PUNCH.

DARING BRAVERY OF AN ALDERMAN.



a contribution to the Paris Exhibition.

UNJOINED is an interesting paragraph extracted from a weekly contemporary:—

"We are told that the most conspicuous figure at the opening of the Parisian Exposition was one of our London Aldermen, who appeared in his scarlet robe of office. The French could not make out who or what he was."

It was mentioned the other day in the *Times* that our Allies in the Crimea have an idea that the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON is to come there in person, as the British equivalent to the EMPEROR LOUIS NAPOLEON. The figure of the Alderman, as he appeared at the Palace of Industry, could hardly have been regarded by the French as the type of an Order whose Chief would be likely to attempt so perilous an enterprise; and yet our worshipful dignitary must have had immense courage to have afforded, in his own person and scarlet gown, so very remarkable

UNIVERSAL MAINE LAW.

If a movement which has been for some time past in progress shall continue much longer, we shall, what with Sunday-bills, and such-like enactments for the curtailment of personal liberty, have arrived at the pleasant and enviable consummation of having put one another generally under restraint. We are to reform ourselves by a mutual agreement to submit to be disabled from being vicious. As an evidence of this point of not very masculine perfection to which we are tending, take the following paragraph from the *Times*:—

"MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Last night a public meeting respectfully attended was held in St. Martin's Hall, convened by the United Kingdom Association for the total Suppression of the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors throughout the United Kingdom in aid of their movement. ALDERMAN SIR R. CANNON occupied the chair. The Rev. J. HANBURY, the Rev. JAMES BURNS, D.D., and other gentlemen having addressed the meeting, a resolution in furtherance of the objects of the meeting was adopted, and also a petition to both Houses of Parliament praying for the enactment of a law absolutely prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in this country."

Well, but if it be a right principle that we should have ourselves divested of the means of doing wrong, that method of getting prevented from the commission of excess ought not merely to be applied to the desire of drink. Gluttony is equally a vice with drunkenness, and if men do not commit ferocious assaults, and other crimes of excitement, in states of simple repletion, they are probably guilty of more deliberate evils, under depraved conditions of bodily health, producing mental distaste, and consisting in biliousness and superabundance of blood contracted through cramming and stuffing. If, then, we prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors, why not also put a stop to the supply of stimulating foods; of all dishes and esculents of a provocative quality causing increase of appetite to grow with what it feeds on—to literalise what *Hamlet* says? Why not put ducks and green peas, especially with sage and onions, into an *index expurgatorius* of forbidden articles of diet; together with fried ham, bloaters, poached eggs, stewed and devilled kidneys, Welsh rabbit, and all and sundry *entrées*, fricassees, kickshaws, *hors d'œuvres*, and works of culinary supererogation? Why not enact, among other regulations for Civic reform, that Spartan black-broth shall henceforth be substituted for turtle soup by the LORD MAYOR? Why not declare that all the jam and jelly already eaten in this realm shall be *jam satis*—no additional quantity to be consumed under a certain penalty, to be in that case made and provided; that there shall be no more cakes as well as no more ale, that ginger shall not be hot in the mouth, except medicinally; that custards also shall cease to be compounded, and that, for the more wholesome nurture and education of youth, there shall be an end to lollipops, and Everton toffee and elecampae?

Besides, it is absurd to prohibit intoxicating liquors alone. There are other intoxicating things. Honours, titles, will intoxicate. Do away, therefore, likewise with coronets, peerages, Orders of the Bath and Garter, and gold-laced hats. A new and elegant bonnet, shawl, corset, frock, slip, and so forth, will intoxicate the wearer—and the beholder too, sometimes. It was not in the intoxication of liquor that George Barnwell slew his uncle. Forbid the sale of intoxicating drink, and you should no longer permit the sale of rich brocaded, black glacé, and lavender silks; Irish, Brussels, Guipure, and Spanish point

laces, whether in flowers, berthes, caps, or collars; *recherché* sleeves, parasol-covers, *fleurs*, plumes, *rubans*, *perles*, *fantaisies*, *bijouteries*, and gimeracks, the new and extensive stock of MESSRS. TRIMMINS AND CO. All these are intoxicating and infatuating superfluities of apparel; let us have a sumptuary, if we are to have a Maine Law; no more Opera Beauties, Flowers of the Season, and Belles of the Ball; indeed not any Ball, nor Opera, nor Elegance, nor Fashion whatever, if we are to behold the public-house abolished, and the occupation of BARCLAY AND PERKINS gone.

LADIES' DRESSES.

THE ladies' dresses are ballooning out to such an enormous size, that we are informed that the following colloquy took place in the gardens of the Tuilleries, where it is the custom to charge a sou for every chair that is used.

Chairwoman. Madame has made a mistake—she has paid me only one sou.

Lady. Yes, my good woman—I have occupied only one chair.

Chairwoman. That is true—but there were two other chairs—one on each side of Madame, for the accommodation of Madame's dress, and that makes three sous.

Lady. Three sous! But it's scandalous!

Chairwoman. Far from that, I can assure Madame that a lady only yesterday paid five sous for the use of five chairs—and her dress I am sure was by no means so fashionable as Madame's.

[The three sous are paid contentedly, and Madame rises, displaying as she retires, the utmost breadth of her dress, which may be described, without any exaggeration, as being quite as BROAD as it is long.]



THE GAYEST MAN IN TOWN.—YOU MEET HIM AT ALL THE EVENING PARTIES.

PHINN-IS CORONAT OPUS.

MR. PHINN, a very promising member of the Liberal party, has just been appointed Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty. His absence from Parliament will be a disappointment, for which his appointment will hardly compensate. He may be wanted at the Admiralty, but he can be ill spared from the House of Commons. As fish steer by the Fin, it is to be hoped those odd fishes who manage our naval affairs—and who are some of them never at sea until they get into office—will consent to be guided by the PHINN that is now sent to them. Though we congratulate ability and liberality on having obtained their reward, we cannot help regretting that, as far as his Parliamentary usefulness is concerned, PHINN has been brought to a finish.

The Beleaguered City.

THE Allied Armies have been so long before Sebastopol, that some change or other must surely now soon take place in their position. We hope that the change will not be such that, instead of being simply before Sebastopol, they will have Sebastopol after them.

MEDALS FOR THE MILLION.—THE CLOUD OF BEES.



INSTANTANEOUSLY with the time when bluff JOHN BULL throws up his head, distends his nostrils, and flings his thumb and finger at the pomps and gim-crackeries of the aristocracy—JOHN has, by fits, such an indifference to a Lord—at the very hour of JOHN's democratic philosophy—when he holds even LORD ABERDEEN's blue riband of less worth than his little girl's little doll's ash—JOHN pauses to give ear to a suggestion that says, let the mil-

lions be decorated, let the popular button-hole carry a medal. Rejecting the notion of a Legion of Honour—for why should we borrow from friends? borrowing being the sure decay, the inevitable dry-rot of friendship—let us have an Order of our own. Suppose we say—The Cloud of Bees. The bees, even in the Garden of Eden, were shop-keepers, and would pretty enough represent the counter-industry and counter-sympathies of Englishmen. There is, however, a difficulty; and let us at once manfully wrestle with it. The difficulty is in the selection of the judge and bestower. Who shall determine upon the virtues worthy of the Bee? Who shall bestow it? What particular moral qualities shall the Bee reward? Shall it be claimable by the husband who, within an area of a given space—to be duly determined upon—has, ungrudgingly and with cheerful looks, eaten within a year the greatest number of dinners of cold mutton? Shall the Bee be given to the wife who "never banged the door?" Shall the spouse, who never kept even a night-light sitting up for him, be permissible, at the latter end of a long life, to claim the Bee? What we want to know is—are the household virtues to be rewarded? Are Bees to swarm in the bosoms of families, rewardful of domestic goodness; and if so, who shall bestow them? The Parson of the parish, or simply one of the Churchwardens? The Order of the Legion of Honour numbers exactly 52,709 persons; a pretty fair per centage upon merely thirty millions of people. Indeed, in France, there must be some difficulty in avoiding a decoration; a philosopher must watch for and dodge it, even as we learn our English military philosophers watch and dodge a cannon-ball or bomb-shell. And even then, in France, a man may suddenly lose his head under a Grand Cross.

Our great difficulty is, as a nation, in our great excellence. We are such a virtuous people; our governors are so ready and anxious to reward merit, that every other man and woman would have a Bee about them. Consider, for instance, how GRACE DARLING was all but overwhelmed with honours! How she was summoned to the Court; and how she left it enraptured and enriched by courtly generosity, courtly admiration! Again; look at LIEUTENANT WAGHOEN. He made India and England all but shake hands; and did not the East India Company present him with an elephant of solid gold, with a trunk of emerald? At this hour, is not the Lieutenant's mother—aged, honored woman!—amply and withal most delicately provided for by the British Nabobs of Lendenhallpatam? Have we not another instance of even the profuseness of reward in the right quarters—where the right hands are in the right pockets—in the case of NELSON's daughter? It is true that NELSON's Trafalgar monument is still unfinished; but the living monument of NELSON's flesh and blood is enriched and honoured to the utmost. Our last instance—for we have really not space to give a twentieth of the number—shall be that of CAPTAIN SMITH, the genius of the Screw. BRITANNIA—with her characteristic magnanimity—as she gave that £100,000 to the man of brain, declared that she never did, and never could rule the waves, like CAPTAIN SMITH.

One DOCTOR BIGSBY in some way shares our fear that the Cloud of Bees would be so great that the undecorated only would be the distinguished. When LORD CASTLERAGH attended the Vienna Congress his plain coat was of all diplomatic coats the most remarkable. DOCTOR BIGSBY, however, would have the Bee—should such be the

badge, as we have proposed it—accompanied with a lump of honey. He says—"Privileges merely honorary would be productive of no real advantage to the possessor in humble life, but rather tend to obstruct the welfare of the individual entitled to them." In fact, very probably, be only another cross the more. "We may imagine," writes the philosophic Doctor, "the probable disgust which a London rag-picker would feel, did he receive a mere badge as the symbol of his country's approbation of his individual merit." We confess the disgust of the decorated rag-picker is beyond our imagination—for that rag-picker so distinguished will be found when a Unicorn is discovered to set him astride upon. It is very true that men have picked up Orders from out of the very mud, but then it was the mud of a Court; and that mud must be sweet and pleasant as black-currant jam, or so many folks could scarcely have swallowed so much of it. The Doctor cares not a straw for an Order of Merit if unaccompanied with an Order on the Treasury. The Order of Praise is very well; but the Order of Pudding is infinitely more sustaining.

Without the pudding in some shape, "how soon, indeed," cries the pathetic BIGSBY, "would our pawnbrokers' windows teem with those tokens of national gratitude." And therefore the Doctor proposes that an Order of Merit shall be synonymous with an Order of Mammon! The Doctor bursts into an aspiration!

"May we soon halt the institution of an Order which, while giving publicity to the exertions of deserving men, shall also confer a suitable honorary and pecuniary reward, in recompense of those exertions. Should such an institution be established, I trust that a proper discrimination will be evidenced as to the various kinds and degrees of merit, and that we shall not see the 'glorious few,' in whose privileged breasts are divinely born the loftier elements of a supreme genius—whose mighty destiny is to shed a planetary illumination over the darker recesses of the firmament of human reason—to add new conquests," &c. &c. &c.

The claims of the "vulgar arts" and "mercantile enterprise" the Doctor would have differently rewarded; though we fear he can hardly improve upon the present system, as mercantile enterprise is illustrated by family carriage and family villa.

As genius cannot—like medals—be struck at the Mint, so think we that, as a mere badge and sign, no mark is necessary. Men's own works are their best Orders. Do we need a ROBERT STEPHENSON to carry a Bee at his button-hole to buzz to the world—"For the man who won that iron victory, the Menai Bridge, enquire within!" No; he is, though visibly undecorated, Knight of the Order of VULCAN. And in like manner so be it with all civil men of genius. Let their conquests be their decorations. APOLLO need not be ticketed, that the world should recognise the Godhead.

It is said—declares DOCTOR BIGSBY—that the idea of an Order of Merit was mooted and discussed and then abandoned by the EARL OF ABERDEEN. It sickens us with Orders that ABERDEEN himself should be finally tied up in the Blue Riband. Did ever leg so completely take the shine out of the Garter?

OXFORD AND THE LITERARY FUND.

LAST week the BISHOP OF OXFORD put on a bran new apron to do work for the Literary Fund at the London Tavern. The Institution has been deservedly mauled, therefore was Episcopal Oil the more welcome, as the more necessary. The Bishop feared for literature at the hands of the people. DRYDEN to be sure licked the shoes of any noble patron, going down upon all fours to do the job in his page of dedication: this was very bad, but matters might be worse—writers might go lower still, and bow down to the people.

"The patronage which literature now enjoyed was that of the people, and it was possible to have a depressing tendency, by bringing down the literature to the tastes and capacities of the people instead of strengthening and elevating their tastes to a higher and purer standard. (Hear, hear.)"

We trust that SAMUEL OF OXFORD only preaches to the very rich and the extremely respectable. Should he ever give way to the habit of delivering his sermons to the mere people, we fear that such discourses, instead of flowing with the best and purest oil as they now do, would fall soon have the vulgar flatness of the smallest beer. Imagine the "depressing tendency" of a ragged congregation on the homilies of an Episcopal Christian of £10,000 a year!

A Lift for Maynooth.

SPRINKING of the Maynooth Report, the *John Bull* says—

"The atmosphere of Maynooth appears to have impregnated the very Commissioners themselves with the infection of Loyolistic principles."

Would it not suit the purpose, and accord with the principles, of some of our Popish contemporaries, to quote this passage on Maynooth's behalf—making the second *c* in Loyolistic into a *p*?

"THE MONUMENTAL BUST."—A Yankee says that the Poet, when he alluded to the "Monumental Bust," evidently meant to imply the "Crack of Dome!"



FLATTERING.

Boy (in allusion to BROWN, who thinks he is well got up). "Oh! LOOK HERE, BILLY, THEY'VE GOT A DINNER PARTY AT THIS 'OUSE—AND IF ERE AIN'T THE COVE WHAT'S A' GOING TO WAIT."

THE ANTI-SMOKING SOCIETY.

NOTHING can be done in these days without a Society, and sometimes it happens that nothing can be done with the Society itself when it is formed. We have Associations for every object—good, bad, and indifferent, for a company may be got up complete, with deal table for the Board, and a set of six easy or uneasy chairs for the Directors, at a trifle under or over a pound. The air of Bloomsbury is particularly favourable to Societies, for rents are moderate, rooms are to be had singly, and there is a good margin of door-posts for the display of brass-plates, and a long series of bells. We have just heard of a company which has started up in this rather faded vicinity, under the title of the "British Anti-Tobacco Society," which fumes away vigorously in opposition to smoke. The name of the Society leaves us some reason to doubt whether its antagonism is to Tobacco in general or British Tobacco in particular. The Society seems to be so flourishing that it has published a "Prize Essay by Miss M. A. W., aged seventeen, Showing Why the Young Should Not Smoke." We dare say the fair combatant against Tobacco, who has come forward with the intention of putting the public pipe out, has made an excellent case against smoking, and we have no doubt that to a pretty girl of seventeen the habit of smoking indulged in by the young of the other sex must be objectionable in the extreme. We shall not be so ungallant as to criticise the production of the young lady, whose intentions we feel convinced are extremely honourable, but we cannot help feeling that Tobacco is an article which, by delicate hands, had much better be let alone.

We have as strong an antipathy as the fair essayist can feel against those smoking nuisances who perambulate the streets with their apocryphal Havanna's; but we do not go the length of regarding every smoker as, of necessity, under a cloud. It seems to threaten rather an unequalled interference with the liberty of the subject, when a Society is formed to prevent the smoking of our pipes as well as of our chimneys, and we should not be surprised at an act being passed to compel any one who indulges in an occasional smoke to consume his

THE POST-OFFICE IN A BLAZE.

We lately had our eyes very uncomfortably dazzled by the sight of the Postmen in a glaring red uniform, more fitted for the Fire Brigade than for a peaceful body of men connected with the department of *litteræ humaniores*, as the carriers of letters. We cannot comprehend the taste which has pinned a large pair of scarlet skirts to the coat of the Postman, and caused us to mistake him for a sentinel off his post, by his resemblance to a Foot Guardsman in one of the new regulation wrappers. Considering that there is a Reward payable for the apprehension of a Deserter, we wonder that half the Postmen in London are not taken into custody every night on suspicion of their having deserted from one of the Infantry regiments.

We can see no necessity whatever for the military aspect which is given to these men; and indeed in these war times it is enough to alarm half the old women in London, to have their portals thundered at every hour of the day by men of military aspect. In the days of distinction between the town and country post there might have been some cause for the red coats of the latter, if it were only for the sake of the mild joke that used to be perpetrated, by asking the London Postman—"Well, Two-Penny, how's the General?" We recommend the immediate abolition of this very martial attire, which is likely to cause some delay in the delivery of letters, by elevating the Postman into a very formidable rival to the Policeman, in those little flirtations with our female servants, which have often kept a sentimental Constable grunting hoarse nothings into our House-maid's ear, while some burglarious gentleman has been emptying our neighbour's plate-chest. Now that the Postman is rendered so killing by his military costume, we can scarcely hope that the Cooks who take in the letters all the way down Fleet Street, will allow him to reach 85 with his usual punctuality.

The Post-Office is in every other respect a Model Department, and the new costume has probably not originated from its heads, which are too much occupied with improving our means of communication to be able to bestow much time on the cut and colour of the Postmen's attire. Perhaps the matter is of little importance, though we hear that the new hat weighs very heavily on the heads of the Department, on whose behalf we seriously suggest the removal of an invention which gives both heaviness and headache to a very meritorious class of public officers.

OWL. We hope the experiment will not be tried, for we are sure every pipe would be ready to burst with indignation, and if it would not it could be made of no common clay.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE SALOON, RATCLIFF HIGHWAY.

THE Directors of the Bird of Paradise Saloon feel an inexpressible delight that no words can fully explain, in having it in their power—after more than Herculean labour—to announce that that most graphic artist, MADAME GISELDA ROSHIGOLA will again appear for the very shortest period on the stage of her former glories. The Directors finding that circumstances had arisen to prevent MADAME ROSHIGOLA's departure for her lodgings at Herve Bay—the palpit not yet being out of the parlour and the paper not yet dry in the two pair back—as she contemplated, when she finally retired from the Bird of Paradise boards,—and moreover, that she would most probably, in fact it was quite certain, reside in Camden Town the greater portion of the present year,—naturally, and like Directors, thought to induce her to return to the scene of her former nosegays. MADAME ROSHIGOLA was, however, inflexible; she would never return—never! The Directors continued to supplicate; and did not quit the presence of Madame until threatened with the immediate interference of two policemen. Subsequently, however, a communication was re-opened through the instrumentality of the milk-woman; that worthy person conveying a letter from the Directors—all previous epistles had been returned—to Madame's maid, who delivered it at the proper minute in the proper quarter. Still Madame was invincible. The Directors again obtained admission into Madame's dwelling; when Madame with her acknowledged decision of character, locked herself in her parlour. A negotiation as to terms was then opened through the key-hole but with no result. At length a black bank-check—merely signed—was slipped under the door; and, duly filled up by Madame, who then, with her accustomed kindness—(the cheque having been cashed)—consented to lend the Directors her unsurpassable assistance. MADAME GISELDA ROSHIGOLA will—previous to her second eternal farewell—sing twenty nights at present. (N.B. Bouquets to be had at the saloon.)

Strange Accident to Sir James Graham.

A FEW nights since, SIR JAMES GRAHAM met with a very sad accident. He had been in the Commons, as he affectingly observed, thirty-seven years, and had never before suffered such a casualty. The fact is, SIR JAMES was terribly tost, trodden, and gored by a tremendous bull. But the more extraordinary part of the story is this—the bull was of SIR JAMES'S OWN making.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS.

APPENDIX

TO THE SCHEDULE OF A BANKRUPT FIRM.



8 Mr. Punch has been requested to publish the following correspondence of a certain inquiry in a room in Basinghall Street, it should be explained that the firm of BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON, Linendrapers in the City, had been imitating the mode in which their betters transact the business of the nation, and the result was a dividend of nothing in the pound.

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"MY DEAR MR. BROWN.—I said the other day that I would speak to you upon the subject of the personal arrangements connected with the Shop; I believe, however, I can put the matter more clearly in writing.

"It is perfectly clear to me that ROBINSON is incapable of that active and efficient superintendence of the young men, which is essential to the working of each department. They do not respect him as they would respect a more vigorous character; and his orders, if not actually disobeyed, are very carelessly carried out. They have nicknamed him 'PELHAM,' after the dandy hero of some work of fiction, and also 'LINCOLN GREEN,' from his verdant and naive address. I am obliged to say that, though a most respectable man, our partner is a muff. His own private clerk, KIDNEY SHERRETT, has, in the fairest and handsomest manner, said nearly the same thing.

"I have also told you that I do not think that the bills, made out in the Shop, should be presented to the customers by a mere clerk, and SHERRETT's rank does not entitle him to address the distinguished patrons who visit our Emporium. We are in the midst of a great war, and trade is very bad. It is therefore of the utmost importance that every consideration and delicacy should be shown to those who come to spend money with us. The Heads of the firm must be constantly urging, hastening, and completing the handing down articles, the measuring off lengths, and the making up of parcels, or else the junior partner must be strong enough to control the various departments.

"We have examples of both. Just before QUEEN ANNE died, JOBLIKENS, the head of the great mercery house in St. Paul's Churchyard, served MARLBOROUGH, with his own hand, with eight-penn'orth of red ribbon for a sword knot; while in CHATHAM's time, twenty yards of flannel, for that nobleman's gouty leg, were sent home to him by LOBSCOUSE, a junior partner in the house on Ludgate Hill, within twenty-five minutes of young WILLIAM PITT coming in and ordering it.

"It therefore seems to me that if the considerations here presented lead to the conclusions I would deduce, they point to the necessity of having, as manager of the Shop, a man who, from experience of millinery details, from inherent vigour of mind, and from weight with the young men, can be expected to guide the operations of trade with authority and success.

"There is only one person belonging to the Establishment who combines these advantages.

"My conclusion is that, before opening on Whit Monday MR. STONEYPALM should be intrusted with the control of the Shop. With respect to other arrangements, I can feel no doubt that your influence with ROBINSON and SHERRETT would induce them to acquiesce in such a distribution of offices as you might think most advantageous for the good of the business.

"I remain, my dear BROWN, yours truly,

"Adeliza Lodge, Tuesday."

"J. RUSSELL JONES."

Letter from BROWN to JONES.

"MY DEAR MR. JONES.—The letter which I received from you yesterday, just before dinner, spoiled my appetite, and contained a proposal

so unexpected, and which may have such important consequences, that you will not be surprised if I am unable, at the first moment, to express a decided opinion. But, as any suggestion made by you deserves the best attention, and as you do not call for an immediate answer, I will give the subject the most mature consideration, and will let you know the opinion I may form.

"Ever truly yours,

"Maria-Matilda Villa, Wednesday."

"GABERDINE BROWN."

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"Counting House, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—I did not expect any immediate answer to my letter of yesterday, and I think it quite right that you should have time to reflect. I regret to have spoiled your dinner.

"I wish, however, that before you decide, you should show my letter to MR. ROBINSON. It was my intention, in writing the letter, to avoid throwing any blame upon him; indeed, I think he deserves very great credit for the exertions he has made, but he has not had the authority requisite for so great a sphere, and has not been able to do all that might have been done with larger powers of control.

"I remain, yours very truly,

"J. RUSSELL JONES."

Letter from BROWN to JONES.

"The Villa, Thursday.

"MY DEAR MR. JONES,—I have shown your letter to ROBINSON, and also to KIDNEY SHERRETT. They, of course, wish me to do what is best, but on full consideration I entertain great doubts whether your proposal would be advantageous.

"I think with you that a clerk ought not, as a rule, to address the customers. But looking at the present state of things as temporary, I do not see why a new office should not be created, the holder to be called Shop Supervisor. While this is being arranged, I really do not see why SHERRETT might not continue to hand in the bills, and I should think that he would do so with the acceptance of the customers, with whom, I believe, he is deservedly popular, and likely to find favour.

"Your proposal would render the removal of ROBINSON from his present place unavoidable. This, all the young men would regard as a slur upon him, and I do not think that we ought to hurt his feelings.

"Now, with respect to STONEYPALM, I do not know whether he is aware of the burden you would place upon him, but, if not, I should greatly doubt his inclination to undertake it. STONEYPALM, within a few months, is as old as I am; and, without disparaging his inherent vigour of mind, he possesses no immunity from the effects of age. You will not attribute my making this remark to any invidious recollection of a phrase about 'antiquated imbecility' once attributed to STONEYPALM, but solely to my sense of what is right and proper.

"I do not know that we gain much by a reference to the times of QUEEN ANNE and LORD CHATHAM. QUEEN ANNE is dead, and CHATHAM is chiefly known to us by his Docks, and by Chatham Place. But, after all, instead of referring to these old times, perhaps it is more to the purpose to remember ALDERMAN WAITHEMAN, who managed his shop by means of shopmen and subordinates so well, that an Obelisk is erected to him at the top of Bridge Street. While WAITHEMAN was thus nobly occupied, your friend STONEYPALM, though only a clerk, was making out bills in a house in Westminster.

"Ever, my dear JONES, sincerely yours,

"GABERDINE BROWN."

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"Adeliza Villa, Friday.

"MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—As STONEYPALM's answer is delayed, I will take the opportunity of answering your letter.

"You seem to me to agree in much that I say, and I should not mind meeting you half way, if I knew how. But with reference to ROBINSON's feelings, I really cannot consider them. I had understood that our establishment was carried on upon the principle of doing what was best for the concern, without regard to the self-love, or even the acquired position, of individuals. ROBINSON would, I think, be the last man to wish for an exception to this rule in his favour.

"Your next objection is to STONEYPALM's age, but when I see the vigour of his mind and body, I cannot attach much weight to this argument. He may be as old as you, by the almanack, but I should just like to see you jumping up, and joking, and bawling when needful, as STONEY can do at the shortest notice.

"Setting aside all historical references, which perhaps have not very much to do with the demands of the day and of the Shop, and mine, I think it is clear, either that the Heads of the firm must be themselves the active and moving spirit of the whole machine, or the Shop Superintendent must have delegated authority to control other departments. Neither is the case now. I will give you an instance but too pregnant with warning. On Tuesday se'nnight MRS. SAMUEL ISAACS, of the Minories, sent a note desiring some patterns of rich satins to be

brought to her house, by four o'clock on Friday. I told ROBINSON to see to it. He informed me, in answer, that he had 'wished' to do this, and that he had also, wished, to send her some patterns in *soire antique*. But the young men took his orders listlessly, passed them from one to another, made excuses, and at last the patterns did not get to the Minorities till sunset, when, MRS. ISAACS being of the Hebrew persuasion, her Sabbath had come, and she refused to take them in. Now, why was ROBINSON not able to carry his 'wishes' into effect? Because he could not remove the obstacles put in his way by other departments, and because the Head of the firm (no offence, Mr. B.) did not at once overcome these obstacles, and so we lost a splendid order.

"I could give you many other instances of his inefficiency. There was a cheque dropped in the street by one of the porters. Instead of dashing off in a Hansom to the Bankers and stopping it, ROBINSON writes by post 'requesting that it may not be paid,' and is told, of course, that the lucky finder had cashed it hours before. Our fire Assurance money was overdue for nearly a fortnight, because ROBINSON thought it did not much matter, there were so few fires in summer-time. And for several nights in succession, goods were left upon the counter because the young men paid no heed to 'PALHAN's' request that they might be put away.

"What you want, therefore, I must repeat, is a Manager of vigour and authority. As the welfare of the establishment and the success of our present business are concerned, I have no scruple in saying so.

"I am, my dear Mr. BROWN, yours, very truly,

"J. RUSSELL JONES."

Letter from BROWN to JONES.

"The Villa, Saturday.

"MY DEAR JONES,—In reply to your last, I am glad that you say nothing more about KIDNEY SHERBET. But as to ROBINSON, I apprehend that he has all the power that is necessary.

"The instances you adduce of his want of control are wholly inappli-

cable, and fail to establish the fact. The ISAACS case was awkward; but it is difficult to say how accidents can be helped, and when you allude to the 'Head of a firm,' allow me to say that, before the Head of a firm can remove obstacles, he must be made aware of them. As regards the cheque, I know that you are always for cutting about in cabs, and that you 'like flies,' but he preferred to wait; and, as to the Assurance, the result is the best proof of his foresight. Has the house been burned down?

"I think your letter plainly reduces the question to the issue of a personal preference. I cannot consent to act unfairly to ROBINSON. Neither he and SHERBET, together, can do the work which the exigency of the times demands; nor can STONEPALM do it single-handed. I therefore think that we ought not to annoy a partner by making any change.

"I am, my dear JONES, very truly yours,

"GABRIEL BROWN."

Letter from JONES to BROWN.

"Adelphi Lodge, Tuesday.

"MY DEAR BROWN,—I have not seen STONEPALM, nor heard from him, but I have no hesitation in saying that I adhere to my original opinion that ROBINSON and SHERBET ought to be turned out of the Shop. And this I shall formally propose to the firm, and insist upon its being done.

"I remain, yours truly,

"J. RUSSELL JONES."

[Here the correspondence ends. Mr. JONES, finding that his senior partner was obstinate, took the advice of "some old and valued friends," and neither insisted upon nor even proposed the change which he deemed so essential to the general interest. Things went on in the way he describes, and ultimately there came a crash, BROWN and ROBINSON retired to the country, and JONES bolted to Germany, STONEPALM taking to the business, and several of the old hands.]

PORTRAIT

(IN WATER-COLOURS)



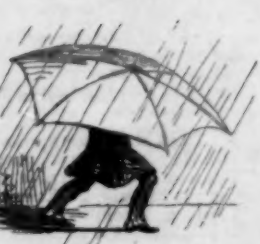
SPRING.



SUMMER.



AUTUMN.



WINTER.

OF 1855:

AS DRAWN FROM THE PAST AND PRESENT MONTHS, AND THOSE TO COME.

Fish with Musical Scales.

In the midst of other interesting matter, in the "Commercial Intelligence," we read that "60 drums of Codfish had arrived from Newfoundland." We were delighted with the discovery that Cods were so musically inclined as to throw themselves, body and bones, into the depths of such a melodious instrument; and further, we were charmed with the happy reflection that it was owing probably to this very Drum that we were indebted for the delightful Sound of the Cod.

AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

THE TRAIN of LADY FIDDLE-FADDLE'S Court Dress started with her Ladyship inside from the station at St. James's Palace, at ten minutes to Three, and reached its destination in less than three hours and forty minutes. This trip has been cited everywhere as a marvel of extraordinary rapidity, and we are informed that it would have been even quicker, if there had not been so many trains starting at the same time. The most conspicuous of these was the well-known "Train of Confusion," arising from the fact of a thousand persons being crammed into a confined space scarcely capable of accommodating a hundred. The result was that this Train kept getting in the way of all the others, upsetting nearly everybody, until at last it completely blocked up the line. At one period, serious fears were entertained that her Ladyship would have to put back, for at one of the sharpest turnings her Train became entangled between two old buffers, supposed to belong to a parliamentary train, who ran against it with all their weight, and nearly tore it to pieces. However, by means of the most strenuous exertions, the buffers were removed, when it being discovered that her Ladyship's carriage was not much the worse for the violence of the shock, her Train was again put in motion, and proceeded along the remainder of the narrow passage with comparative ease and safety, accomplishing the journey in the above incredible space of time. We are happy to state that LADY FIDDLE-FADDLE reached home full five minutes before dinner was ready, and alighted from her Train amid the congratulations of her friends. From inquiries since made at her Ladyship's mansion, we learn that about half-a-dozen yards of satin and as many of gold fringe will cover the extent of the damage.

KING CLICQUOT'S ADVICE TO FRANCIS JOSEPH.

AIR—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."

DRINK with me, Austria, if you are wise,

For war's less sweet than wine;

And when a king is in his cups

No treaties he need sign;

Then drink with me, Austria, if you are wise,

And drown the war in wine.

THE GREY GOOSE.

AFTER the speech which a noble Lord delivered the other day on behalf of Russia, people will describe a ninny as a man who can't say "Bo!" to EARL GREY.

REFLECTION OF A GENTLEMAN IN THE "PEN" AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.—I wish I were in the place of my own footman, outside my carriage, with a bunch of flowers under my nose.

THE GO-AHEAD SAINTS.



we are told, has polygamy. As yet, this novel faith is in its infancy, although some of its disciples appear to be in their dotage. So young is it, that it has not hitherto received a name.

We have proposed one for its adherents. "The Go-ahead Saints," like the Saints just mentioned, resemble the Mahometans; not however in what they allow, but in what they deny. Going ahead of all churches (except the Turkish) they have formed themselves into a "United Kingdom Alliance," not merely for the propagation, but absolutely for the imposition of their doctrine. They hold that the sale of alcoholic liquors is unlawful morally, and ought therefore to be prohibited by statute law. This tenet they found of course on a prior axiom, which condemns the use of such liquors. The common religion of the Bishops and Clergy, Roman Catholic and Protestant, and of the Nonconformists also, only condemns their abuse. These Preterchristians—as we may also designate them—denounce as evil the sale of that fluid, which, at a certain nuptial festival, was supplied by a Donor, all of whose gifts are considered by mere Christians to be good.

At the Exeter Hall Meeting of these religionists the object of their "Alliance" was stated by SIR W. C. TREVELYAN, who occupied the chair, to be the "total and immediate legislative suppression of the traffic in all intoxicating beverages," that is of all drinks that will cause drunkenness, if taken in excess. They want, therefore, to enforce their system of Preterchristianity by penalties, that is by persecution; and here again our friends the Preterchristians resemble our friends the Papists.

The Preterchristians, or Go-Ahead Saints, must not be confounded with the Teetotallers. They themselves deny the identity of those people with themselves. We find SIR R. W. CARDEN stating that

"The Alliance revered the Teetotallers, and he believed them to be a good and a great ally to the cause; but the Alliance and Teetotallers were two separate bodies."

Yes. There is a very important difference between them. The Teetotaller Proper, the Teetotaller Pure and Simple—is a person who, not being able to partake of the cordial glass in moderation, does the next best thing by abstaining from it. Such a teetotaller did SAMUEL JOHNSON become, and who does not "reverence the teetotallers" that are such as SAMUEL JOHNSON? SIR R. W. CARDEN's co-religionists appear not so much to be practitioners of abstinence themselves as individuals who desire to enforce its practice on others. The EARL OF HARRINGTON stated that their object is only to prevent the sale of alcoholic liquors. They are quite right in repudiating the name of Teetotallers; to describe themselves accurately they should assume that of Teetotallers. They appear to affect less the self-denial of indulgence than the denial of indulgence to their neighbours.

We cannot part with SIR W. CARDEN without quoting a specimen of his logic, which is aldermanic in the extreme:—

"MR. FORSTER appeared before them as an interested individual, and when that gentleman talked of interference with the liberty of the subject, he (SIR W. CARDEN) would ask, did the Legislature interfere with the liberty of the subject when they passed an act for the suppression of betting-houses?"

As if gambling in any degree were not wrong, and drinking beer in moderation were not right. The MR. FORSTER alluded to was a publican; he and the rest of his trade had better look out, or the Preterchristian Teetotallers will, some of these fine evenings, get a Maine Law Liquor Bill, for depriving the poor man of his beer, slipped through Parliament just as the Sabbatarian Act was last Session. The serious merry-men—the grave jokers—of the present House of Commons, are just the gentlemen to pass any bill imposing a restraint on personal liberty—for fun.

A Natural Delusion.

It is said that a noble Earl has ordered the removal of every mirror from his town and country mansions. He has declared to his physician that he cannot glance in a looking-glass without beholding the ugliest of Russians. His case has excited great sympathy in the peace circle. MESSRS. BRIGHT, CORDELL, GIBSON, and GLADSTONE—especially GLADSTONE—leave their cards daily.

THE LOSS OF KERTCH.

TO GLADSTONE.

THE Russians a reverse have had,
And lost some territory,
GLADSTONE, thou canst no more be glad:
For glad, I'll call thee sorry.

So now, according to the Church
By PUSEY as expounded,
Do penance for the loss of Kertch,
And Muscovites confounded.

We drove them to destroy their corn,
And made them burn their shipping;
Therefore thy pate forthwith get shorn,
And give thyself a whipping.

One hundred of their merchantmen
We have consumed with fire;
In shirt of hair and sackcloth, then,
Thy person straight attire.

Five of their vessels full of grain
We've had the luck to capture,
Wherefore from flesh thou shouldst abstain,
Whilst we are filled with rapture.

More than a hundred cannon, too,
We've taken; then what hinder's
That we sing cock-a-doodle-doo
And thou lament in cinders?

One only cause I comprehend
That thee can keep from fasting,
'Tis that thou hast become a Friend,
Tractarian habits casting.

Soon, I expect, thy gift of gab,
Confused, but rather clever,
That thou wilt exercise in drab,
Against all war whatever.

ATTACHMENT TO PLACE IN ANIMALS.

SPEAKING of the Government buildings in Downing Street, the *Times* quotes a Report from the Board of Works in the terms ensuing:—

"That the walls having been cut through to form communications, are weakened; and that there are considerable 'settlements,' the effect of which has only been counteracted by the use of iron ties, suspension rods and shoring. They further state that the principal apartments of the Foreign Office are unsafe, and have to be supported by shores whenever used for large parties; that a subsidence has taken place in the foundation of that part of the building where the Cabinet Councils are held, and other circumstances equally ominous with regard to the residence of the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY and CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER."

Considering how many members of recent Cabinets have changed their opinions in the course of their lives, we wonder that we have not seen more rats running away from the falling houses in Downing Street.

A Genuine Diplomatist.

WE can no longer give credit to our American brethren for attaching no importance to names, for they have selected as one of their ambassadors an individual who has been clearly chosen because his name represents the exact idea of diplomacy. America can never echo the inquiry "What's in a name?" without being liable to be reminded that she sent to Spain as a diplomatist no other than GENERAL DODGE.

THE GASTRICKS OF POTSDAM.

LORD PALMERSTON may be justly denominated the Judicious Bottle-holder, but the title of the Injudicious Bottle-holder is equally applicable to the KING OF PRUSSIA's butler.



BEFORE PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.



AFTER PAYING HER RESPECTS AT ST. JAMES'S.

GLUT OF SUBURBAN NEWSPAPERS.

HITHERTO the suburban press has been limited to a few fitful efforts to give Lambeth a Gazette and Kensington a weekly newspaper, whose leading articles have occasionally consisted of a desperate attempt to give an impetus to local commerce by puffing the cheap wares of some resident tradesman. Now that newspapers are to be published without a stamp, every little outskirt is rushing headlong into newspaper notoriety. We shall no doubt have the *Chelsea Times* gushing over with antiquarian reminiscences of the Chelsea Bun, and the *Islington Herald* attempting to get up an interest in St. Chad's Well, and turn Gray's Inn Lane into a fashionable Watering Place.

The *Baywater Advertiser* will probably spring into existence with its foreign correspondent at Shepherd's Bush; its musical critic for the Concerts at the Red Lion; its own reporter at Notting Hill; and all the other appendages of a regular newspaper.

Already has Clapham plunged into the literary stream, and gone head over heels into a not very profound affair, called the *Clapham Mercury*. The preliminary number of this new journal has reached our hands, and we find it is not so selfish as to serve the interests of Clapham alone, but it is also to be the organ of "Wandsworth, Battersea, Streatham, Tooting, and Putney." By the way, we would ask what has our poor little pet, Mitcham, been about to have deserved this pointed exclusion of her name from the great South Suburban Commonwealth. Why should Wandsworth and her flats, Battersea and her bulrushes, Streatham and her dusty ravines, Tooting and her sharp turnings, or Putney and her eel pies be dignified by a representative in the public press, while Mitcham and her monotony are left without an organ?

The *Clapham Mercury* promises much by its prospectus, and takes for its motto "Knowledge is Power!" though it is difficult to say what "knowledge" can be picked up exclusively at Clapham, or what "power" can be brought to bear on one of the parent beadedoms that ever flourished. The *Clapham Mercury* is pledged, by its prospectus, to a large variety of purposes, for it will "promote progress," by which is signified, no doubt, the quickening of the "buses on the Clapham Road, and will "cultivate the chivalrous sentiments of olden times," by getting up probably an order of the Knights of Balham Hill, to call forth all the dormant chivalry of Clapham. Another pur-

pose of the *Mercury* is to encourage "the manly sport of hunting (within bounds)," though the sport will lose much of its interest if it is to be confined within such "bounds" as the limits of Clapham would render requisite. Hunting within bounds is something like fishing within water-butts; or racing within box-bordered gravel walks and flower beds.

We do not wish to be severe upon our infantine contemporary, the *Clapham Mercury*, which is at present scarcely out of the egg-shell, and is the merest chicken of the press; but we shall be happy to hail the strange bird when it comes out into full feather.

THE CRUSH ROOMS AT ST. JAMES'S.

ANOTHER Drawing-room is about to take place at St. James's Palace, and another scene of crowding and crushing into the presence of Royalty will of course have to be enacted. We really wonder that the peers and peeresses manage to appear decently before the QUEEN; for if it happens to be a collar day, the collars must be fearfully rumpled, and many a lady must find herself decked in more ribbons than she bargained for by having her dress torn into the article in question. It is matter for some surprise that the affair does not assume all the incidents of a theatrical squeeze, and that cat-calls, whistles, and other signals, are not introduced by the parties to enable them to keep up a communication with each other in the QUEEN's corridors, as they do on the Victoria staircase in the New Cut.

It could not excite much surprise if an aristocratic family, whose members might be separated in the crush at a Drawing-room, were to adopt the method of crying out to each other by their Christian names; and if shouts of "Holloa! SARAH!" or among the male branches, the more familiar shouts of "Ho! BILL!" or "Come on, JACK!" were to be heard in the Royal ante-chambers.

We feel satisfied that after the notice that has been called to this subject, some arrangements will be made for removing the Drawing-rooms to the more spacious apartments of Buckingham Palace "over the way."

A PRUSSIAN SAMPLER.—THE KING OF PRUSSIA is learning Berlin wool work. At present, he has got no further than dropping "four points."



DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

June 8, 1855.]

[Punch, No. 780.]

ORDERS.

At the first reception given by PRINCE NAPOLEON at the Palace Royal, we learn the gratifying fact that among the company "DOCTOR VERON and the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK were the most remarked, in consequence of the profusion of Orders which encumbered their breasts." Surely not encumbered. Encumbered is a vile phrase. Gentle reporter, henceforth say illustrated—enlightened—emblazoned—illuminated: anything but encumbered. Surely there is the want of another Order, the greatest of all, namely, the Order really suggested by MOMUS: the Order of the Pane of Glass. MOMUS, the profound and philosophic, the very depths of his laughter being unfathomable, proposed that every man should wear a window in his breast that his neighbour might see what was passing in his heart! Could this be done, there is no doubt that many of the glazed would very soon, if they might, put up the shutters. But with distinguished statesmen and illustrious warriors like the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK the Crystal Order, the Order of the Pane of Glass would be of especial use, for by its means the exterior world might contemplate and rejoice in the knowledge of the beauty and goodness of the inward workings of the man,—workings that had made his glazed bosom rich and sparkling as jeweller's window.

To leave the Orders of the Palace for the Orders of the Playhouse. CHARLES LAMB has written one of his pleasantest, and most sententious essays on the sound uses of the order theatrical. He has played with the subject gently, gracefully as a kitten plays with a ball of thread. But the days of playhouse orders are passed! The "cheap defence" of bad pieces and bad actors no longer exists; and however bald (or FITZBALD) the play, however dull (that is KEAN) the actor,—the baldness and the dullness have but little paper support *within* the playhouse. No; they depend upon their own demerits for their measure of success, and obtain the measure accordingly. We have now a Prima Donna—price sixpence! and wherefore? "To give a musical treat to suit all classes of society and to prevent the soliciting of orders." There is something a little too hard in this, but the point is—the prevention complete, certain. A real Italian Drury-lane Prima Donna, price sixpence! Shade of CATALANI! Were we ourselves *prime donne* we verily believe that, like skylarks, we would rather sing—singing in that blue gallery of the heavens!—for nothing. Price sixpence! We shudder at the prospect; for, who knows, we may have (and dear at the money) a Cardinal Wolsey at *Only a Halfpenny*!

There can be no doubt of it, there was great corruption in the old, old system of orders; but then, like the old corruption of boroughs—as now emphatically insisted upon—it was not without redeeming goodness. By means of rotten boroughs—did not the elephantine ELLENBOROUGH only a few nights since, declare the fact?—the services of able members were insured to the country: men, with neither means nor feelings to contest big, bellowing, hungry constituencies. In like manner, the playhouse order very often insured the attendance of the judicious friend, with no means or no intention to pay his ready money at the door. A touching illustration of the truth of this arises to our memory.

It is well known—for which reason, it may be, MR. DISRAELI has not condescended to speak to it—that the Caucasian mind, in its large comprehensiveness, is singularly open to an Order—we mean, a playhouse order. The wealthiest of Hebrews, with emeralds big almost as cricket-balls upon their active fingers, have not disdained the small amenity that bears in printed characters—"Admit Two.—Pit." But we will begin, in received form, our little narrative.

—It is now five-and-twenty years ago, since an individual of Caucasian aspect was seen, anxiously eyeing the comers-in and goes-out of that temple of the drama,—Drury-Lane Theatre. The Caucasian—for why should we deal in mystery—sought an order. He had often sought it in the same place, and often been happily rewarded. And now he accosts many, and is rebuked and refused by not a few. At length his features lighten up, like brass-plate of door in the sudden sun; for he beholds a brother of the Circassian race, ISAAC SOLOMONS, *basso*—of growing honour in the dramatic temple aforesaid. "SOLOMONS," cried our hero, "SOLOMONS, my boy, give us a horder." SOLOMONS sternly and steadily refused! "Give us a horder, SOLOMONS:" and still SOLOMONS was inexorable. "Vot! you vont give us a horder! You vont?" SOLOMONS, though followed and pressed by his brother Caucasian, would not vouchsafe the order. "Very vell, then! You vont give a horder! Werry vell, then, I'll pay my monish, SOLOMONS: I'll pay my monish: and, SOLOMONS, my boy—if you hears hanybody hiss, you may know who it *his*, SOLOMONS." And the Caucasian went his way; and a legend tells us—when evening came, and SOLOMONS, the *basso*, had sung his first song—that Caucasian was as good and as bad as his word.

University Education.

A STUDENT at Trinity College, Dublin, upon being asked at the last examination what were the Symbols of War, replied unhesitatingly: "Them tin things that the black man used to play with the big drum."

A NIGHTINGALE IN THE CAMP.

THE men before Sebastopol! a more heroic host
There never stood, in hardship and in peril, at their post.
The foremost of those warriors 'twere a famous thing to be!
And there the first among them goes, if thou hast eyes to see.

'Tis not the good LORD RAGLAN, nor yet the great OMAR,
No, nor the fierce PELISSIER, though thunderbolts of war.
Behold the soldier who in worth excels above the rest;
That English maiden yonder is our bravest and our best.

Brave men, so called, are plentiful: the most of men are brave.
So, truly, are the most of dogs, who reck not of a grave:
Their valour's not self-sacrifice, but simple want of heed;
But courage, in a woman's heart, is bravery indeed.

And there is Mercy's Amazon, within whose little breast
Burns the great spirit that has dared the fever and the pest.
And she has grappled with grim Death, that maid so bold and meek:
There is the mark of battle fresh upon her pallid cheek.

That gallant gentle lady the Camp would fain review;
Throughout the Chief escorts her with such honour as is due.
How many a prayer attends on her, how many a blessing greets!
How many a glad and grateful eye among that host she meets!

Now goes she to look forth upon the Enemy's stronghold.
O damsel, when its story shall in after times be told,
When not a stone of that thieves' den shall rest upon a stone,
No name shall with its memory live longer than thine own.

Among the world's great women thou hast made thy glorious mark;
Men will hereafter mention make of thee with JOAN OF ARC:
And fathers, who relate the MAID OF SARAGOSSA's tale,
Will tell their little children, too, of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

We find in the *Examiner* a paragraph which we think deserves the widest possible publicity, and we therefore willingly accord it a place in *Punch*:

"It only wants to be known to be responded to that the mother of LIEUTENANT WAGHORN (now in her 84th year) is at present in extreme poverty, the little competency she had having been advanced to her son, and lost in his great national undertaking, the Overland Route to India. A subscription has been opened at the Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, on her behalf."

Had LIEUTENANT WAGHORN been connected with the public service, and thereby lived a life of little service to the public, his mother might with reason have applied for Government assistance. But as her son was merely a national benefactor, she can of course adduce no precedent for a pension.

It is not charity, however, but simply justice we would ask for her. The "little competency" she possessed having been expended for the good of the Nation, she clearly has a claim upon the Nation for repayment; and if only a penny could be taken from each one of us in England who have profited in purse or person by the Overland Route, the account we are sure would be more than balanced. With a widow, "now in her eighty-fourth year," it is hard under any circumstances to have to couple "extreme poverty;" but under those we have alluded to, the case has somewhat of injustice in it also. We are convinced therefore that the reader who admits this claim on him for conscience-money, will hasten at once to clear himself from debt and obey the popular injunction to "Go to Jerusalem" by taking a cab and not a caravan.

GRAND WRESTLING MATCH AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

A WRESTLING match of a novel and interesting character came off on the staircase of St. James's Palace on the day of the Drawing-room. The competitors were the LADY HONORIA HUSTLER, familiarly known as the Belgravian Pet, and the HONOURABLE MRS. CRUSHER, distinguished in fashionable circles as the Tyburnian Chicken. The match was commenced cautiously by the HONOURABLE MRS. CRUSHER, who cleverly grasped her antagonist by the skirt, but no advantage was gained, for the LADY HONORIA HUSTLER threw her off with great adroitness, and making considerable play with both her arms, planted them with damaging effect against the ribs of her competitor. The Tyburnian Chicken showed herself remarkably game; for, though disconcerted for a moment, she threw herself heavily on the Pet, and, driving her into the rear, succeeded in gaining the foremost position. The Chicken now had it all her own way; and making a final effort succeeded in throwing the Pet with much force down three stairs, when her fall was broken by the crowd of supporters on all sides of the combatants.



CONSEQUENCES OF THE ADMISSION OF DISSIDENTS INTO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Head of House. "PRAY SIR, MAY I ASK WHY YOU HAVE NOT BEEN ATTENDING CHAPEL?"

Sir Liabed Rattlecush. "WHY SIR! THE FACT IS—AW—THAT—I—AW—HAVE BECOME A DISSIDENT."

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How HER MAJESTY'S Commissariat were employed in the Island of ROUTINE.

SOME made black white, just throwing dust into people's eyes.
Others drove baggage-waggons with dead horses, and thereby arrived in excellent time.
Others purified water with mud, and cleansed sick rooms without chloride of lime.
Others made coffee in bomb-shells, boiling it without fuel.
Others fleeced everybody, and sent the wool to the DUKE OF ————, i.e., O the dainty senders of coals to Newcastle!
Others took pickaxes turned up at both ends, and thereby did hew out vast roads.
Others kept their feet warm, by selling boots without soles.
Others out of promises did feed empty bellies, and out of tender regard gave the sick no medicine. Neither did those who died complain afterwards.
Others packed quinine in pickle-bottles, and salt pork in pill-boxes, neither did the men over-eat themselves with the latter.
I saw a cook, who did make a pound of meat into twenty ounces, and who did make pea-soup without peas, did flavour the sauce without seasoning, and did make all things out of nothing, and nothing out of all things.
Others speared the enemy without bayonets, and bombarded walls with pillow-cases.
Some looked out from afar with telescopes, and took sights at those who advised them to go nearer.
Others made great coats for summer wear, and warmed themselves in winter by peeling their fingers in the snow.
Others gave orders for what could not be obtained, and others kept back what could—and much the men got by it.

AN INTERMINABLE FRENCH PLAY.

THE French dramatists are determined to make up for any deficiency in the quality of their dramas by an excess of quantity. A piece is now in preparation which is to comprise a period of about 2,000 years, and which is to occupy about four nights in the performance. This very prolific production is to be called *Paris*, and is to commence with the time of JULIUS CÆSAR, who is to be one of the principal characters in some few of the early acts.

It is to be presumed that the public will be allowed to remain at the theatre and occupy the private boxes as sleeping-rooms—which, by the way, is sometimes the case when the performance lasts for only a few hours, instead of occupying the best part of a week. An attendant of the theatre will probably be employed to go round for the boots placed at the box-doors, after the fall of the curtain at midnight; and shaving water will be brought round in the morning to enable the audience to get up and dress by the time the next act begins. The milkman will probably call on the pit at about 6 p.m., and hot coffee may be had, perhaps, at the stalls, by the usual breakfast hour.

Considering the high price of lodgings in Paris during the Exhibition, it will really be cheaper to take a box at the theatre for the few days which the new piece will occupy in performance; and opportunity may be taken to run out between the acts, for the purpose of seeing what else may be worth seeing in the Capital, besides the drama which bears its name. No prices of admission can be considered very exorbitant at a theatre where one is entitled to spend nearly a whole week in witnessing a single play.

The idea of uniting an hotel and a theatre—the seats at the latter being allowed to serve the purpose of the apartments at the former, is an exceedingly good one; and if the charges for refreshments are only moderate, the speculation will no doubt meet with very general patronage. The seats should of course be cushioned sufficiently to serve the purpose of beds for the audience; and there should be time enough allowed for meals, between the acts. If these arrangements are well carried out, the plan will, in all probability, be exceedingly popular.

A Connubial Conundrum.

WHICH is of greater value, prythee say,
The Bride or Bridegroom?—must the truth be told?
Alas, it must! The Bride is given away—
The Bridegroom's often regularly sold:

I saw two officers, one of whom disputed as to whether it were best to do much by leaving it alone, the other stoutly maintaining that it were better wait to see what others did.

I saw some who did stoutly and reverentially fall down and worship a huge beast named ROUTINE, the same beast having the body of a sloth, the snout of a swine, and the ears of an ass. Unto him they sacrifice men and things, and did waste time in following one another by staying behind.

Others went forward by standing still, and others remained behind by letting others go forward.

In a word, I saw jobbers, truck-workers, contractors, wooden spoons, muffs, mulls, culls, abstractors, shavers, placemen, nepotists, promoters, crabs that did walk on one foot, dealers in old clothes, sweaters, and the like, all of whom did thoroughly muddle, mess, confuse, obfuscate, dustify, disturb, agitate, hold back, fret, worry, enjole, cheat, outstrip, compliment, besoop, bepraise, one another, by the which they did produce a mighty pothor, confusion, and mismanagement, and did make war out of peace and peace out of war, and yet neither, and did feed the sick with starvation, clothe the naked with promises, and heal the sick with filthiness. And this was all out of duty to the great beast ROUTINE!

The Churchyard and the Faculty.

In the Consistory Court, last week, an application was made for a faculty to take up the head and foot-stones in the burial ground of St. Paul, Covent Garden, which has been closed for interments, and to lay them flat. The proper Faculty to lay the gravestones down, we should think, is that Faculty which probably occasioned the majority of them to be set up.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—It is so called, to distinguish those who go the entire Maine, from those who stop when they're only "half-seas over."

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD.



E see that MR. CHADWICK gives a fearful account of the alarming power of the female school-teachers of the Government Schools of Art. He has been informed—he avouches the fact in his last pamphlet—

"The females have been so far advanced in mental power and influence as to have been lost to the service by matrimonial engagements obtained with exceeding rapidity. To avoid these losses plainer candidates were selected for training, but they too have obtained preference as wives to a perplexing extent."

Even as when a country is grievously taxed by war, the standard of the recruit is lowered; so, when the demand rises for accomplished wives, must the scale of loveliness be altered, that the governess should not be speedily lost in the bride. One cheering fact, however, we learn from the above. Beauty is a secondary consideration. Roses and lilies are very well, but mental power and influence, arising from the education of the higher qualities, will carry it in the contest for husbands. "Plainer candidates" are made so attractive, so beautiful by these qualities, that they too obtain a preference over mere prettiness to "a perplexing extent." Let ANNA MARIA ponder this as she pulls back her hair at the *Pimperatrice*—let JOSEPHINE dwell upon it, as she pins the back of her nominal bonnet to her nominal head,—lest without that pin the head be shown as bare without as haply it is bare within. Why should young women desirous of being about to marry, pay their money for an honourable introduction to a swindler HYMEN for an apocryphal husband, when, if they only resolved to study the True and Beautiful they would—on the faith of MR. CHADWICK—obtain mates "with exceeding rapidity," and, in as far as concerns the Government, "to a perplexing extent."

ECONOMY AT THE EXPENSE OF LABOUR.

THE subjoined bill has been sent to us with the information that it is now in course of being circulated through the trade—we presume, the Slop-trade:—

"The unmanufactured portion of the Stock in Trade of the late firm of H—, H—, and B—, has been finished, and will be ready for sale on Wednesday, the 30th instant."

"Advantage has been taken of the depressed condition of the Labour Market to secure a superior style of work, at ordinary rates of wages."

"SHIRTS,
"WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S UNDER CLOTHING,
"MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
"NECK TIES,
"BRACES, BELTS, PURSES, &c."

The foregoing document is anonymous, which is not surprising; for though we see that some party has had the meanness to be the author of it, we can hardly conceive any party having also the shamelessness to put his name to it. The mean party does not merely state that he has had the advantage of a cheap labour market, but that he has taken advantage of that market's depressed state. Perhaps in some future circular he will oblige us by describing the means by which he has taken that advantage—how he has contrived to squeeze the maximum, or superior style of work out of the unhappy seamstresses at the minimum, or ordinary rates of wages—how he has put the screw on, and how wrenched it.

We should recommend this individual, whoever he is, to relinquish the cheap salesman's business for that of the Cheap-Jack—having his shop-front adorned with a lively representation of a distressed needlewoman with her nose to the grindstone; himself standing at the portal of his establishment, and inviting the passers-by to avail themselves of its "advantages" in an oration of this sort:—"Hoy, hoy, hoy!—here you are!—Walk in, Ladies and Gentlemen, and inspect our extensive stock. Here's your first-rate DIVES Shirts, manufactured by the beggar's daughter; superior style of work at ordinary rates of wages—DIVES Shirts of the finest linen! Here's your slap-up Under-clothing, Ladies; under-clothes at under-price, the astonishing results of under-wages and over-work.—Here's your cheap and splendid under-clothing for your upper classes! Necessity makes shift. Here's your gents' prime and elegant toggerly and young gents' ditto, of all sorts and sizes, manufactured by a squad of tailors on half-pay, in consequence of the war! Here's your Starvation Neck-ties for the Italian Opera; here's your Bread-and-water Braces, your Perspiration Belts, and Patent, Superior, Out-and-out Pauper-wove Purses. Hoy, hoy, hoy!" &c. &c.

In adopting this popular mode of effecting a sale of his cheap goods, we should recommend the party to stay where he is, and not transfer his establishment elsewhere.

BARONETS OUT OF PLACE.

A RATHER funny letter, signed R. BROUN, BART., has appeared in the *Morning Post*. This epistle is addressed to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, and its object is to complain of "the manner in which the Court Newsmen prepares the published list of the Nobility and Gentry attending HER MAJESTY'S Levees," which "is calculated to depreciate the dignity and status of Baronets in the estimation of society, both at home and abroad; and" SIR R. BROUN continues—

"As this officer is, I believe, connected with the department in the Royal Household, of which your Lordship is the head, I take the liberty to draw your attention to the subject in the hope that you will be pleased to give the instructions necessary to redress the same."

The subject which SIR R. BROUN wishes the LORD CHAMBERLAIN to give the instructions necessary to redress—a puzzle, apparently, for the noble Lord—is a grievance inflicted on Baronets by the Court Newsmen, in placing their names after those of Barons—such Barons "as now exist in every continental state as plentiful as cockchafers," and "who as a class are an inferior degree of lesser Nobility, being equal to an English Esquire of the third class."

We are not very well up, we confess, in our footmanities; which may account for our ignorance of the fact of a classification of Esquires. From SIR R. BROUN we learn that there are at least three classes of the squirearchy; which, therefore, resembles a train of carriages in another respect than that of partaking largely of a wooden quality. However continental Barons correspond to third class passengers in the squirearchical train; but, affirms our baronet—

"Nevertheless in the published list of the company attending a recent levee, the Court Newsmen interposes Barons between Esquires and Baronets; and under the former category he gives rank and precedence to BARONS DE GOLDMID, and DE PALMERIA, and DE ROESBCK, over all the Coronets of the three kingdoms."

One of these Barons, says SIR R. BROUN, is also a British Baronet, although—

"He in ignorance, no doubt, of his real rank and position in the British monarchy, degrades the same by using an inferior Continental title which places him on a stimulus level with BARON STULTZ, the tailor, or any other person who may think proper to spend 200 duenns—i.e. something less than £100—for such an honour."

It may be perhaps unpleasant to SIR R. BROUN to see his name in print under that of BARON STULTZ, or BARON NATHAN; but a Baroncy of the realm is a higher rank than that of a Baronetcy; and it must be difficult for the Court Newsmen to distinguish between one Baron and another.

"A Baron in his courtly trim,
A noble Baron is to him,
And nothing less or more."

By separating the British from the foreign Barons, and placing the latter after Esquires of the second class, which would be the proper place for them, according to SIR R. BROUN, he might perhaps involve his Royal Mistress in hostilities with one of those mighty German potentates who create these barons; some Prince who exalted the tailor or the moneylender thus insulted to the baronial dignity, for £99 19s. 11½d.

ALONE IN HIS GLORY.

In the advertisement of a Rural Concert, we saw, the other day, the name of a gentleman advertised as

"PRINCIPAL SOLO VIOLINIST OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE."

Considering that there is nobody at Her Majesty's Theatre to listen to any Violinist (solo or otherwise), the individual who now exercises the office must be indeed a *fanatico per la musica*.

We should be glad to have an opportunity of hearing the professor within the empty walls to which he is devoting his talents. We should like to see the programme of one of his performances, which no doubt give every opportunity for the most conscientious rendering of the composer by this singularly scrupulous executant. If we may be allowed to suggest a *moreau* for his performance, we would propose the Ode to Silence, with an appropriate accompaniment played on no string at all, by way of a sort of improvement on the achievements of PAGANINI and others upon one string of the instrument.

The New Water Rate

That is to be laid on to every Englishman's House, Public or Private.

"If you please, Sir, there's a gentleman down below that's called from the United Kingdom Alliance, and he says, Sir, that since they've got the Liquor Law in their hands, he's come to turn on the Maine."

LATEST FROM BEDLAM.

WE have received the following from our Insane Reporter:

Why is the EMPEROR ALEXANDER like LORD CARDIGAN?—Because he's a NEW CZAR (an Answer).

HOW MR. POPPLEWIT ENJOYED (?) A DAY'S ROOK SHOOTING.—PART I.



UNACUSTOMED AS HE IS TO CROSSBOW SHOOTING, MR. POPPLEWIT DISCOVERS IT IS SOMEWHAT STIFFER WORK THAN HE EXPECTED,



AND RATHER MORE JARRING TO HIS NERVES THAN IS AGREEABLE;



HE THEREFORE EXCHANGES WITH A FRIEND FOR A RIFLE, AND TAKING AIM AS STEADILY AS HIS STATE OF MIND WILL LET HIM—



— SUCCEEDS AT ALL EVENTS IN BRINGING DOWN SOMETHING.



HIS NEXT ATTEMPT IS MORE SUCCESSFUL; BUT THE BIRD IS FALLING



RATHER DISCONCERTS MR. POPPLEWIT.

"THE WARMEST WELCOME AT AN INN."

SIR GEORGE GREY, waited upon by a deputation of the Tavern-keepers, gave our hosts the best and kindest advice. MR. BURRELL, chairman of the Association, boldly put it to SIR GEORGE (the Right Hon. Bart. is, of course, a member of the Athenæum) asking—"Did not Club-houses keep open on Sundays, in which the same things that Tavern-keepers supplied were used?"

SIR GEORGE made answer.—"Only to members of the Clubs. You might invite your friends, and entertain them."

Is not this a great opening for hospitable Publicans? it is quite right that the forlorn



AND PUTS AN END TO HIS DAY'S SHOOTING BY ITS EFFECT UPON HIS EYES AND SPECTACLES.

party with neither interest nor means to assure himself election to a Club, where he may take his ease, his wine, brandy, and cigars into the bargain, during the otherwise prohibited hours of Sunday,—it is socially right and equitably just that this benighted creature should not be permitted, even with the shillings in his pocket, to give his orders at the "Cat-and-Bagpipes," although at the same time the Hon. Mr. FITZCHICK with his friend, young SPOONS, may enjoy the weed at the Parnassus. What then? asks SIR GEORGE GREY. May you not be hospitable? Tavern-keepers and Publicans as you are, may you not invite your friends? May you not stand treat, opening your hearts, although keeping up your shutters? The logic is conclusive.

Esculapius's Rod.

It may be fairly inquired whether the regulations of the Army and Navy in regard to the surgeons of either of the two services can be with reason expected to provide either the one or the other with any medical staff much preferable to the old gold-headed cane.

Conjugal Candour.

"Oh! I've no patience with my husband, my dear. He's such a Silly! Would you believe it? but he went to the Town Hall last night to hear MOZART'S *Requiem*, and he put a quantity of wool into his ears, because he was afraid of catching cold."



GLADSTONE'S LULLABY.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE House of Commons, having relieved itself of its terror of a Dissolution, departed cheerfully for the Whitsun holidays, and, re-assembling on Monday, the 4th of June, resumed the discussion of the War in a very different spirit, and in the tone of philosophic calmness which people adopt when discussing the affairs of other folks. Nothing, in fact, could be much more stupid than the majority of the speeches which have been delivered during this supplementary discussion, which was protracted all through the week. *Ab ovo usque ad malum*, that is to say, from Mr. MILNER GIBSON's egg-otistic opening of the debate on Monday, to LORD PALMERSTON's 'bad' speech on terminating it on Friday, there were very few harangues which would have been tolerated in any assembly of intellect superior to that of the House.

The only excuse Mr. Punch can find for the halting orators of the week is, that the respected Speaker, being unfortunately lame, absented himself, and the House, out of a delicate sympathy with the Right Hon. Gentleman, delivered nothing but lame speeches. Mr. Punch is not going to waste his precious space in immortalising the discussion, though Mr. DISRAELI did say that this debate would be regarded as one of the most important in our annals, a natural and pardonable delusion in him, inasmuch as he has enlightened the Senate with four or five speeches in the course of the affair. A few only of the Parliamentary flies will be preserved in the Punchovian amber. Be it remarked, that at the outset, LORD PALMERSTON declared that the Viennese farce was finally and formally concluded; the "door" which he has been keeping open is shut and locked, and the key has been flung by Mr. Punch into Sebastopol, where the Allies can pick it up at their leisure, after the capture of the place.

SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH vindicated his intellectual reputation by showing that, though a philosopher, he could come out valiantly at need. He declared that we were not only to repress Russian aggression, but to punish the offence of Russia, who was a burglar and a murderer. And he added, in scorn of the pitiful Peelite whining about respecting the dignity of Russia, that the Allies "having been compelled to draw the sword, and having expended in this War a vast amount of treasure, and sacrificed so many valuable lives, the chief reason for abating their demands no longer existed; they were entitled to stand upon their rights, and, if they thought proper, to increase their demands in proportion to the continuance of the War, and the success of their arms." Shall MOLESWORTH have a statue? That is a question for consideration hereafter. But, if he gets a statue, let these lines be placed upon the pedestal. In the meantime, Mr. Punch has rendered them imperishable.

MR. CORDEN spoke against the war, and intimated much aristocratic contempt for the "pot-house politicians," who denounced the enemy of England and of liberty. To prevent mistakes, it should be mentioned that the individuals thus stigmatised by this haughty patrician, are the same persons who, when he was gallantly overthrowing the Corn-laws, were the "intelligent operatives, who, assembling at evening for refreshment, joined in denouncing the class that taxed their loaf." Mr. CORDEN also thought proper to make a very impertinent reference to the private friendship of two ladies, whose husbands discharge public duties, and this was a very small and unworthy sneer, almost as small and unworthy as its pretended explanation (given in club windows) with

reference to a third lady's involuntary absence from certain fashionable parties.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM completed the measure of his abasement by a dismal speech, in which he declared that the war ought to end, for we had got all that we wanted, and that the honour of Russia ought to be considered. He admitted that when in office, he had made the limitation of the Russian navy one of his demands, but said he had not intended that the demand should be adhered to, and now that he was out of office, he felt that it was unjust.

SIDNEY HERBERT took the same view, but his nature revolted against the humiliation which GRAHAM and GLADSTONE did not mind, and he was specially indignant at the idea of its being believed that he was a party to a wilfully inefficient prosecution of the war. Mr. Punch is willing to believe that SIDDY (who has many merits) did all that stronger men would allow him to do.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL tried to get rid of the debate altogether, but failed, as he now usually does, in most things which he attempts.

MR. BRIGHT made a pugnacious speech for peace, and bewailed the heavy taxation of the war, but Mr. Punch, holding all Mr. BRIGHT's premises to be rotten (he does not of course allude to his manufactory), all his arguments to be sophistical, and all his deductions to be ridiculous, is bound to say that the tone and manner of his speech was worthy of the occasion, and in strong contrast to the littleness of his protégé MR. CORDEN.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL delivered one of his rattling, smashing philippics. SIR ALEXANDER earned office by a speech in the Pacific debate in 1850, in which he dashed at the great founder of Peelism, and with merciless sarcasms castigated his apparently insincere policy, and in 1855 Mr. Punch finds COCKBURN equally delighted to do the same kind office by the Peelites, whom he charged with trying to make the war unpopular, in the hope that the country might be discontented with it and with the Ministry, and that office might again open to themselves.

Finally, MR. DISRAELI delivered one of the four or five speeches which he thinks will make this debate so memorable, a point on which Mr. Punch has signified a slight dissent, and then LORD PALMERSTON, having discharged himself of a common-place, but loud-mouthed harangue, the best point in which was his telling the Peacemongers that most people thought they ought to be in Bedlam, the House was seized with a unanimous fit, and came to a resolution (BARKING's, but with the head cut off):—

"That the war should go on vigorously."

And perhaps this is a more satisfactory "tag" to the comedy of *Much Ado about Nothing* than the country had expected. It is gratifying to think that SIR E. LYONS and LORD RAGLAN are acting as if they had foreseen the decision of the British Senate.

Having thus summed up the great business of the week, Mr. Punch has only to add that the Maynooth squabble was renewed on Wednesday—and vituperation was duly exchanged between Protestants and Catholics until it was time to adjourn.

In the Casino nothing has been done worth remark, except that the Newspaper Stamp Bill has been passed. Henceforth, people may stamp or not as they like, pirate as much as they please, and need give no securities against publishing slander and scurrility, unless they wish to stamp. It is well that the public should understand the exact position in which the utmost exertions of senatorial wisdom have now placed and left the Newspaper Press.

BETTY MARTIN'S COW.

THE *Elgin Courier* makes the following assertion:—

A CURIOUS FACT.—A Cow was killed in our shambles on Wednesday last, belonging to MR. RUSSELL, fisher, and a shoemaker's awl was found embedded in her heart. It had not the handle, but the awl was entire; and we shall leave veterinary surgeons and others to explain how the awl got there, and how Crummy could have thriven so well, and given so much milk with steel in so vital a part of her body.

"The awl was entire." Very likely: in which case should not the word have been spelt a-l-l? It is not, perhaps, too much to suggest that the awl in the heart of the live cow may have been "all my eye."

A Deluge of Nonsense.

THE Maine Liquor Law is only an American dodge to pluck the trident out of BRITANNIA's hand, and to substitute in its stead a teaspoon; for if our Yankee Teetotalers succeed in passing their stupid Law in this country, how can BRITANNIA boast for the future of ruling the Main?

PUNCH'S LITTLE WARBLER.—The nightingale sings from the throat, and, more than that, it never sings unless it feels in the "jug-jug" ular vein.

REFORMATORY FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN.



idea, for it is suggested that "a boy should be kept at the School for a considerable time, as it is obviously impossible to effect a moral reformation within a limited period." Considering the tendency we have in the present day to make pets of our criminal population, we wonder there is not a proposal to send our young thieves to genteel boarding schools. We shall scarcely be surprised to find our criminal code so far altered in conformity with the spirit

NOT very long ago we called attention to the advertisement of a strong minded "mamma," who was anxious to place a little girl who "gave her trouble" under the charge of some Ogre in the shape of a School-mistress; a "Bogie," to terrify the infant into a state of subordination ending possibly in a result that would prevent her from giving any further "trouble" to any one. Perhaps it was this advertisement that suggested the idea of a School for "Young Troublesomes" of the superior class, whose Parents or Guardians it is supposed will "gladly avail themselves" of an Institution where it is proposed to collect those boys who, from some defect in their mental or moral constitution, have fallen into habits which, if not corrected, will inevitably lead to their "destruction." We presume it is intended to suggest to Parents and Guardians a species of genteel imprisonment for these unfortunate young gentlemen "whose friends are often at a loss how to dispose of them." The "stipulations" printed in the prospectus rather further this

of the age, that in a short time judges will be found sentencing pickpockets to four years' education at a Public School, while delinquents of a more advanced age, may be committed for three years to one of our Universities.

THE GOVERNMENT HAUL OF PLACES.

It has been estimated by somebody that "in the army, navy, church, and colonies, the Government has 60,000 places to give away." According to the old dictum, then, that for every favour accorded you may reckon upon making out of every hundred persons ninety-nine your enemies, and the other one ungrateful, it is pretty clear that Government in the period of one year must, in exchange for the 60,000 places, be harassed by a host of not less than 60,000 ungrateful persons, besides being exposed to the assaults of some 5,940,000 enemies, making altogether a grand total of 6,000,000 persons, who are constantly arrayed in hostility against it. The wonder, therefore, is not that the Whig Governments last for so short a time, but that they last even so long as they do. We are surprised that they are not turned out regularly once a year, and even oftener. The only remedy would be for the Whigs to keep the 60,000 places themselves, only we doubt if their party could muster (throwing them in all the GREYS and ELLIOTTs) half such a numerous force throughout the United Kingdom. Perhaps the best plan would be for LORD JOHN, besides being a Minister, and an Ambassador, and a Member, and half a dozen things else, to fill the 60,000 places himself, and thus ensure the greatest amount of unanimity and unity amongst the Whigs. But then there is another danger,—who could guarantee that LORD JOHN would screen himself from the acts of his own ingratitude, or that he would not turn out an enemy to himself? The safest expedient would be to abolish at least one half the places, keeping only those that were absolutely necessary, for Government may depend upon this truth in political warfare—the fewer the places, the fewer the enemies.

THE FINALIST AND THE FATALIST.

A Scene at Sienna.

"I had several conversations with the very intelligent and able ambassador of the Porte, and he protested against any article being entertained in the treaty by which the Porte should be called upon to renounce in any way her independence, and he made to depend upon the Christian Powers with regard to her own internal affairs."—LORD JOHN RUSSELL, *House of Commons*, June 5.

CHARACTERS.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL. AALI PASHA.
THE PASHA'S INTERPRETER.

Apartment of the Pasha.

Lord John (entering). Sail'em alike'em. (*Aside*) I know that's right. *Aali (smiling).* Alaikoom salaam. (*Conducts LORD JOHN to his seat.*)

Hoah Geldin. [*Pipes and coffee are introduced. After some minutes,*

Interpreter. Is my Lord willing to commence the conversation?

Lord John. Yes, if it would be the polite thing, for I have smoked quite as much as is good for me, to say the least.

Interpreter. What shall I say for my Lord.

Lord John. Well, begin with some general remarks on the satisfactory character of our conferences, and express a hope that the negotiations may effect the desired result.

Interpreter (translating). The little English messenger compliments your Excellency on the excellence of your tobacco.

Aali. Why, if he likes it, does he grimace over it like a ghoul over an empty grave? Chabuk—get on.

Interpreter. My Lord, his Excellency reciprocates your sentiments, and fervently implores Allah that the objects the plenipotentiaries have in view may be accomplished, which he thinks they will be, mainly on account of your Lordship's wisdom.

Lord John. He is very kind, and I duly appreciate the compliment he is so good as to pay me, little as I may deserve it.

Interpreter. Some day, your Excellency, the small messenger hopes he shall see your Excellency at his poor house in London.

Aali. What does he think I should want to descend into that pit of Sheitan for? May his grandmother's wig be defiled.

Interpreter. His Excellency feels that though unworthy to be your Lordship's guest, he has now something to live for.

Lord John. Well, civilities apart, now to business. I want you to explain to his Excellency that, in consideration of the great trouble, expense, and loss which the Allies have incurred on behalf of Turkey, we expect that the SULTAN will enable us to say that Turkey shall be managed in a better fashion for the future, and that her law-courts, finances, and so on, will undergo administrative reform.

Aali. Will that fountain of muddy water bubble away for ever? What does the Bosh-koku say? Speak—is your face blackened, dog?

Interpreter. Mashallah—Heaven forbid, your Excellency. I am but a spout before you, to convey the waters of that fountain, yet I fear to offend.

Aali. Beast of blackness, and ass of absurdity, speak. Do you presume to think that you are anything in our sight?

Interpreter. Mashallah, again, Excellency. The little man, from the nation of shopkeepers, would drive a bargain with our Sovereign Lord, the Father of all the Sovereigns of the Earth, the Refuge of the World, the Successor of the Prophet, the Shadow of—

Aali. Your feet thirst for the stick, nor shall they thirst in vain. What is his accursed offer?

Interpreter. May your slave quiet him with a word, and I will explain? (*To LORD JOHN.*) His Excellency says, my Lord, that your She-king is a wise She-king, and that his Master is also wise, and that all shall be well; also that there is but one Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet.

Lord John. He is under a mistake in that last point, and I must lend him some of the works of my friend DA. CUMMING. But I am not bigotted, and I do not mind admitting that Mohammed was a leader of remarkable energy and genius, and that there are many passages of unexceptionable merit in the Koran.

Aali. We wait, dog. What was his demand?

Interpreter. Excellency, the small messenger intimates—on his head be the blame, not on mine—that the Infidels have done much for Turkey, and, in return, they wish that the management of the country,

especially the departments of the Ulemas and of the Deflardar, be altered.

Aali. Son of a burnt father, your stupidity must accuse him falsely. He looks valiant in a small way, but he has not that shameless audacity.

Interpreter. By the bells of Paradise, Excellency, I have laid his words at your feet.

Lord John. Do not press the theological question needlessly, my good man. I do not wish to hurt your master's feelings. But his answer to my requisition was rather general. I should be glad of a more distinct assent.

Interpreter. My Lord, his Excellency submits to you that the subject is a large and important one, and that its consideration may well be delayed until a future time.

Aali. You have told him to eat toads, dog?

Interpreter. The largest out of Jehanum, or in it, Excellency.

Lord John. This system of postponement, tell his Excellency, is one by no means conducive to the welfare of communities. I never postpone anything, except Reform Bills, the claims of the Jews, and other things which cannot be conveniently pressed.

Aali. What does he mumble?

Interpreter. Something about Jews, Excellency.

Aali. Are these his manners? What vulgarity is it to follow? Pigs will probably succeed, next, out of his unseemly mouth—who knows? Bakalloom! tell him to wipe himself out of our eyes if he cannot behave like a gentleman.

Interpreter. His Excellency admits that your Lordship, as usual, speaks wisely, but one nation is in one place with its customs, and another nation is in another place with its customs, and the sky is above all, and what must be must be.

Lord John. I know that—*Chora ara* is my family motto. But that is not the way to interpret it.

Interpreter (firing up). My Lord will look at my testimonials (pulls out papers). Here are testimonials of my ability as an interpreter, signed by the greatest Lords in the world (opens and displays them one after the other, with much fury). Here is the great LORD SERRIN, Lord of England, Beef-eater; and here is the LORD WALES OF JONES, Master of Goats; and here is the great LORD SCORREN, King of a million of Salpines Mines; and here—

[Presents to hand in about fifty papers, with similar Oriental appreciation of the social rank of their donors.]

Aali (surprised). Wretched puddle, what devilish storm is stirring up your mud? We must lay that tempest with the wand of SOLOMON. Ho! the sticks of glory.

Interpreter (toning down and gathering up his papers). Pardon, Excellency, but it was not in me to be silent when he said that your Excellency was a cow.

Aali. And would your dirty papers show that I am no cow, lying son of an uncomfortable jackass?

Lord John (calmly). Why are you producing those documents? It does not appear to me that his Excellency comprehends the reason more than I do.

Interpreter (recovering himself and erasing the subject). Allah kerim! Heaven is merciful. My Lord, his Excellency hopes you have good health in your own country, and that all who are dear to you have the same, especially your brother the vigorous ARREDDEX, and your brother the violent PALMERSTON.

Lord John. O, they're well enough. But I want an answer. Will his Excellency undertake that Turkey shall be reformed, and may I write this home to England?

Interpreter (translates faithfully for once).

Aali. Tell him that if he were not a King's Messenger, the slipper of chastisement should fall upon the ultimatum of impertinence for such a proposal.

Interpreter. His Excellency protests against the Porte being called upon to renounce in any way her independence.

Lord John. Well, he has a right to take that view. I wished to ascertain his sentiments, and I am glad to have done so in a pleasant and friendly manner. I shall now bid him good bye. Assure him of my respect for his intelligence and his straightforward candour.

Interpreter. He humbly admits, Excellency, that he was wrong, kisses your slipper, and implores you to sponge out his error from the ivory tablets of your memory.

Aali. Let him go. His face is whitened again, and shines before me like a barber's basin.

Interpreter. His Excellency says that this is the proudest day of his whole life, and wishes you may reign a thousand years.

Lord John. Curious coincidence. DR. CUMMING expresses similar wishes. I must mention that at home. I have the honour to wish his Excellency a very good morning.

Interpreter (whispers). Say Allah ismarlak!

Lord John. No, no, that's not right. Allah billah. Wollah billah! Bakalloom! Bosh!

Aali. Hath he drunk wine? But we must not forget our manners, if he does. Allah manet ola.

Lord John. Litens scripta manet, also.

Aali (to Interpreter, who is sneaking off). Here, dog, you stop! How many of those abominable testimonials have you got in your intolerable pocket?

Interpreter. Forty-four, Excellency.

Aali (calling). The sticks of glory, and forty-four blows upon the feet of untruthfulness. (Kindly) Afet olsun—may it do you good.

SCENE closes amid the howling of the INTERPRETER.

THE POTSDAM AGUE PATIENT.



HERE are still very sad accounts of KING CLIGVOR. The *Times* Correspondent at CLIGVOR's capital says, referring to His Majesty:—

"Only the day before yesterday he had a return of ague, which a little time back had attacked him rather severely."

Yes, it is all very well to call it ague: but we know all about that—we know, and so does the *Times* Correspondent, what is the real nature of CLIGVOR's sickness. This, indeed, is evident from what immediately follows the foregoing:—

"Though there is, perhaps, nothing at present in the King's state to inspire solicitude in those who are attached to him, it is known that he has been for a long time thoroughly out of health; he has become extremely stout, and anything but firm and healthy in flesh—proof of which is to be seen in the length of time that the wound which he got on his foot and his cheek on two different occasions, while walking in the garden at Charlottenburg, took to heal."

There is, however, in the state of CLIGVOR, as described above, very much to inspire solicitude in us, who are so determinately attached to him, that we mean to stick to him, so long as he continues to be, as NORMANUS defined him, "the same for Russia," that is, Russia's instrument. We are informed that "he has become extremely stout"—a very common consequence of imbibing an excess of fluid—and we are further given to understand that his fat is not healthy fat. CLIGVOR is spoiling his figure. He once, at least, had some taste for literature. If he can still read anything, let him read SHAKESPEARE'S *Henry IV.*, and learn what effect sack had on the person of *Falstaff*, and study the names which the *Prince of Wales* calls him on account of it, among the mildest of which are a "tallow-keech" and a "trunk of humours." The length of time which his nose (not cheek) took to heal when he "barked" it in the garden at Charlottenburg, shows what an inflammatory state he has brought his system into. We now find that he hurt his foot also on a different occasion; and that this second injury too was long in healing. The occasion on which he hurt his foot was different, indeed, but it is tolerably clear that the occasion of the hurt was precisely the same. These views of CLIGVOR's condition are confirmed by the previous statement of our authority, that he is, if well enough, after laying the first stone of the new Cologne bridge, going to inaugurate the Apollinaris Church. Now this is a Roman Catholic place of worship, and CLIGVOR is a Protestant; at least if he knows his own mind on the subject of theology—for just one thing. In what state, then, could he have been when he engaged himself to perform a ceremony so improper for a Lutheran king? "The Pope he leads a happy life," says the song: so does CLIGVOR, if such an existence can be called happiness: and perhaps, at the time alluded to, he had become so very happy that, like the minstrel in the ballad, he "fancied that he was the Pope."

We should be sorry for anything worse than deposition to happen to CLIGVOR, and we had rather amendment should happen to him than that. Instead of shaking with his so called ague, we should like to see him shake off his bad habits and bad connexions: so as to renovate his constitution, recover his health and character, and become once more a credit to his friends and the European family.

The Smallest Case of a Gentleman.

IN the Catalogue of the Royal Academy we stumble more than once over the curious discovery of

"The miniature of a Gentleman."

Now, in our time, we have met with very small men, and extremely small gentlemen: but we must say that we never met with a gentleman so minutely small as to approach to the brooch-like dimensions of a "miniature." The nearest approach that we can imagine to the "miniature of a Gentleman," would be a "GENT."

RELIGIO ROMANA PURITANICA.—This Religion would be all the better if there was more Light and fewer Candlesticks in it!



A THOROUGH GOOD COOK.

Lady. "THEN, WHY DID YOU LEAVE YOUR LAST PLACE, PRAY?"

Cook. "WELL, MA'AM, AFTER I'M DONE WORK I AM VERY FOND OF SINGING AND PLAYING ON THE ACCORDIUM, AND MISSUS HADN'T USED TO LIKE IT—AND SO I GIVE NOTICE!"

RUSSIAN ACCOUNT OF THE LORD MAYOR.

(From the "Invalide Russe.")

THE visit of the LORD MAYOR of LONDON to the Hôtel de Ville confirms the report alluded to by LORD CAMPBELL at the Mansion House dinner, that, as a last resource, England would put forth all her energies against the brave defenders of Sebastopol by sending the LORD MAYOR of her Metropolis in person to take the command of her troops in the Crimea. But holy Russia, in the confidence of faith, anticipates her triumph over this tremendous adversary. Our readers may desire to obtain some authentic information respecting the powerful opponent with whom our valiant army will have to contend. The LORD MAYOR is the greatest man in the City of London, being of colossal stature, and proportional bulk, inasmuch that his weight amounts to many pood. He is, indeed, a giant of such enormous dimensions that more than 250 turkeys (large soup dishes) of real turtle are required for the LORD MAYOR's dinner. He is the chief of fifteen other monsters called Aldermen, and a head taller than any of them. His drinking vessel is termed the Loving Cup; when filled with spiced wine it takes two or three hundred ordinary Englishmen to drink up its contents. He wears a huge chain, by which he drags his captives, and besides a sword, which is as much as one man, that one being a man of his own order, can carry; he is armed with a huge mace, by which he is able to level a multitude at a blow. The mere sight of this terrible weapon suffices to maintain order among the London mob.

Besides the fifteen Aldermen, there are also two other Giants under the command of the LORD MAYOR, nearly as big as himself: they are called GOG and MAGOG, or the City Giants, and they will accompany their leader to the Crimea. Strong, however, in the orthodox faith, our soldiers will hurl back the impious defiance of this boastful Giant, and many a hero in their ranks will be found ready to go forth to meet him in single combat, nothing doubtful of gaining the victory over him, and laying his head at the feet of our august EMPEROR.

SCHOOLBOYS' QUESTIONS FOR MR. COBDEN.

THERE are two passages in MR. COBDEN's speech on the Prosecution of the War Debate, one of which he is invited to reconsider, and entreated to perpend a question suggested by the other. This is the first:—

"I say that you ought to have occupied the same ground that Austria and Prussia took, and if you had done so instead of rushing into war—driven into it, I admit, by the populace and the press—you would have been right, for you have it proved now that Austria and Germany would have averted those evils which you dread, for Austria and Prussia would have made it a *casus belli* if Russia had crossed the Balkan, and if she had returned across the Pruth."

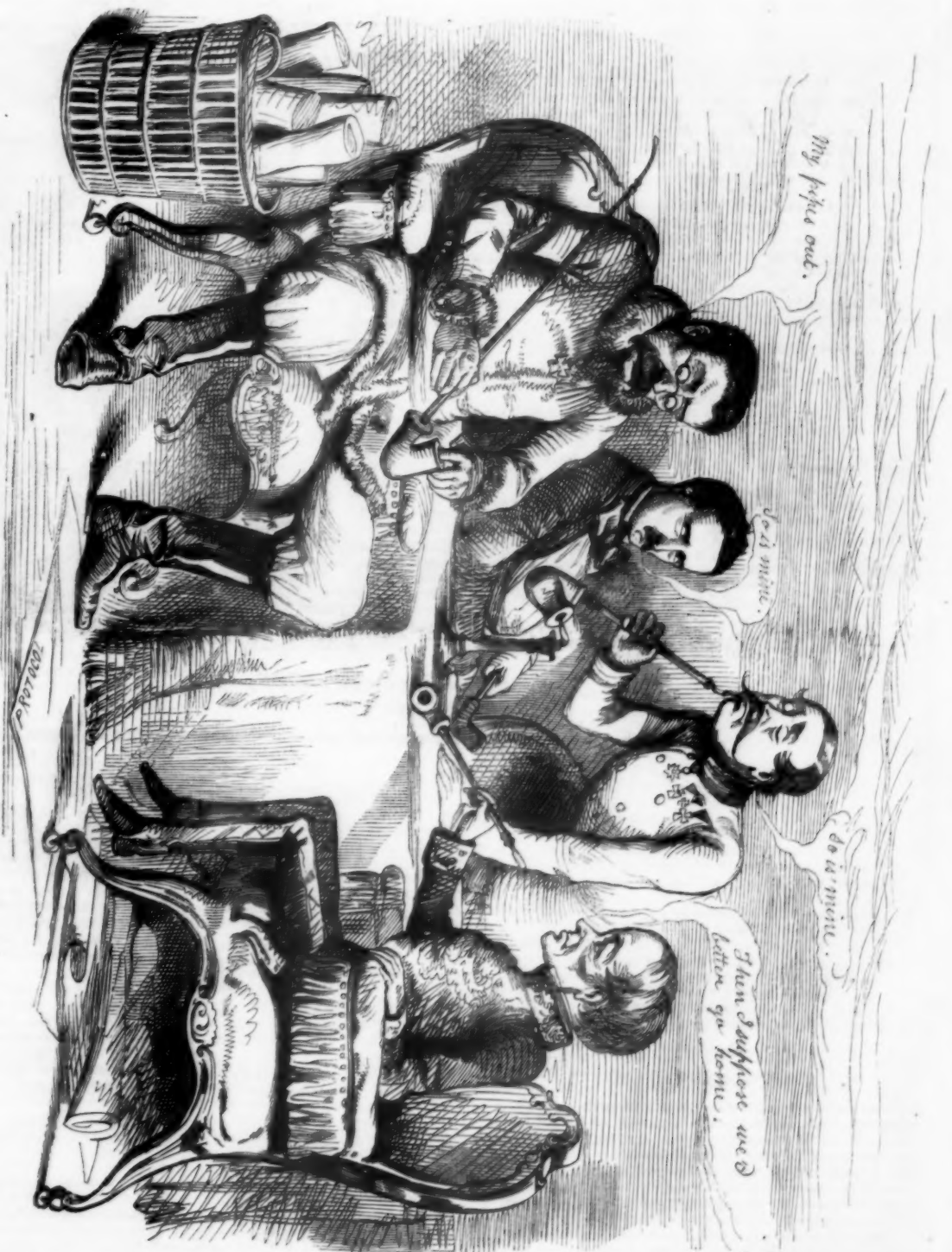
On second thoughts MR. COBDEN may perhaps apprehend that the only proof we could possibly have that Austria and Prussia would, under any circumstances, have made any act on the part of Russia a *casus belli*, would be the fact that the circumstances occurred, and that Austria and Prussia declared war.

Secondly, and lastly, or at the conclusion of his discourse, the honourable member for the West Riding made the following declaration:—

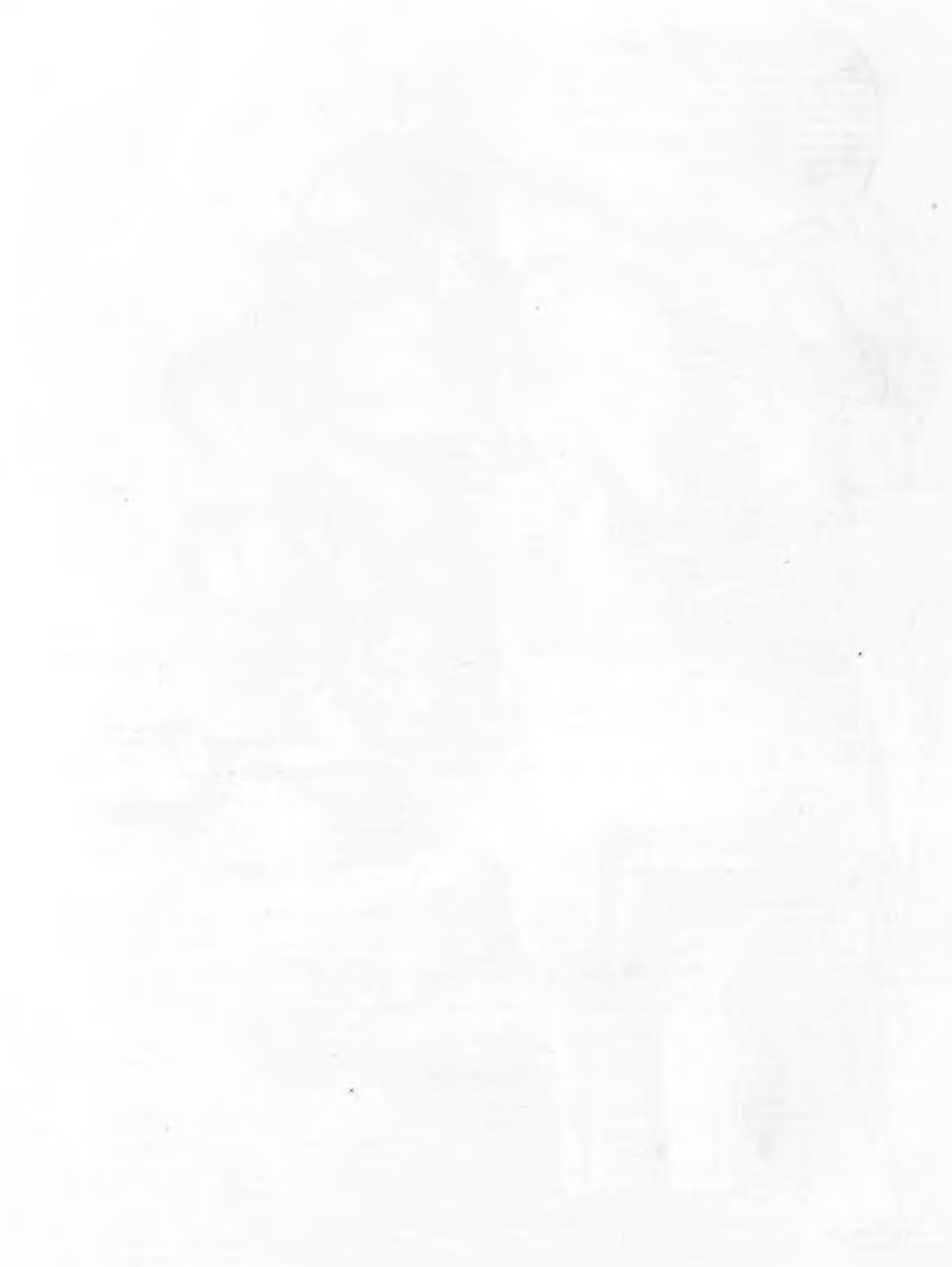
"If the Russians were besieging Portsmouth, I should not talk about what was to be done, and if I could not work in the field I would do so in the hospital."

No doubt MR. COBDEN, in such a case, would expose himself with the greatest alacrity, nor hesitate to get in the way either of the shot or the surgeons. The question is not whether MR. COBDEN would fight like a Briton against the Russians if they came to Portsmouth. The question is whether or not we ought not to prevent the Russians from coming to Portsmouth: and whether we should not very soon have them there if they got hold of Turkey, and possessed a seaboard, and established a Mediterranean fleet.

THE ROYAL HUNT.—The next meeting is appointed for the 14th instant, when HER MAJESTY holds another Drawing-room.



THE PIPE OF PEACE SMOKED OUT.



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LAW AND LOCOMOTION.



ONE of the great Railway Companies is said to have spent fifty-two thousand a year, for the last nine years, in law—a thousand pounds per week for nearly five hundred weeks in succession. If the Directors had only made the trains go as rapidly and regularly as the cash, the line would have been one of the fastest as well as the most punctual in the Kingdom. Nearly half a million has been dragged out of the pockets of the public on one line alone, and we may therefore give a guess more or less wide at the amount that is consumed in litigation on all the railways in the kingdom. Perhaps it might serve as a check on the Directors if the fares were to be estimated according to

the proportion rendered necessary by law expenses and the amount required for the legitimate purposes of locomotion. It would be instructive, if not amusing, to railway travellers to be made aware in the pages of *Bradshaw*, that on a first class ticket for which a pound may have been paid ten shillings will have gone to the lawyers, leaving ten for the shareholders of the company. Cheap trains might be advertised at tariffs, deducting the amount of law costs, and the public might also be inclined to feel more confidence in the safety of such trains, from the reflection that the lawyers have nothing to do with them.

It is not very satisfactory, however, to second and third class travellers to feel that they must sit on hard boards, knock their heads against low roofs, and have their legs cramped in narrow carriages, because the lawyers are running up a bill of costs of several thousands per annum in protecting the interests of the Company.

OUR CORINTHIAN COLUMNS!

THE Corinthian columns of polished society, whatever may be democratically uttered to the contrary, are the fashionable columns of the daily newspaper. These columns support the structure of our national and social life. The independent, free-born Briton, peruses these columns with an earnest mind and a heart bent upon serious gatherings, even as a student and philosopher wrinkles the brow, bent upon deciphering Babylonian paragraphs printed in Babylonian bricks. Your Briton, however, has a quicker and a surer reward than the old-world student; for sudden and delightful is the hopeful strength communicated to his nature by the revelation that

"THE DUKE and DUCHESS OF CLOUDBLAND, with LADY PRETTYPOLLY, left Baby Castle on Tuesday his Grace proposing to dine at Bunnymede on Wednesday."

This is the daily knowledge that supports—far more than beef and beer—the stalwart Briton. He is much composed to hear that the DUKE OF CLOUDBLAND has left Baby Castle, and moreover that the fair human flower, LADY PRETTYPOLLY accompanies her illustrious parents.

Neither is the Briton merely crammed with news; he is further excited by expectation. Thus, his hopes are set in a flutter by the announcement that—

"THE DUKE OF BUCKLEBLOW is expected to arrive at Mountbark House."

With this assurance, early obtained from the morning paper, the Briton is mightily helped to get through the day, when days are at the worst. The domestic feelings of the Briton are further enlarged and gratified by a knowledge of the fact, that—

"LORD and LADY SILVERSPoon are staying with her Ladyship's father, Mr. MYSTIC BROODER, M.P., at Shiloh Park, near New Jerusalem."

We might multiply many beautiful examples of the evident social uses of these announcements—to be found only in English journals, for continental papers are not yet sufficiently enlightened by them—but *Mr. Punch* will content himself with the broad and no less deep assertion, that the strength of England is not in its constitution but in its columns—its Corinthian columns.

MOTTO FOR THE EARL OF HARRINGTON, OR ANY OF THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW GENTLEMEN.—"*Maine's Insana in Corpore Sano.*"

THE CZAR SHALL HAVE THE RHINE.

(DRINKING-SONG FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.)

DRINK, brothers, drink; Man's life is but a bubble,
Dancing a moment in the cup of Death.
Smoke, brothers, smoke, and blow away all trouble;
What better use for transitory breath?
Sink Fatherland!—some feet its surface under
A hole will soon be all that's yours and mine:
What will it matter then to us, I wonder,
Who reigns above?—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Behold, how fast the tide of Time is flowing!
But let our nectar be a swifter stream.
How quick the scythe, us, blades of grass, is mowing!
And then eternal slumber ends the dream.
Why vex our souls, my brothers, in defending
What you and I, at least, must soon resign:
Then we shall not know who their necks are bending
Under the CZAR's yoke—let him have the Rhine.

The Rhine runs on with one continual motion,
Its fated course pursuing to the sea,
And, as its current hastens to the ocean,
So to the gulf of nothingness do we.
Our blood is dearer than our river's water;
When we are gone, get they who can its wine;
We won't expose our carcasses to slaughter.
Keep whole your skins—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Fellows, like leaves, are falling every second;
Each moment rings out some companion's knell.
Letters and arts—at what can they be reckoned
Which we to-night may have to bid farewell?
What if a despot check all speculation,
And tongue, and pen, and rage of thought confine?
They that remain will mourn the deprivation
But not we dead!—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Vanity all!—that is the sum of thinking.
Darkness will be the end of all our light.
Happy are we so long as we are drinking:
Better to tope, for shadows than to fight.
Before his time who runs the risk of dying,
He is a fool! a hero's name is fine,
But who can hear it in his earth-bed lying?
Honour?—a straw!—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

Shame will be nothing then to us, or sorrow.
What is our fame, when we have passed away?
The end of all things is at hand to-morrow:
Stuff we the pipe and fill the bowl to-day.
Tobacco clouds are curling dim around us:
In darker shades are long we shall recline.
'Twill be all over when the shroud hath bound us.
Give me the cup—the CZAR may have the Rhine.

What do our brains, with metaphysics muddled,
Teach us except that all is empty here?
All but this glass: 'tis sweeter to be fuddled
With the profound philosophy of beer.
Draining the beer-pot therefore, brother sages,
Let us roll wisely down our little line:
Live in the present, not for future ages.
We'll have the swipes—the CZAR shall have the Rhine.

The Full Moon at Paris.

It seems from the correspondence of the *Morning Post* that the LORD MAYOR is roaming about Paris, having at his heels six footmen in the gorgeous City liveries. We cannot quite understand the necessity for this exuberance of flunkeyism on the part of LORD MAYOR MOON, unless his footmen acted as train-bearers to the skirts of Moon's sartout, or the pockets of his paletôt. Of course if he goes to make a morning call he may possibly find employment for the entire half dozen, by giving his hat to the first, his stick to the second, one of his gloves to the third, the other glove to the fourth, his spectacle case to the fifth, and to the sixth his—what shall we say—his snuff-box, his tooth-pick, his card-case, or his comforter?

THE CRY OF THE TOTALIN.—"All hands to the Pump!"

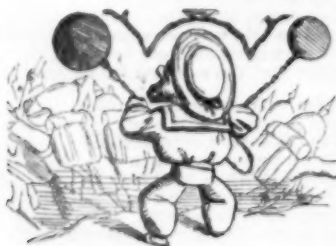


Dean. "Well, Sir!"

Small University Man (under the impression that he has irritated the Dean by his conspicuous moustaches). "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHES!"

Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"

THE LANGUAGE OF THE COUNTRY AS TO THE WAR.



E have been favoured by an agricultural gentleman of some eminence, MR. BUSHELL, of Stoke Bovis, with a few observations in reference to the prosecution of the war. MR. BUSHELL says:—"I ha'n't got no patience wi CORDEN and JIMMY GREAM, and BRIGHT and GLADSTONE and them. Now, just when we've turned the corner, arter all the lives we've lost and all

the money we've spent, and all the sogers ha' gone droo: now, just when we seems, by all accounts, in the way to ghee them Roosians a precious good hidun; to vling up the game that's afore us now, why we should be a larfun-stock to the whole world. Tell 'ee what 'tis, Mr. Punch: the case is just this here. S'pose you was a farmer like I be; well, one fine marnun as you be a go'n your rounds look'n over your lands, you sees a gurt Bear broke loose from zum wild bycast show, or menadgery, galloparaavun over a Common close by arter a Turkey. Well, it so happens there's your neighbour, MOUNCER within hail: neighbour MOUNCER, of Goodman's Acre, and you and he, that used to be at variance, be putt'n your hosses together just now. You hollers to MOUNCER, and MOUNCER hollers to you, at the zight o' the Bear, 'cause you knows that as soon as ever he've ate up the Turkey on the Common the next thing he'll be arter your own stock. So you lets your dogs loose, you and MOUNCER, and off you goes to tackle the Bear, wi a pitchfork a-piece and a blunderbuss. Meanwhile Turkey, be'n a cocky sort o' bird, ups wi his leg and gives the Bear a good kick in the eye, and vetches un a smartish peck in 'tother eye wi his bill. What wi that, and see'n you

WHERE DOES THE RAIN COME FROM?

It is most surprising the quantity of rain that has fallen lately, and we cannot find a cause for it. We have even rushed to that great spring of all overflows, that mighty fountain-head of all cataracts, Vauxhall, but as we find its doors closed in our face, we are at a loss to find the key—the turn-key that is to open the mystery of the prodigious reservoir of water that AQUARIUS has recently let loose over our heads. It is cruel to be denied even the comfort of attributing to the barometrical influence of Vauxhall opening the calamity of so much pluvial moisture. The beauty is, that Vesuvius has been quietly smoking all the while, and yet you would have supposed that the rain, every drop of which was worthy of a fine day at Manchester, would have effectually put its pipe out long ago.

We call entreatingly upon SIR PETER LAURIE, if he wishes to rescue the sinking fortunes of Rosherville and Cremorne from drowning, to exercise his magisterial authority in "putting down" the rain. If not, we shall have no ducks and green peas this year; for our provincial meteorologists inform us that every gosling is dying as fast as it can from premature rheumatism, brought on by having slept for the last five weeks in nothing but damp beds. They haven't as much as a dry feather about them; even their web-feet will no longer act as goloshes in keeping out the wet. For the love of onions, then, we implore of SIR PETER to take a judicial mop in hand, and to twirl back again in the face of nature a few buckets of the dirty water that she has been amusing herself for days past in chucking over our poor drenched bodies to that monstrous extent, that we fancy you might take up a policeman, and squeeze him until the water ran out of him as out of a sponge. We feel as though it would require nothing short of a Fire of London for our bodies to get warm, and our clothes to get dry again.

Presumptive Hydrocephalus.

A CELEBRATED Hydropathist, who is a bit of a wag—quite a little water-wagtail in his way—says that there is the best foundation for supposing that the New River Head is troubled with water on the brain, and the best cure he can recommend for it would be tapping.

a comin', Bear drops Turkey, and falls back on his haunches. Well; you let's un have the innards o' the blunderbusses, right and left, and sets the dogs at un. The slugs sticks in his hide, 'tis so thick and tough, and though the dogs pins un, and punishes un, and makes un rhwooar, ther's a good many o' 'em squished and tore to pieces, besides which your clothes gets scratched off your backs, and your pockets turned inside out. But one down 'tother come on: you ats un agin: you puts about six inches o' pitchfork into 'n in sundry places; you and MOUNCER. You lets daylight into the bycast, and he begins to see as how he's like to get the wust on 't. So he makes signs which you, understandin' the language o' bycastes, knows is as much as to offer to lave Turkey aloan. Yes; says you to the Bear, but thee must get back to thy den and ghee a zum security that thee't bide there, or else agree to let's chaain thee up to a puoast. At that the Bear shakes his head, and you says to 'n: Woo'stn't?—drat thee, then, we'll meak thee. Then up comes a Quaker, and a Bagman, and two or dree Clarks out o' place, and says: 'Poor Bear! Don't be too hard upon the Bear. Don't shove un to the wall. You've made un drap Turkey; what moor d'ye want?' What moor? says you, we means to muzzle un—that's what we means to do, if so be as we can. Trust un?—no vurder nor we could throw a bull by the tail: 'tis the most treacherous animal as is. Trust un?—did, what d'ye think he'd do? get behind that there hedge and bide his time, and then come down agin upon Turkey the fust opportunity he zee. As to any pity for 'n, I han't got a mossul. Think what a happy, quiet neighbourwood 'twas 'till this here cruel, cussed bycast of a Bear come and upset al, and lugged us into all this here blood and suffer'n. Drat un! let's pitch into un now and sarve un out. What I should like to do to 'n, if we'd got safe hold of un 'ood be to 'vlea 'n alive, and to naail up the skin of un agin a public wall to larn others not to do likewise. Consider what a mint o' money he've cost us in powder and shot; and what a lot o' the beautifullest bull-dogs we've lost by 'n; we must ha' zum return vor all them out-go'ns. We must muzzle this here Bear, and not only that—we must draa the teeth of un, and clip his claws. Cost us moor? I dare say 'twool; but tell 'ee what, Measter Quaker and Mist'ers Clarks and Bagman: 'two'd cost us a precious sight moor to let the Bear get away and lurk about the place, waiting his chance, we meanwhile always in

a fever 'bout un, and 'bliged to hire a lot o' hands to keep a look out arter um when they'd be ever so much better employed at plough. Noa, zur, the vact o' the matter is, we've got to take Siberiastopole—don't, we shall ha' to keep up a standun army and nyaavy to watch them there Cossacks. There'll be a everlastun Inkum Tax to pay, and nuthun to show vor't; whereas our comfort now is we've got zum dree or your thousand head o' them varmint bagged for valley received."

THE MUSICAL APOLOGIST.



E have numerous collections of music in the shape of "Treasures," "Bouquets," and other forms in which "Music for the Million" is administered; but considering that some of our celebrated vocalists are in the habit of not singing when advertised, almost as often as they do sing when announced to appear, we think that there is room for a new musical publication, to be called the "Musical Apologist." It is all very well to furnish a series of the popular airs of some celebrated tenor, but his unpopular airs are almost as familiar to the public ear, and would form a very valu-

minous series if they were to be put together in the way we have suggested.

We should be glad to see a work on the pathology of the operatic artist, with an exposition of the diseases to which great singers are subjected. We think it would be discovered that the maladies to which they are liable vary according to the seasons, and that the *Bronchitis*, *Derbyitis* or the *Influenza Ascolica* will be found at about this time of the year, extremely prevalent. We have known also some very severe cases of a sort of theatrical syncope, attended with pressure on the chest, and a sense of emptiness, which has been observed to come over a singer or actress going up a flight of stairs to the door of the treasury. These and other maladies would fill a volume, if the subject were to be taken up by a professional man of adequate knowledge and experience.

Our object, however, in commencing this article, was to furnish a few musical apologies to be used at Operas and Concerts in the absence of any celebrated artist, attacked with sudden indisposition. In order to give a medical certificate a character of fitness to the occasion required,

it would be advisable that it should be adapted to the air advertised to have been sung by the absentee, and it should then be confided for execution to some substitute for the missing vocalist. Supposing, for instance, that a *prima donna* were announced to sing *Una voce* at a Concert, and in consequence of the money not being forthcoming, or from some other cause, she were suddenly to be seized with a severe hoarseness, the following air might be given with great effect by the *seconds donna*, who may have taken the place of the indisposed *artiste*.

RECITATIVE.

You know what we artists are,
When on payment we rely:
Disappointment brings catarrh,
Or may to the ankle fly.

AIR.

I'm grier'd exceedingly to come before you
For indulgenza—I must implore you.
La prima donna—can't get her salary,
And sprain'd her ankle—in crossing a gallery.
If they don't pay her—why should they use her?
She's indisposed and—she hopes you'll excuse her.

The following specimen would furnish a good musical apology for an operatic tenor—absent we will say from a promised performance of some Italian opera, and having an excuse sung for him to a well-known air in *Fra Diavolo* :—

Upon his couch reclining,
Our tenor you might now behold
With a slight attack of cold—
'Tis his complaint of old.
Last night he went out dining,
And feeling just a cup too low,
Where'er the bottle round did go,
The wine was let to flow.
Tumblers! While the brown meats they're eating,
Hock and champagne repeating,
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

Although he should be playing
To night—he doesn't feel inclined,
And trusts—he shall the public find,
As they are always, kind.
No more I need be saying,
For you the old excuses know,
How a tenor's voice can go,
When he has been so-so!
Trembling! caused by the last night's meeting,
His burning head is beating,
Diavolo—diavolo—diavolo.

FASHIONS FOR CLERGYWOMEN.

AMONG the Winchester news of the *Hampshire Independent* occurs the following paragraph, which will be perused with pleasure by all those who entertain enlarged ideas of the Mission of Woman :—

"THE PRIMITIVE METHODISTS held special services at their chapel, in Parchment Street, on Whit Sunday, in aid of the fund for the purchase of an organ. Lady preachers were the attractions held forth to invite the attention of those not within the Primitive fold—Mrs. TARKER, of Southampton, and Mrs. Z. SMITH, an American lady of colour, conducted the services."

One of the ladies read prayers, we suppose, and the other preached. Really, this is very interesting. We are deriving many improvements on the old state of things from America. Clergywomen is one of these. From Methodism, in these fast times, they will soon, perhaps, be adopted into the Church. A very important question will then arise : a question of much importance among parsons, as it is, but one which will be of much greater importance in regard to parsonesses. We need hardly say we allude to costume. Of course, every clergywoman will preach in her gown, as well as in her petticoats ; but both will be short ; for it is obvious that the most suitable dress for the reverend lady would be a Bloomer's. The following notion for female canonicals may be suggested. In respect of colour the dress shall be of clerical black, with a neckcloth of white satin, and bands of the same material. A vest, or waistcoat of black silk buttoned over the bosom on one side, shall be worn nearly up to the chin. The frock shall be of black velvet

with hanging sleeves, the skirts reaching a little below the knee, and set off retroversely with a crinoline *sous-jupe bouffante*. The trousers shall be gathered in rather above the ankles, and trimmed at the termination with a lace frill : plain linen cuffs to be worn at the wrists, with lavender kid gloves. The *chaussure* shall consist of *brodequins* and black cloth gaiters. The costume shall be completed with a shaven bonnet ; to be worn, however, only during the promenade ; for there is no reason to prevent a woman from being bareheaded, any more than there is to forbid her officiating, in church.

The King of Berlin Wool.

WE saw written up over a wool establishment the other day, "THE BERLIN TRIMMING SHOP." The only place of this kind that we were previously acquainted with was the *Punch* Office, where there is always a quantity of "Berlin Trimming" on hand, the KING OF PRUSSIA being trimmed generally once a week.

A PALMERSTON PROVERB.—There are some politicians who so cleverly poise themselves, that they manage to maintain their footing even whilst the Wheel of Fortune is turning round under them.

THE FOUR POINTS, AS NOW FINALLY ADJUSTED BY THE ALLIES.

"Kill, Sink, Burn, and Destroy."

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How we arrived at the Island of Sound, and of the noises we heard therein; and of the huge cat NIMRODUS, and how the people of the Island of Sound were affrighted.

THE wind blowing merrily, we did pass by the Island of Tools, for that certain of the crew did affirm that all the chief tools were transplanted to another island, where they did live merrily, talking all day.

So we passed on, discovering nothing but a wonderful apparatus for converting clean water into foul, the which we were assured did much for the public health, until we came to the Island of Sound, where indeed "we heard a kind of a confused and often repeated noise," that seemed to us, at a distance, not unlike the mixture of crows, geese, cocks, asses, bulls, bears, men, and old women, all united at once to confound misunderstanding itself. There was a mighty fair and wondrous palace, built, we were told, solely for the purpose of preventing sound being heard, and therefore admirably and cunningly fitted for a place of debate. It was a fair structure, delicately picked out with little figures of great and little men, with dainty *piniculetts*, pretty little bits of iron casting, extravasated towers, the which were to be finished by the wondrous architect SOME-OF-THREE-DAYS, and goodly flats without projection, the which we were told were allegorical of those within; but, as saith HERODOTUS, upon this I forbear to speak, knowing much.

In this great palace in the Island of Sound, there was a mighty row, noise, coil, hurley-burley, pother, confusion, wrangling, quibbling, jargon, hooting, hissing, screaming, laughing—the which latter was always increased when anything like distress or starvation was mentioned. For be it known that your grave and lusty toppers and talkers in the Island of Sound, in that they be refugees, recreants, and run-aways from the Island of Tools, do likewise partake of their hardness, inasmuch that you would as lief make them pay their own debts when they could escape them, try to catch honest Cathedral Chapters with a Commission, or make the sun turn backwards to gaze upon LORD A——'s garter, as try to make them do aught but jeer, and sneer, and bully, and leap alternately from the cock to the ass, inasmuch that when one doth crow the others do bray, and when one doth bray the other doth crow, both the which do much to settle mighty and grave questions about taxation, finance, order of precedence, promotion on purchase, starvation, levees, workhouses, field marshals, fighting, curates, commissariats, thieves, woollacks, deal boards, prime ministers, and the like subjects.

In this great palace men did variously dispute, but among them none more noisily than they who had transplanted themselves from the Island of Tools. These same did talk small to prevent great, these same did haggle about the marriage of grandmothers, the punishment of little sinners that great ones might have a monopoly, the

HOW MR. POPPLEWIT ENJOYED (1) A DAY'S ROOK SHOOTING.—PART II.



MR. POPPLEWIT CONCLUDES THE DAY AND ALARMS HIS FAMILY BY DISPLAYING, ACCIDENTALLY, THE POWER OF HIS WEAPON.

skinning of eels lest they should grow fat, and the stoppage of beer on Sunday lest people should not purchase it on the Saturday. The same did talk about the mighty war that was waging in the Island of Bears, and did show how picking pockets may be honest, how telling of lies may be truth, how starvation may be plenty. They also, with much ado and noise, did prove, or thought they did, that cold and heat are the same thing, that horses can live without eating, that men require nose-bags, and that selling yourself is the best and cleanest means to preserve the freedom of your country. But chiefly did they haggle, hiss, hoot, quibble, scratch their heads to find what wasn't, gape, cackle, star-gaze to find an excuse, bite their nails to obtain clencher, and fairly cudgel their emptiness to find solidity, when the great monster COMITY did lay hard about them, setting on his huge and famous cat NIMRODUS, who with his claws did scratch up many wondrous things out of earth, clouds, and men. Which wondrous cat, even as PEGASUS, whom, as PERSEUS saith, the nine Muses tend, foster, rub down, and fondle on Mount Parnassus, had wings, at the very flapping of which flies, earls, doctors, commissioners, humbugs, and other evil matter did dissipate and vanish, while he did stand firm, and spit, and bristle, and show fight, inasmuch that even the great Sloth A——x and the like, did shrink, and very fairly betray themselves for having betrayed others.

And they did pelt, blur, assail, abuse, bully, crow down, bespatter the great Cat with all manner of ribald, rubbing, twaddling stuff called Bosh, the which stuff NIMRODUS did throw back again very artificially into their own faces; neither were their faces dirtier than before, seeing that impossibilities cannot amount to probability. And they quibbled because the great Cat sometimes made a small mistake in trying to do a great good, and they screened themselves behind apologies, cooked accounts, *tu quoques*, and the like, and for their defence they had much to say. They didn't remember this, they couldn't be certain of that, they were not aware of something, they couldn't anything; they believed things might be so, and felt assured they must be otherwise; they had every faith in nothing, and couldn't believe anything; they wouldn't venture to assert, and they felt morally certain; they regretted, deprecated, and felt free to confess; they could lay their hands on their hearts, solemnly assure, and think that a question would paralyse the person asked; they objected, counted out, were inaudible in the gallery, divided upon nothing, and gave the profits to the Nation; but above all they did pelt the great Cat with little pellets made of personality, place, lick-system, and other filthy stuff; but the wondrous Cat stood firm, and pawed and scratched, as though he wanted to dig up something. And the people of the Island of Sound did look on in terror, fearing lest the mighty LAFES REFORMATIONALIS should ever be clawed up to light, for that they would lose their places, even as men did lose their senses at the sight of the GORGON'S head.



Charles (who is rather addicted to betting, and talking of Goodwood Races). "WE'VE GOT SUCH A JOLLY SWEEP AT OUR CLUB!"

Constance. "A SWEEP, CHARLES!—WELL! I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH OF YOUR CLUB FRIENDS, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU ASSOCIATED WITH PEOPLE OF THAT SORT!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 11th, Monday. THERE used to be an Irishman, called ROCHE, in the House of Commons. In the old times he was rather vigorous in his co-operation with the Irish agitators, but having set his mind upon an Irish Peerage, he became, latterly, a very decorous bore, and behaved as dutifully to the Government as such an aspirant is expected to do. So PAM gave the decent man his peerage the other day. But the law enacts that in order to prevent the country being over-run by aristocrats with the brouge, these Irish peerages shall be limited in number, and LORD DERBY contended, to-night, that the law had been violated by turning ROCHE into LORD FERMOY. It seems a small matter to squabble about, but it is referred to a Committee of Privileges to find out whether ROCHE is a rightful Lord or not.

In the Commons, one of the Education Bills was again discussed, and after a sensible speech from MR. ADDERLEY, and we need hardly say a silly one from LORD JOHN MANNERS, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON addressed himself to answer MR. HENLEY's speech of the 2nd of last May, and implored the House not to mind that HENLEY had said. The debate was again adjourned.

Tuesday. LORD SHAPTESBURY incurred the wrath of the Bishops by proposing an alteration in the law which makes it illegal for a member of the Church of England to assemble more than 20 people for religious purposes in his own house. The BISHOP OF OXFORD was very pathetic in his resistance, and was good enough to explain that he saw no very particular harm in laymen assembling to read the Bible, and offer petitions to the ALMIGHTY, but that he was afraid that legalising the practice would induce people to pretend to be members of the Church of England, when they were really wicked Dissenters. This horrible possibility compelled him to resist the Bill, which only just escaped rejection. It may as well be mentioned here that the same conviction wrought so mightily upon the pious spirit of that eminent Christian and Horse-racer the EARL OF DERBY, that, later in the week, he felt himself bound to shelve the Bill, by referring it to a Select Committee. Perhaps he thought the next innovation would be the singing a

A SALLY IN FAVOUR OF OLD HARRY.

Of all the Peers within the House,
(And pretty well I know 'em),
There isn't one with half the nousse
Of gallant HENRY BROUGHAM.

If others won't amend the laws,
There's one the way will show 'em;
One who's in earnest in the cause—
The zealous HENRY BROUGHAM.

If foolish arguments are raised,
He to the winds will blow 'em;
And dull obstruction falls amazed
Beneath the weight of BROUGHAM.

If difficulties mark his course,
There's none aside will throw 'em
With half the intellectual force
Of gallant HENRY BROUGHAM.

We for his equals look in vain,
'Twill take some time to grow 'em;
So let us hope we shall retain
Some long time yet—Old BROUGHAM.

MORE BISHOPS!

THE great want of the day is Bishops. MR. OSBORNE some time since asked for "gig bishops," that is, a sort of bagman bishop, going round the country with samples of faith, hope, and charity. We have no objection, none, to such travelling episcopacy. The Cathedral Report, however, suggests twelve new Bishops of another sort, the round dozen to have each £3,000 per annum. Bishops, with trimmings, would stand thus:—

" 12 New Bishops	£36,000 a-year.
12 New Deans	18,000 "
48 New Canons	86,000 "
£100,000 a-year."	

After all, no more! And when so much good is to be done, the money ought to be had,—and after this fashion. Deal with the Bishops existing as it is said certain Hebrews deal with the QUEEN'S sovereigns; namely, *sweat* them. That is, put them all in a bag, and shake out of their incomes the small £100,000 needful.

hymn in the Grand Stand at Epsom, while the course was being cleared.

The Commons discussed a very important subject, capitally initiated by MR. W. BROWN, namely, the Decimal Coinage. As most of the speakers (except LORD PALMERSTON) understood what they were talking about, there was a very rational debate, which ended, as MR. PUNCH thinks, in a very rational manner; that is to say, in the affirmation, by a large majority, that the introduction of the decimal system, by means of the Florin, had worked satisfactorily. The public (including LORD PALMERSTON) must be made to comprehend the subject a little better before legislation proceeds further.

Wednesday. The Sunday Trading Bill was debated in the Commons, and the discussion was a strong contrast to that of the preceding night. The most painful nonsense was talked, especially by LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR. To be sure, no great wisdom can be expected from a man who is the patron of attorneys and homoeopaths, but one scarcely expected to find a Lord ignorant of the physiology of Hyde Park. He actually adduced, in proof that the rich respect the Sunday, the fact that there are far fewer carriages and horses in the Park on Sunday than on week-days. As if *la crème de la crème* did not make a practice of keeping out of the Park on that day, and going into the country, because it is the Snob-day,—not because it is the Sunday. MR. PUNCH repeats his protest against shutting the market against the working-man's wife, before compelling his employers to pay him his wages in time to enable her to buy by daylight on Saturday; and, while he is about it, he may as well protest generally against all partial interference with liberty. If a milkman is to be arrested for carrying his pails—the lawful calling by which he earns his bread—let a flunkey be arrested for carrying his lady's bag of books—the lawful calling by which he earns his bread. And, as the legislators may like to see how astonished a flunkey would look, if the Sabbatarians were really consistent, MR. PUNCH has this week afforded them the means of doing so.

Thursday. The case of the poor needlewomen of London was brought before the Lords, and it was proposed that the number of hours during which these unfortunate creatures are obliged to labour should be

limited. If the Bill passes the Lords, political economy will prevent its going further. But if the Ladies who are good enough to attend the Opera would exert themselves,—first, by giving their milliners ample time to make their dresses, secondly, by refusing their patronage where over-severe labour is known to be demanded, and thirdly, and chiefly, by discouraging the system of employing able-bodied young fellows (who ought to be in the Crimea) to stand behind counters and sell feminine flannels and stockings, to the exclusion of the shopwoman, they might render invaluable service to their humbler fellow countrywomen.

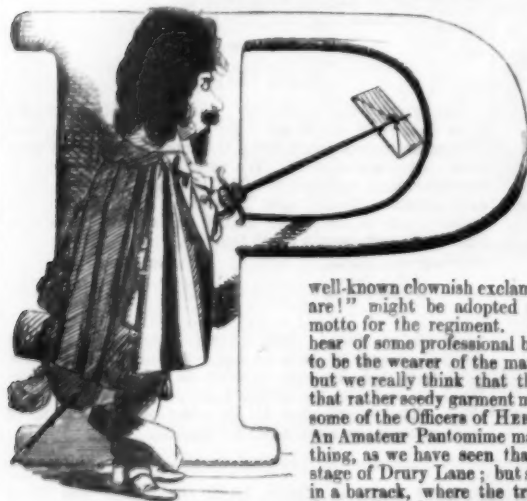
The Commons actually gave up nearly the whole sitting to subjects affecting the interest of the Colonies—the exception being the time occupied by the tools of the Scotch clergy, in impeding a measure for promoting Education.

Friday. The debate on Administrative Reform at last commenced. The Member for Nineveh, in a manly, candid, and energetic speech, in which every statement was substantiated by evidence, exposed the present system of mismanagement in the various Services. SIR BULWER LYTTON, for the Conservatives, charged the existence of the present system upon the Whig Oligarchy, and upon LORD PALMERSTON; and MR.

GLADSTONE, for himself and LORD ABERDEEN, said that they had been going to do wonders of reform, on y they were turned out before they could accomplish it. He, however piously bid MR. LAYARD "God speed." The adjournment of the debate was carried, on division. MR. LAYARD's dissection of the Army system was very complete, but none of the Heebaws answered him, preferring to have Saturday and Sunday to blunder and stumble over the report, and to get some civilian to explain to them "what the fellah was driving at." The millingitary utterances were reserved for a later part of the debate. The only exception was a little Heebaw called—"by Jupiter, forgot"—Brickdest—Bath-brick—Bathstone—no, Mr. Punch can't recal it, but it was some name that reminded him of the kitchen floor—and the owner was desperately anxious to have it known that he was not at Drury Lane Theatre on Wednesday night. As if anybody cared where he was, or knew who he was, or would think the better or worse of a cause for its being honoured with his countenance.

This same Friday the Royal Assent was given to the precious Newspaper Stamp Act—so in fourteen days from that date it comes into operation.

MILITARY PANTOMIMES.



PANTOMIMES never resembled anything in real life until the antics of some of the Officers and Gentlemen belonging to the British Army. We are not aware whether the 6th Dragoons have any inscription on their flag; but we think the

well-known clownish exclamation of "Here we are!" might be adopted as an appropriate motto for the regiment. Now and then we hear of some professional buffoon, who claims to be the wearer of the mantle of GRIMALDI; but we really think that the real inheritor of that rather seedy garment may be found among some of the Officers of HER MAJESTY'S ARMY. An Amateur Pantomime may be an admirable thing, as we have seen that it can be, on the stage of Drury Lane; but such a performance in a barrack, where the tricks involve a real destruction of property, where a real uniform

is thrown into a real bath, and a real tail cut off a real horse, can only bring discredit on the actors.

Canterbury has been famous for its private theatricals; but henceforth its barracks will be the reverse of famous for its Amateur Military Pantomime. The victimization of a young Cornet as "a Swell," whose clothes are torn off his back by his brother Officers in the character of Clown and Pantaloon, and the tricks of the bed-room scene, with the destruction of a set of shirts, are all within the scope of such a Harlequinade as we might expect to see during the holidays. We have no doubt that the Pantomime writers of the day will avail themselves largely of the contributions of the 6th Dragoons to the "business" of a Christmas piece of the old school, and the "mock duel" will form a very telling incident. Each theatre will probably take the point most suited to its own peculiar resources, and while Astley's will give preference to the docking of the horse's tail, Sadler's Wells, with its reservoir of real water, will most likely illustrate the Military Pantomime trick of soaking the uniform.

We will not conclude without offering a suggestion to the NELSON LEES and other kindred geniuses who are usually charged with the important office of furnishing Christmas Pantomimes. We would propose that one of the most remarkable changes that was ever witnessed on the stage might be effected if Harlequin were, with a touch of his wand, to turn certain Officers of the 6th Dragoons into real Gentlemen.

TO-MORROW MORNING'S REFLECTIONS.

By a sharp-sighted Clairvoyant.

THE name of the architect who builds most of the castles in the air is "To-morrow," and Hope lays the foundation.

The Pride that holds its head too high rarely picks up anything; whereas Modesty, like a diver, gathers pearls by keeping its head low.

Blows and cuts are felt more keenly after a dispute, in the same way that wounds hurt a great deal more when the battle is over.

A Man pauses, hesitates, and requires time to study a woman, whereas a Woman will read you a dozen men at first sight.

THE FYNN CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIETY is indebted to SIR R. W. CARDEN for the publication of an interesting series of letters, which may be termed the Fynn Papers. They form a correspondence between a gentleman with the signature of R. V. FYNN, and certain young ladies who have replied to advertisements inserted in the papers by that gentleman. For some years, it appears from MR. FYNN's advertisements, MR. FYNN has been on the point of making a tour through Athens, Smyrna, Sicily, Spain, and other parts of the globe, and has wanted a travelling governess to instruct two boys who were to accompany him on the excursion. He has been willing to give the governess a liberal salary, say £100 a year, but has required her to bring £70 or so with her, as a sort of security, to defray therewith her own travelling expenses during the trip. He has expressed a preference for a candidate under the tender age of 21. These advertisements have been replied to by various young ladies; who in return have received elaborate letters, explanatory of the writer's views, especially with reference to the £70 and the means of its safe conveyance by the proprietress to a rendezvous. One of the epistles is dated from Hamburg, and another from Heidelberg; which localities would be rather inconveniently distant from England for a girl under 21, without friends, and without money; having been dished out of her entire capital—amounting to some £70.

But can the fraudulent acquisition of that sum have been the design of MR. FYNN in putting forth his successive advertisements? Has he been employing a considerable time in plotting and planning schemes for swindling young and helpless females? Had not the police of the country, which he honours by residing in it, therefore better be advised to look after him? Oh!—certainly not. By no means, of course. Still it would be satisfactory to submit a letter of MR. FYNN's to one of the professors—if their profession can be trusted—who profess to discover character by handwriting, in order to remove any little doubt that a suspicious mind might entertain on that subject. SIR R. W. CARDEN appears to have none, and evidently regards MR. FYNN, in the character of advertiser, as somebody very like a whale: though perhaps others may consider the shark more analogous to FYNN than any other individual of the finny tribe.

As Good as Gold.

A NEW Bill relating to the qualification of Justices of the Peace has recently been introduced into the House of Commons. When we saw the announcement we were in hopes that it was intended to provide a body of really qualified men for the position of County Magistrates. We find, however, that the old system of qualification by money is still to be kept up, and that the money is to continue to make not only the man but the Justice. Gold is still to be the standard of value, in morality as well as in means, and SHYLOCK's theory of "a good man" being a "sufficient man," is to continue to be the rule by which we estimate private worth and public virtue.

DR. JOHNSON IMPROVED.—The first Whig was a regular "OLD SCRATCH."

SAYINGS OF ENGLISH SAGES.



IBTHORPE: The Whigs have plenty of confidence, but inspire none. Rogues generally hang together in ropes, like onions. An auctioneer does as he is bid—a postman as he is directed. Chaff generally arises from treading on a man's corn. For bringing up a picture, there's nothing like beer—and it's the same with a voter at an election. Algebraical

problems are mostly solved by the power of "s"—political problems by XXX, and both unknown quantities. The militia is the mainstay-at-home of the country. The Cap of Liberty is almost always a Mob-cap. The Crown of France is now having its Third NAP. Bread may be the staff of life—but to get the Staff, you must first produce the Tip. Show me a man's sole, and I'll tell you the size of his understanding. If the world is a "Veil of Tears," it may be as well to get some one to take up the Tears, and have the Veil fresh sown. What would the Cream of Life be without Strawberries? When a politician turns his coat, it's a sign he's getting a little out-at-elbows. I never met with but one perfect specimen of Dog-Latin, and that was "Cave Canem." The most sheepish eye is decidedly a pope's-eye in a leg-of-mutton. There is a P. PAUL in every administration! At a charity sermon the "Collect" comes after the Service is over. The only nickname that was literally a nickname was Old Nick for NICHOLAS. I have no confidence in the following things—in railways, in sausage pies, in Ostend rabbits, poetry, cheap clothes, patriots who make a practice of dying upon the floor of the House of Commons, Radicals, Mr. H. DRUMMOND, the Crystal Palace, or in Whigs—much less in Ministers, or in newspapers, street music, or any other kind of organs.

THE DRAMA IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

CERTAIN managers keep, as they keep maids-of-all-work, dramatic poets. It is of course indispensable that they should speak a little French. Generally, foreign couriers have, we have heard, the preference. Be this as it may, the manager keeps his dramatist upon a weekly salary, and for such salary has the whole run of his head. Some of these persons have a happy knack of mixing half-a-dozen French farces in so original a manner that they make one English "screamer." They take French vaudevilles, as you would take French eggs, and breaking them and beating them all up together, they make thereof a thorough English pancake. We know a distinguished egg-cracker who begins to grow gray, another who is wholly bald, upon pancakes so compounded.

However, it is a very laudable custom, and is only another proof of the high estimation in which the drama is held in England—in the county of Surrey particularly—that sometimes as much as four pounds are given for an affecting play. Last week there was a trial in the Court of Queen's Bench corroborative of this cheering fact. Such a play had absolutely been produced at the Theatre Royal, St. George's-in-the-Fields. The Eton Grammar tells us (*Boni pastoris est, &c., &c.*) that it is the part of a good shepherd to shear but not to skin his flock. The manager of the Royal St. George's was a beautiful illustration of this marvellous axiom. He had employed a poet, named CATCHPENNY, to go to Paris to "procure materials for a piece." Most perseveringly, most industriously, did CATCHPENNY fulfil his mission. The very earliest of *chiffonniers*, he might be seen at daybreak, now before the doors of L'Ambigu, now at the Odéon, raking and poking about whatsoever lay there. So much had he at heart the interests of the Royal St. George's that one morning he had a manly stand-up fight with SMALLBEER, the English author of the Theatre Royal, Oxford-street, over the body of a dead rat before the door of the Porte St. Martin. CATCHPENNY, with his educated eye, seeing the rat, and thereupon believing that it might be resuscitated—or galvanised, or in some way "originally adapted"—for the Royal St. George's was about to whip it into his basket, when the priceless vermin was espied by SMALLBEER, and laid claim to. Whereupon, the two artists commenced a fight with a vigour and earnestness of which such artists alone are capable. They had had several rounds when, in the scuffle, another rat was kicked up from the rubbish. There now being a rat a-piece, the fight terminated, and the combatants embraced. That rat, originally adapted, will be brought out at the Theatre Royal, Oxford Street, next season; its skin embroidered with cloth of gold regardless of expense; with a new tail of Malachite (the history of which will be given in the bills); and real diamond and emerald eyes:

THE ROYAL PENSION LIST.

ABOUT the richest paragraph we have lately read in the public papers, is one consisting of a few lines headed with the interesting words, "The Pensions of the Royal Family." We learn from this pithy little article, that while we pay foreign princes for marrying our princesses, we pay our own princesses when they are married to foreign princes,—a state of things not very complimentary to the ladies of our Royal Family. Surely our AUGUSTAS and SOPHIAS ought not to be considered such very bad bargains that we should be expected to pay the MECKLENBURGS and other small German potentates who take them off our hands, and who are in a position to support their own wives and families. We can only hope that we shall get something by way of compensation when our own little Princes are old enough to marry; for if a German Prince is worth fifty thousand pounds a year—the sum we give LEOPOLD—an English Prince ought to be well worth double the money.

The Millennium of Teetotalism.

(To be drawn by GE—OR CE—EM—NK.)

WHEN every drunkard shall be seen dipping his mug into the Well of Truth.

A CON FOR THE AGRICULTURAL MIND.

WHEN does a Cow make good meat?—When it's (S)potted.

ECONOMY.—Economy is the art of drawing in as much as one can, but unfortunately young ladies will apply this "drawing in" to their own bodies, when they wish to avoid anything like a "waist."

A CORDON PROVERB.—A man may hold a candle to enlighten the People, so as to burn his own fingers.

the rat is expected to run a hundred nights; and reasonable is such expectation; for it will run upon nothing meaner than the most sumptuous carpet of velvet-pile, surrounded by the most costly furniture. The piece is to be called "*A Rat! A Rat! Dead for a Ducat*," and will have the advantage of being represented with the entire strength of the omission of *Hamlet*. However, to return to the Drama in the Queen's Bench. MR. SERJEANT BYLES irreverently observed of the talented CATCHPENNY, that he had been engaged by the Managers of the Royal St. George's, "as their stock author, just as a horse was used at Astley's to attract."

"THE CHIEF JUSTICE. OF AN ASS. (*A laugh*)."

Now, our respect for the drama compels us to protest against the irreverence of the SERJEANT, further blackened into profanation by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND. In the first place CATCHPENNY was not hired and considered as a horse. The creams and piebalds at Astley's have their full feed of oats and hay, with medicinal green food, warm mashes, and so forth as they require. Moreover, their coats are always in the very best condition, with never a hole in them. Is it ever thus with the dramatic bard? We fear not. We beg to state to MR. SERJEANT BYLES, on behalf of CATCHPENNY, that if he were engaged as a horse—it was the horse Pegasus! Yes; my LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, contemptuously jocular in your ermine!—Pegasus; and not as you would infer—Pegasus! If you must have your joke, my Lord, with genius, at least your wit might have stood upon something higher than a donkey,—it might at least have taken a zebra. (That, between ourselves, would have been a juster description of the dramatist of the day. A poor donkey, that suff'reth stripes.)

However, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE tried to make some amends. For in summing up, he "commented on the wretched spectacle of men of genius and talent, supposed to be writing pieces which were to live for posterity as samples of the literature of the age at £4 a job." The inference was very kind of LORD CAMPBELL; but really there is no such thing. CATCHPENNY would as soon think of cutting his hair for posterity. As well believe that the poodles at the Pont Neuf are trimmed for posterity, as that the pieces originally adapted from the French, are supposed to be as everlasting as the Bulls translated from Nineveh. Besides, we are credibly informed—need we say, that we are only too happy to give currency to the cheering truth—that CATCHPENNY had more than £4 a piece, although with the generosity of noble natures, the managers of the Royal St. George's refused to plend it. MR. CATCHPENNY had a very comfortable truckle-bed under the stage—with the run of the gallery, after the fall of the curtain, for the chance of dropt half-pence.



A LARGE BUMP OF CAUTION.

Flora. "OH, LET US SIT HERE, AUNT, THE BREEZE IS SO DELIGHTFUL."

Aunt. "YEE—IT'S VERY NICE, I DARE SAY; BUT I WON'T COME ANY NEARER TO THE CLIFF, FOR I AM ALWAYS AFRAID OF SLIPPING THROUGH THOSE RAILINGS!"

INTERESTING TO PORTUGUESE BONDHOLDERS.

THESE naturally-anxious individuals will be happy to know that his young and green MAJESTY OF PORTUGAL is now in Paris, and so full of money, that he is giving away orders in all the prodigality of youth. He has just bestowed upon PRINCE NAPOLEON the Order of the Tower and the Sword. This Order gives the lucky knight the privilege to wear a silver collar (at his own cost) with the inscription—"Valour, Loyalty, Merit." The Portuguese Government—now happily represented by H.M. MAJESTY PEDRO II.—have bestowed Orders of a very different sort upon its English Bondholders and Creditors. They have in many cases revived the Order of the Queen's Bench and the Key, with the privilege of wearing a collar of parchment, with the inscription,— "Gullability, Poverty, and No Credit."

As another delightful instance of the moral heroism of the young King, we have to state that His Majesty last week visited the French Mint, where "he followed the operations of coining"—say the accounts—"with great attention." How like his progenitors! "Plates of gold were cast for his inspection, and there was shown gold ready to be thrown into the crucible to the amount of nearly a million." Surely this was very unnecessary trouble. Had the gold been placed in the hands of His Majesty, to the credit of Portugal, it would have been as completely melted as in any crucible soever. Bondholders have already seen more millions of theirs melted in the national crucible of Portugal,—nine millions subjected to "the different operations of coining" by the Portuguese State, and followed by Portuguese royalty "with great attention." For our vulgar, common-place part, we wonder that any King of Portugal could touch a piece of his own coin without remorseful shuddering. There is a monkish legend, that money being extorted by a sinful tax, a piece of the coin dropt blood in the hand of the ruler who had levied the impost. Could this miracle be repeated in Portugal, how much of its coin would weep the blood and tears of cheated Englishmen, their widows and orphans?

BRIGHT IDEAS.

STICK wholly to business and mind nothing else. If you go to war you are sure to lose men and spend money. The worst that could befall you in consequence of not resisting Russia would be subjugation under the CZAR. If all the world would submit to the CZAR there would be no fighting. There would be no armies and navies to maintain; and the expenses of mankind would be almost limited to the sum required for the maintenance of one man and his family in luxury. The monarch could have no ambition to gratify, as he would be master of this planet, and it would be impossible for him to invade the moon. The satisfaction of any other passions that he could have would cost comparatively little. Taxation would be moderate under the government of a universal despot. The people at large would not suffer much from any tyranny which they were content to obey. They would be deprived of very little true liberty. They would enjoy all the liberty of the Press that is worth having; the liberty of printing and publishing news.

No tyrant, whose power was unlimited, would have any inducement to restrict manufactures and commerce. Perfect freedom of trade would exist; that is, perfect freedom of all desirable action. Very few tyrants inflict upon their subjects injuries wholly gratuitous. The most malevolent despot would torture but small numbers of an unresisting people. The sum total of atrocities which such a sovereign could perpetrate would fall far short, in amount, of the horrors of war. Individuals and families, here and there, might be subjected to unjust exaction, outrage, and whipping. But the majority would escape the extortion, the dishonour, and the lash. The maximum of income and the minimum of taxation constitute the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and the political *summum bonum*. If this end can be obtained by representative and constitutional government, that government is preferable to absolute government, and not otherwise. If it is likely to be obtained by submission to Russia, the best thing we can do is to let Russian encroachment take its course.

GROSVENOR FOR EVER!

Song by an Elector of Middlesex.

I'm a Middlesex Elector; equal rights, I say for all:
Sauce for goose is sauce for gander: make one law for great and small.
That, I fancy, 's what LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR calls his Sunday Bill;
At the next Election won't I vote for him?—of course I will!

Trade to check upon a Sunday, to secure a day of rest
For the servants of the trader, is his Bill's intent professed,
Milk and mackerel crying after nine on Sunday morn 'twill stop;
And against the hungry close the butcher's and the baker's shop.

Whilst this Lord regales on dainties, whilst on luxuries he dines,
Whilst he gorges on rich viands, whilst he swills delicious wines;
He deprives his poorer neighbours of their humble Sunday cheer,
Baked potatoes, shoulder of mutton, onion sauce, and pot of beer.

He, whose Act betimes to breakfast will compel all common men,
Will he take none on a Sunday, should he lie abed till ten?
Will he, self-denying, practise the religion of the Tub?
Poor folks of refreshment barring, will this man frequent his Club?

You, on others Sunday's burden, grievous to be borne, who lay,
Do you, with your little finger, touch it not, my Lord, I pray?
From the bondage you impose on them do you yourself exempt?
If you do, oh, how you merit indignation and contempt!

Brother Middlesex Electors, independent, though not free,
That's your liberal Member! shall he ever more your Member be?
Oh by all means let us choose him us to represent again!
And he'll soon stop every Sunday steamboat, omnibus, and train.



SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

Policeman. "I SAY, THIS WON'T DO. YOU MUSTN'T FOLLOW YOUR OCCUPATION ON SUNDAY."



THE FINEST OF THE FINEST
THE FINEST OF THE FINEST

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

HOW TO GET HIM THERE?

(An Imaginary Conversation.)

PERSONS.

IL CONDE DI PALMAPIEDRA . . . Prime Minister of Barataria.
 DON GULIELMO ABORECEDOR . . . Patronage Secretary.

SCENE—A very Private room in a Public Office in Barataria.

IL CONDE DI PALMAPIEDRA and DON GULIELMO DE ABORECEDOR
 discovered at a table with papers.

Il Conde. But about that vacancy, DON GULIELMO?

Don G. Oh—the clerkship of the kitchen?

Il Conde. Exactly:—anug place, you know—capital finger-licking—I have been deluged with applications for it.

Don G. Oh—of course. But don't be in a hurry about filling it up. I've had a hint that DON TORNADO—(mysteriously).

Il Conde. What—DON TORNADO—the immaculate—the incorruptible—

Don G. (smiling). That DON TORNADO has a cousin, who sadly wants providing for, and—

Il Conde (refers to a pile of letters).—who would just suit the place?

Don G. Or whom the place would just suit—it comes to the same thing.

Il Conde. Caramba! DON TORNADO is worth muzzling. Do you know anything of the cousin?

Don G. (shakes his head doubtfully). Shy—I fancy. As you say, DON TORNADO is worth muzzling; but I fear we can't venture—just at this moment—you know—

Il Conde (laughing). Ah—DON GULIELMO! The political revivals that we have seen in Barataria! The sudden convictions of public sin! The miraculous awakenings to public duty! The glorious self-denying of our Baratarians! Well, well—we shall survive this last outburst too, I think; Eh, DON GULIELMO—(rubbing his hair cheerfully).

Don G. (laughing shortly). I shouldn't wonder, your Excellency;—but at present, as Barataria is in one of her hot fits of virtue, we must leave DON TORNADO to the purity of his patriotism, to seek her own reward from Virtue—whatever that may be—and find a man for the place who can do the work.

Il Conde. What a bore it is to have so many friends one would like to oblige, DON GULIELMO! (Pointing to a heap of letters.) See here! All about this Clerkship!

Don G. Then, there's DON HERCULES—

Il Conde. What! The cleanser of the Augean stable himself! Is he ready to wallow in the litter!

Don G. He writes—on public grounds, he says—in favour of a man from the country—

Il Conde (referring to memorandum). Oh!—yes—the nephew of the vine-grower who proposed him for the Cortes at the last election—

Don G. He gives the strongest assurances of his eminent fitness—

Il Conde. I dare say! But I've enquired, and that cock won't fight. It can't be done—not even to oblige DON HERCULES—and you know whether that Cerberus has not earned his sop. (Sighing.) No—I really think, DON GULIELMO, we must be particular this time.

Don G. I was afraid your Excellency would think so; in fact, I have said as much to everybody who has been at me about the place. "His Excellency," I said, "does really mean to appoint the best man this time—so it's no use talking."

Il Conde. You pointed out how impossible it was to do otherwise just at present? Of course you didn't put it offensively.

Don G. No, no—I flatter myself I know better than that; but argument is wasted on them. They're so hungry—and then they would fling in my teeth those appointments of PAN-Y-MUNO's the other day.

Il Conde. Ah—they were really too bad; he must take the responsibility of them. But he is a Valencian. Your Valencians have all so many cousins!

Don G. And such thin ones! There is no post so small but one of them will fit into.

Il Conde. Oddly enough, there is a good man in the field this time. HIJO-DE-VILLA knows him to be up to his work.

Don G. (doubtfully). H'm! HIJO-DE-VILLA?

Il Conde (re-assuringly). I know—but this place is in HIJO-DE-VILLA's line you know; come—he does understand cookery.

Don G. He should, if a man is to learn it by burning his fingers.

Il Conde. He tells me this fellow has been clerk of the kitchen to two English ambassadors.

Don G. Nay, then, he must have had practice.

Il Conde. Besides being head cook to an English hospital.

Don G. H'm—not a good line of practice there, I should have thought.

Il Conde. Oh, a Bishop was master of it: the charity was episcopally administered.

Don G. That alters the case:—at all events HIJO-DE-VILLA's protégé is a practical man.

Il Conde. Eminently; and that's what the Baratarian oracles keep dinning in our ears. Practical men! Working men! Men of actual experience! Well, for once, we will give them their Phoenix—the right man in the right place!

Don G. After all, it isn't much of a place.

Il Conde. True. And none of my colleagues had anybody they were particularly interested in. VILLA GRANDE gave up his protégé in the most handsome manner; and DI ARGILA, to my knowledge, has positively refused to back applications from six several members of that extensive and noble Valencian family, DI CAMPO BELLO.

Don G. Well! I hope they'll give you credit for it out of doors. But don't expect it. The Baratarians, though they talk, are not used to this sort of thing; and—mark my words—they won't believe it.

Il Conde. Have I not served the Baratarians these fifty years? Do I not know them, DON GULIELMO?—And now about that Commissioner-ship of the BORRACHOS. [Left Consulting.]

AN INTERVAL OF TWO DAYS.

(From the Independenza, the Baratarian Administrative Reform organ.)

"WILL nothing correct Ministers? Are they deaf to all appeals, dead to all influences? Is the miserable experience of failure to remain without effect? Are the indignant demands of a public, happily at last aroused to a sense of what it has a right to look for and the power to insist upon, to remain unanswered? Are the obligations of public duty nothing? These questions are naturally suggested to us by the last appointment, by which Ministers have disgraced themselves, insulted the public service, and mocked an indignant nation.

"We announced last week that the post of Clerk to the Kitchen of his Excellency the Governor was vacant. The post is one of trust, honour, and emolument. The salary is large; the perquisites are understood to be considerable. In short, it is a prize worth getting, and, of course, a boon worth giving away. But it is more than this. It is a place on which depends, to a considerable degree, the regulation of the Palace Kitchen, and, consequently, the digestion of his Excellency the Governor. On that digestion may often hinge the weal or woe of Barataria. And thus, by an easy connection of cause and effect, it may rest with the Clerk of the Kitchen whether we are to be oppressed or well-governed; to flourish under the enlightened influence of a TORNADO, or to wither beneath the blighting incubus of a PALMAPIEDRA.

"And how has this important place been filled?

"It has been given to a mere turnspit,—a trencher-washer,—a scullery boy—one, however, whose menial position has not stood in the way of intimacy with a convenient, if not very creditable underling of the Minister's. This appointment is, no doubt, the reward for services which it might not be so easy to lay before the Cortes in the shape of a debtor and creditor account. Perhaps SENOR HIJO-DE-VILLA will understand what we mean. And this, when the merits of really good and efficient men are daily pressed on the notice of Ministers,—when his Excellency's Kitchen is notoriously the worst managed of all the ill-managed departments of the Household—when patriots like DON TORNADO DI BOBADILLA are thundering, night after night, into Ministerial ears, the unpalatable lessons of truth, and the glorious gospel of public duty; when energies like those of DON HERCULES DI SOUND-Y-FURIO are being devoted, without recompense or reward, to the reform of our public service.

"To what purpose do we boast a mild and parental Governor, in his Excellency DON SANCHO, the constitutional bulwark of an elected Cortes, and the enlightened influence of an unfettered press, if these things are to go on? We trust that at least they will not be allowed to go on unquestioned. We call on the Cortes to do their duty."

SITTING OF THE CORTES.

The same Evening.

DON TORNADO DI BOBADILLA, seeing his Excellency the CONDE DI PALMAPIEDRA in his place, would ask whether his Excellency's attention had been called to the manner in which the vacancy in the Clerkship of the Governor's Kitchen had been filled up? The public attention was fixed, and not without reason, on the manner in which places were bestowed by the Government, and it did appear to him that at the present critical emergency it behoved patriots to scan sharply every exercise of Ministerial patronage. The circumstances under which this appointment had been filled up were most suspicious, and it had been hinted, in quarters likely to be but too well informed, that political services rather than the public interest had guided the selection of the person, who to the disgust of the public had been foisted into the office. (Hear, hear.) Perhaps SENOR HIJO-DE-VILLA would explain whether there was any ground for these suspicions? (Cheers from the Opposition.) He put this question to SENOR HIJO-DE-VILLA. He

understood that the person in question had owed the appointment to his recommendation. He trusted that the explanation would be given, and that if given it would satisfy that House and the public. For his own part he had no private motives for curiosity in the case. His anxiety was now, as it always had been, to serve the public, and watch over the interests of the public service—interests which he begged to tell his Excellency, would never be really consulted, until merit and merit alone was recognised as the ground on which offices were bestowed. (*Loud cheers*).

DON HERCULES DI SOUND-Y-FURIO would add his entreaties to those of his honourable friend. When, he would ask, was this miserable truckling to private interests—this wretched predominance of backstairs influence—this fearful tampering with all that was most sacred in public duty to cease? (*Ironical cheers from the Ministerial Benches*). When would the man arise to sweep out the corruption that preyed like a vulture on the vitals of the country. (*Cheers*). He did not mean any allusion to SENOR HUGO-DI-VILLA. But he would say, that if what he had that day read proved, on inquiry, to be based on truth, then indeed—among all the jobs ever perpetrated by a shameless and unblushing Administration (*Hear, hear, from the Opposition*)—this would be found to be the most flagrant, the most bare-faced, the most utterly and entirely indefensible. (*Loud cheers*).

IL CONDE DI PALMAFIEDRA courted inquiry. (*Cheers*). He was perfectly prepared to defend the appointment—if necessary—(*a Laugh*).

DON TORNADO had no doubt of that. (*The matter then dropped*).

THE ORGANIC DISEASE OF LONDON.



POET (*loquitor*).

Those organ boys, those organ boys,
They make a very dreadful noise;
At morning, noon, and many a time,
When I am puzzled for a rhyme.



ARTIST (*loquitor*).

An hour at least has passed away,
Since that young scamp began to play.
It half my precious time employs,
To drive away those organ boys.



PATERFAMILIAS (*loquitor*).

The more I tell them to begone,
The more they will go grinding on.
An end is put to all the joys
Of home, by those rude organ boys.



THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO PARIS.

We are happy to find that the LORD MAYOR will have a chronicler worthy of himself and the great occasion that took him to Paris. When HENRY THE FIFTH invaded France, he took with him certain court historiographers who, each with book and stylus in hand, sat on the baggage-waggons, and took notes, as we say now, of the meeting. When HENRY THE EIGHTH went to the Cloth of Gold, he too carried with him a cunning writer to set down all the events of the scene. We are happy to find that London's LORD MAYOR has been similarly attended upon in his visit to the land of the Gaul, where was so magnificently celebrated the Field of the Table-Cloth. It is said that his Lordship, in imitation of HENRY THE EIGHTH after the third bottle, jocosely laid his hand upon the collar of BARON HAUSMANN, Prefect of the Seine, and said,—"Will you wrastle, brother?"—but that the baron, in condescension to his Lordship, courteously declined. We have grown wiser, more refined, since the days of FRANCIS, and do not now, out of sheer hospitality, lay our guest under the table.

We are bound to state that the LORD MAYOR has very beautifully represented the genius, the worth, the eloquence of the City of London; for he wore his magnificent state robes, and had his mace carried before him, whilst six footmen, with many ingots beaten out upon their backs, were behind him. From one of these footmen—the rogue thinks that *Punch* does not know him—we have received the subjoined advertisement, in which, we rejoice to find, that the world will possess a chronicle, lasting as the lines of Fabian, Stowe, or Holinshed, of the progress of LORD MAYOR MOON from the Mansion House to the Seaside, his Voyage, and Further Progress to Paris, with all that awaited him there.

The reader will be fully convinced that the Chronicle will, in every way be worthy of the theme, when he is informed that it is the work

of—JENKINS himself! That distinguished individual, for the occasion donning the Moon livery placed himself amidst the meaner flunkies attending his Worship; and the result is a book, of which the subjoined is a tempting advertisement. As JENKINS in his happiest vein is wont to say, we anticipate a rich treat from the work of so talented a creature. *Domine dirige nos!*

inn the preese inn Swo.

THE MOST NOBELL THE LORD MARE'S VISIT TO PARIS.

By 1 off is FUTRA has they appear in there golden liveries at the Otel de Weal. This A Count will containe the hole Jurknee from the Manshun Ouse across the C to Bullon-sur-Mang. with the Trane to the Stashun at Parice wheer his lordship was meat by the Perfict of the Seen. Also the visit to the Too-rai-loo-rallies to kisse the and off the Emprur. The percession by the Bullyvarts to the Shams Eliza. Garding de plants—the Fountings of Worse-Aiss. Wist to Not a Dam, with a peape into the Mogg. The Theatr Francis with MARMELL RACHEL weeping for her children. Wist to the symmetry, or Chaise-and-Pair. With the dinner given to is Lordshippe att the Otel de Weal, with his Lordshippe's speech Tran slated from Frenche backards into Englishe, with the Bill of Fair which contains alle the indellicsees of the steen. Disparcher from Parice. His Lordshippe barks for Dover. Ome! Swate Ome! The booke to be hadde at the Manshun Ouse. Please ring hairy bells. Plane 2 shillins, cullurd 2 & 6; a few kopies bounde in silke plashe 4 shillins, with the City daggar on the backe. Hurty aplissashun desirabl.

A curious coincidence—as JENKINS himself in a moment of inspiration might observe—revealed to our knowledge the authorship of the book. We shall not disclose it. Let it suffice to be known that JENKINS was seen, with an ass-skin pocket-book ever in his hand, making notes with one of his own golden tags. We doubt not that the work will be as precious as the metal of the *stylus* and every bit as pointed.

MUSIC REALLY FOR THE MILLION.

AMONG the wonders of the Polytechnic Institution is an arrangement by which music is laid on from a band on the basement, to a set of instruments upstairs, which produce all the effect of an orchestra. The process seems to be similar to that by which water is laid on to houses; and there is no doubt that in time we shall have a company established for the supply of liquid harmony to the inhabitants of London, from some enormous musical reservoir. There is no reason whatever why sound should not be conducted by some sufficient process to our homes; and why we should not have the opportunity of turning on our music, and turning it off again, just as we would regulate the operations of our water-butts.

It will be extremely pleasant to be able to run to a tap in our apartment, and let in a gush of the most exquisite melody, of which we can drink just as long as we find it agreeable. Of course there will be rival companies, just as there are rival water-works; and each company should be permitted to place its musical mains wherever they may be required. Some would prefer the West MENDELSON, while others would rather draw their Supply of Melody from the Grand MOZART and BEETHOVEN Junction; leaving the lighter tastes to be gratified by what might be called the South DONIZETTI Milk-and-Water Works. A few would, perhaps, evince a predilection for the produce of the Great Hydraulic Processes of VERDI, which are known to require a tremendous power of pumping; which, though very wearing to the human machine, might not be too severe for the mechanical contrivances that will be employed in laying it on to the inhabitants of the metropolis.

We shall look anxiously to the carrying out of the design we have conceived; and we shall hope to find it superseding that unpleasant mode of supply by which music is now brought home to our doors, through the medium of itinerant brass bands and Italian organ-grinders. The invasion of the latter is becoming every day more formidable, and their attacks are conducted with such skill, that a column of Milanese hardy-gurdies will often be supported by a Sardinian contingent, in the shape of a gang of desperadoes with their instruments of torture from Genoa. Such is the audacity of these foreign troops, that they are not to be repelled when threatened by the Civil Power; and we can only hope that they may be persuaded to volunteer for the Crimea; where, we feel perfectly persuaded, that if they were properly organised with their own frightful organs, and brought well into play, every Russian would give his ears, rather than remain to endure the cruel infliction to which they would be subjected.

Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday Bill.

Will mackerel, oysters, milk, and cream,
From nine to noon on Sunday keep?
O House of Commons what a theme
To drivel on, whilst angels weep!

A NICE MAN FOR A SMALL TEA PARTY.

THE fluctuation for the last few years of the duties upon Tea—jumping up and down, and going through all sorts of figures—have made grocers, in their factions cups, nickname the Tea Circular as “GLADSTONE'S *Thé Dantesque*.”

RABELAIS IN THE CRIMEA.

How the huge cat NIMRODUS did feed people upon words, and how some people fared upon the same, and how the inhabitants of the Palace of Sound went out in order to come in, and came in in order to go out.



BUT we did stay, tarry, not perambulate (for that your parliamentary spodizators, or converters of sense into cinder-ash, do ill like walking and talking), fidget, feel pins and needles, fanny ourselves happy, try to smile, and did tickle our fingers with the little ornaments of the palace to prevent ourselves laughing at the builders thereof. And then, lo and behold! up rose certain dealers in chequered plaids, Roly-poly GIBBS and HUMS, the which were likewise objectionably surnamed and cognomened as H—mn—ga. And with them did consort and mismanage himself (for he was fit for better things) a certain dreary, learned, tasteful, dealer in pinnacles and stained glass and *rubricula* and genuflections and little bits of sackcloth, and did try to show how that the Great Cat did persecute the Great Bear, and did show that people who do nothing do little, and that people who tell falsehoods do not stick to the truth, and that those who forget are not given to remember—all the which the Great Cat did stoutly maintain, claw, scratch, throw alabaster bulls'-heads, and do battle for. And this, hark you, learned, ignorant, and irreverent sirs, was all for your own good, if that JAMES had not shed cold blood, or that PAM had not grinned, or that “LAUGHLESS-STONE” (of the which ARISTOPHANES doth speak) had not volunteered a white tie in *lieu* of a horse-collar.

But the Great Cat did much for some people, and especially for the great man JAMES, for that he did try to teach him to speak the truth, did try to make him remember what he perfectly knew, and to forget that he had fancied himself honest. And albeit the said great man JAMES did lay about him lustily with his trusty sword, NONNIMICORDO by name, and did fix his eye, get up a compassionate show, try to catch flies out of his own milk of human kindness (just as the great LAUGHLESS-STONE got University Reform and no Popery out of his own head, or as the Peace Association scratched brains out of chaos, and left them to remain there,) and try to talk about compassion, humanity, respect for the dead, bunkum, booh, and other things, for all which he was equally partial, still the Great Cat did make him go down, swallow very humble pies made of his own eloquence, inasmuch that he and the like of him did banquet unluxuriously on their own words. Oh, the dainty starvation!

And in this wonderful Palace of Sound, everybody did go out in order to come in, and did come in in order to go out—the which certain folk did say, was only because they told lies in order to tell the truth, did good that evil might come, went in drunk that others might come out sober, gave up situations they couldn't keep that others might not be able to keep the same, and did what they could not help doing to prevent others not doing the same.

And all this, we were told, was mightily useful and profitable unto the making of wars, the education of the wise, the prevention of knowledge among the ignorant, the stability of rotten foundations, the payment of much out of nothing, the feeding on feast days, lest others should lack for abstinence on fast days, the shirking one's own duty lest others should stand a chance of doing it, the doing of small things to prevent other people being troubled by doing great, the doing of everything when it is not wanted, to prevent people complaining of nothing when everything has not been undone, and, above and beyond all, to stifle those who speak what they know, to the end that all who know nothing may have something to say. And this was why the great and little people (of which the latter did predominate) went in and went out, in the which proceeding they did differ from candles, inasmuch as they gave no light when they were in, albeit they were unsavoury to the smell and the remembrance when they went out.

OLD BROOMS FOR NEW.—It's all very well to talk about new Brooms sweeping clean, but there's an old Brough'm in the House of Lords that sweeps away rubbish like a new 'un.



A DELICATE HINT.

Brighton Boatman. "THERE'S A WESSEL OUT THERE, SIR, A LABOURIN' A GOOD DEAL, SIR! AH, SIR, SAILORS WORKS WERRY 'ARD—PRECIOUS 'ARD LINES IT IS FOR THE POOR FELLERS OUT THERE!—PRECIOUS HARD IT IS FOR EVERYBODY JUST NOW, I KNOW I SHOULD LIKE THE PRICE OF A PINT O' BEER AND A BIT O' BACCA!"

THE SUN ON SUNDAY.

PHOEBUS APOLLO, THE SUN.

LUNA, THE MOON.

Luna. Hail, Phoebus! Thou lookest not as bright as thou art wont; what, now, is it that hath taken the shine out of thee?

Phoebus. O Luna, it is no wonder that my aspect should be dull; since in London, at least, the Day of the Sun will henceforth be gloomier than ever.

Luna. Who intercepting, or standing in the way of the sunshine?

Phoebus. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, indeed, and the Sabbatarians in the House of Commons, who are passing, if they have not already passed, an Act to hinder the poor inhabitants of London from rejoicing in meat and drink on the day of the Sun, if, perchance, they shall have not been able to purchase provisions before 9 o'clock in the morning.

Luna. Therefore it will behove them to rise early as thyself in winter, lest they starve. But some say, truly, that this is no Sabbatarian measure, but a law to secure a day of repose to the tradesfolk and their slaves, whom, otherwise, competition would compel to toil.

Phoebus. Falsely, rather, do they say so. For if, on the one hand, they legislate only to secure needful rest on this day for the tradespeople and their slaves, why, on the other, do they hold it an unsound thing to legislate for securing needful rest to grown-up cotton-spinners, also, and their slaves of mature age, by limiting the hours of labour every day?

Luna. But how do they maintain that to be an unsound thing?

Phoebus. They say that it is unwise to interfere with the law of Supply and Demand, and to step in and arbitrate between Labour and Capital when Labour is free to choose.

Luna. But if, nevertheless, they do this on the day of the Sun, they are inconsistent.

Phoebus. As hypocrites always are. If they were actuated by principles of reason and justice, and not by a sanctimonious spirit of domination—if they resembled philosophers rather than beadles—they would seek to secure rest to the labouring people on the day of the Sun simply by taking care to render trading on that day as little necessary as possible.

THE POET IN SMITHFIELD.

I STAND in Smithfield—but in vain
I list to hear the drovers swear;
My nose will never catch again
Those scents that used to fill the air.
No more I see the tortured brutes
Pok'd with the pike that drew their blood:
And through my saturated boots
No longer penetrates the mud!

No more along the crowded street
The weary sheep the butchers pull:
In thoroughfares no more we meet
The wild infuriated bull.
Fleet Street we now can freely cross
Without our former anxious care,
Lest some eccentric ox should toss
Our body high into the air.

The nursemaid walks in peace, nor dreads
To hear a loud and savage roar,
And see above the people's heads
Her child pitched to a second floor.
The applewoman at her stall
No longer agitation feels,
Lest she be pinned against the wall—
By playful heifer at her heels.

The Omnibuses pass along,
Down Snow or Ludgate's slippery steep;
Nor fear to slide into a throng,
Of worried and bewilder'd sheep.
The nuisance which had long been proved,
At length to condemnation yields—
The Cattle Market is removed
Away to Copenhagen Fields.

L. S. D. in Danger.

MR. LOWE deserves the thanks of all unready reckoners, that is, of the majority of people, for having done his best to rescue them from being bothered by changes in the coinage. He has stood manfully by the old shilling, with which we shall always recognise a pleasing association in the name of BOB LOWE.

Luna. By what contrivance?

Phoebus. By enacting a bill to provide that all working persons should be paid their wages at so early an hour on Saturn's day, as to admit of their purchasing beforehand the provisions necessary for the day of the Sun.

Luna. Which if they forgot to do, what then?

Phoebus. It would then remain for them to buy their victuals and drink at such butchers', bakers', and fishmongers' shops, and taverns, as should be open on the Sun's day.

Luna. But if all those shops should have been willingly shut?

Phoebus. In that case they would only have to blame their own forgetfulness. For then the shops would have been shut for want of custom, by reason of the customers' early receipt of wages, and not upon compulsion. And thus the rest of all would be duly provided for, without interference with the liberty of any.

Luna. Couldst thou not, O Phoebus, enlighten those Legislators sufficiently to enable them to perceive so plain a precept of wisdom?

Phoebus. O Luna, the blindest of all are they that close their eyelids of their own accord against the beams of light! But see, here comes my Tiger, with his thumb reflexed over his shoulder, informing me that my chariot is now ready. Farewell!

ONE DRESS (OF MANY) AT THE DRAWING-ROOM.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF ROUGEDRAGON.—Train of rich blood-coloured *moire antique*, trimmed with the small hours of the morning. Petticoat, of hectic consumption colour. Bouillons of fainting-fits; ditto tunic, trimmed with hysteria. Stomacher and other ornaments, faded eyes. Magnificent tiara of white coffin-nails.

[Mr. Punch is particularly requested to state that the dress was made at the establishment of MADAME SYCORAX, whose 'prentices are too happy to give their days and all their nights to the nobility and gentry. A hallporter always up and wide awake upon the premises. MADAME SYCORAX need hardly observe to her noble friends and patronesses that she does *not* make for the MARCHIONESS OF SH—FFER—E—AY.]



A DAY'S FISHING AND A RUN WITH A FRIEND'S HOUND.

Owner of Attached Quadruped (frantically). "Let him go! Give him line! Hold on! Take care! I'm coming with the landing-net!"

TERPSICHOEANA.

WHAT is the difference between a *soirée dansante* and a *thé dansant*?—a dancing evening and a dancing tea? There were eight of the former to one of the latter announced the other day under the head of "Fashionable Arrangements for the Week," in the *Morning Post*. Is a *thé dansant* a dance *plus* tea, and a *soirée dansante* a dance *minus* tea? If *minus* tea, is it *plus* sherry-cobbler? or do fashionable arrangements include an arrangement so mean as that of dancing without anything to drink? Such dancing must be very dry work; no *thé*, not even any *bière*!—hops without malt.

A *thé dansant* might, on superficial consideration, appear to have been probably the invention of BARON NATHAN, who used to dance within the interspaces of a set of tea-things; but on profounder reflection we discern that it was the BARON alone that danced, and not the cups of tea; neither could the eggs that were added to the tea have taken an active part in the performance. However we find that a Polka and a Waltz are advertised, termed respectively the "*Hatching Polka*," and the "*Hatching Waltz*;" whence we infer that either BARON NATHAN, or some rival of that Noble, has devised a novel dance, which consists in capering between sets of eggs under incubation, without disturbing the hens.

THE BEST LOOK OUT FOR PARSONS.—A Bishop's Sec.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 18th, Monday.—THE voice of HENRY BROUGHAM has been twice heard in the House of Lords this past week, both times in utterances worthy of him. On this Monday he ably pleaded the cause of the poor, oppressed by County Court extortions, and on Thursday he gave vent to his fierce and righteous indignation at the Hango atrocity, declaring that "if ever the nation called for blood it was now."

In the House of Commons, the adjourned debate on Mr. LAYARD's motion was resumed. LORD GODERICH *naively* complained that the aristocratic composition of the present Government was unfair to the aristocracy, for when people saw Lords thrust into every office, and the work of every office was bungled, people got the impression that Lords were good for nothing, to which he, as a Lord, objected. The debate was dull, but still worthy of notice. LORD PALMERSTON, seeing the direction that popular opinion takes upon the subject of administrative reform, threw over the plea he had instructed his CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to make, namely, that Government had reformed things as far as possible, and he accepted SIR BULWER LYTTON's amendment, which declared that a great deal more ought to be done. This little illustration of the sincerity of our rulers should be noticed. Moreover, LORD PALMERSTON affected to be dreadfully angry that he had been accused of making jokes on serious subjects. This was an inaccurate way of putting it. Nobody said that the Viscount made jokes—it requires a better man than a Parliamentary "star" to do that, but he certainly indulged in flippant levities, and if he denies this again, *Mr. Punch* will desire one of his office-boys to look up a dozen or so of them, of course paying that young person extra for exposing himself to the influence of non-sanitary matter.

The House was also favoured with what somebody has called "oozings from the cracked brain of HENRY DRUMMOND," who is the queerest mixture of NESTOR and THERAPIST that ever amused rational men. This Angel having played such fantastic tricks before the House as made the members laugh, MR. DISRAELI likened him to RABELAIS, a higher compliment, perhaps, than MR. DRUMMOND deserved, but still one of significance and appropriateness. MR. DISRAELI himself declared that he had invented the phrase "Administrative Reform," and knew what it meant, too, and would preciously soon let them all know, if LORD DERBY only came in again. The division against MR. LAYARD was 359 to 46 a result which might have been expected from a House composed like the present. The story of this reform movement may be closed by *Mr. Punch's* mentioning that SIR B. LYTTON's amendment was agreed to,

unanimously, on Thursday, and carried—the people may just as well be told this—"amid general laughter."

Tuesday. In the "Casino," the Bill for regulating the affairs of Friendly Societies was read a second time. *Mr. Punch* wonders how many of their lordships knew, until told on Tuesday, that three millions of persons, and six millions of capital, are connected with, and invested in, these societies.

The City Corporation is respited. The bill to reform it is not to be introduced this session. Government thought that it would be cruel to inflict another blow upon the Aldermanic GAUDES and GARBAGES, immediately after depriving them of the comfort of the stench of Smithfield.—*Mr. Punch* is no opponent of mercy, as a rule, but he cannot but think that the two nuisances might have been dealt with at once.

A select committee was appointed to enquire into the circumstances of the expedition commanded by the gallant CAPTAIN M'CLURE, who has solved the mystery of the Arctic sea. The hero of the Northern Ocean deserves a noble reward, but it is to be feared he will be insulted with a knighthood—the sort of thing stuck on a provincial cheese-monger who happens to be a Mayor when a Royal personage happens to have a baby.

MR. LOCKE KING stated to the House that it, and its predecessors, had made 10,047 laws, all of which were obsolete, and he moved a resolution that a bill should be prepared for abolishing such laws. Of course the Government resisted such a proposal, but MR. LOCKE KING, who has a habit of beating Governments, defeated LORD PALMERSTON by a majority of 17.

A motion of MR. HEADLAM, for securing to the family of an officer, slain in battle, the value of his commission, now absolutely lost to them, was resisted by MR. F. PEEL in his usual petty way, but LORD PALMERSTON took a somewhat larger view of the case, and agreed that an officer should have the option of saying whether he would prefer that his family should receive the amount in one sum, or the pension. The sad news, which came a few hours after this concession, told of the fall of many fathers, husbands, and brothers, men to whom it might have been a boon, had it been accorded earlier, and not withheld until extorted.

Wednesday. The House of Commons went into Committee on the bill enabling you to marry your sister-in-law. Its opponents fought very doggedly, and were defeated on three divisions, but young ladies had better defer buying the Berlin wool for slippers, and beginning to embroider braces, and otherwise preparing to make themselves acceptable to widowed brothers-in-law. For there are bishops in the Casino.

Thursday. The Peers of England spoke out boldly and nobly about the Hango outrage, a matter apparently beneath the attention of the representatives of the people. LORD MALMESBURY (actually arousing, like LORD VERISOPHT) for once behaved in a manly and energetic manner, as did LORD CLARENDON and others, LORD BROUGHAM's fiery words have been echoed all over the land. LORD COLCHESTER was the exception, who talked about as well as one of his brothers, the oysters of Colchester, might have been expected to do. He wished another flag of truce sent—that more ruffianly murder might be done, one supposes. But the Government have demanded, through Denmark, whether Russia will punish the guilty parties. As a lying version of the affair is already promulgated by the Court of St. Petersburg, it is certain that no punishment will be inflicted. Far better to let the sailors in the Baltic Fleet, whose comrades have been murdered, be distinctly apprized that England leaves the work of punishment to them.

The House of Commons was in a merrier humour, had nothing to say about Hango, but had a good roar at the termination of the attempt to satisfy the popular cry for administrative reform.

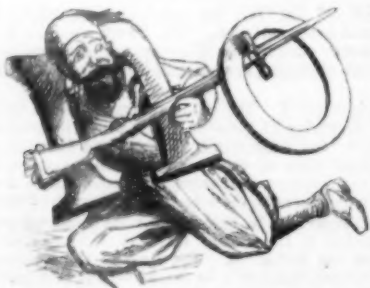
Friday. The Lords read, a second time, a meritorious bill for expediting the trials of persons charged with various offences. The proof that it is needed lies in the fact that, out of 25,000 persons brought to trial, 6,200 were acquitted or discharged for want of evidence.

The report of the Sebastopol Committee has been presented this week. What *Mr. Punch* thinks of it, he may say elsewhere. What MR. ROEBUCK thinks of it may be gathered from the following resolution, which he launched, like a thunderbolt, at LORD PALMERSTON'S head. On the third of July MR. ROEBUCK will move

"That this House, deeply lamenting the sufferings of our army in the Crimea during the winter campaign last year, and considering, in accordance with the Committee, that the conduct of every member of the Government engaged in the management of the war was the first and chief cause of those sufferings, does hereby censure the conduct of every member of the Cabinet."

Mr. Punch need not remind his friends that, except the Peelites, almost everybody whose "conduct" is thus to be "censured" is a member of the present Administration. On the whole, therefore,—and considering that MR. ROEBUCK habitually fulfils all his menaces—*Mr. Punch* may congratulate his friends aforesaid (he alludes to the civilised world) upon the prospect of an unmistakeable Shindy.

PUNCH TRAVELLING BY POST.



MORE seasonable present at any season of the year can be made to any one than a number of that popular periodical which is now before the reader, and which has just completed its Twenty-eighth volume. In consequence of the recent alteration in the Newspaper Stamp law that most acceptable present can now be sent by post for the small charge of one penny. Four numbers of *Punch*, when decorated with a QUEEN'S head, will go to any part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions at that extremely moderate fare, whereas the shortest journey, by the Royal mail, of *Mr. Punch's* entertaining miscellany involved, heretofore, an expenditure of fourpence, unless previously stamped. Henceforth, four numbers will go to JOHN O' Groat's house for one quarter of the sum from which the gentleman so called derives his name.

An immense multiplication of copies of *Punch* will necessarily result from the increased facility of its transport, since vast additional numbers of persons will be induced to purchase this pleasant publication by the knowledge of having the potentiality of stamping it themselves in case of wishing to send it to their friends. Thus the loss to the revenue, apprehended by some timid legislators from the repeal of the stamp duty, will be amply compensated; particularly as the unparalleled lightness of these humorous pages will render their transmission a matter of the greatest ease to the State.

Calcraft for the Baltic.

THE name of Hango has an ominous sound—especially as denoting the scene of an atrocious murder. If our sailors contrive to take the place, they will be justified in taking the last letter from its appellation, and acting, in reference to every miscreant they can catch there, on the hint suggested by the remainder.

"HOW TO CUT OUT A BODY."



IF we read some directions with the above benevolent object, we found that the advice applied only to dress-making. In our disappointment we have indited the following simple rules necessary to be observed by ladies in the envious art of "cutting out." First of all, the smaller the body, and the softer it is, the better for the experiment to be practised upon it. You take your body, and press it gently until it is made to sing. During this operation you should cough slightly, or order JOHN to hand round the muffins, or else you go skipping about the room, talking in the gayest manner to the different

gentlemen. Then, at the end of the first or second stanza, you rush up to the piano, and assure the poor body that "you are extremely obliged, to be sure," and leave her to her surprise before you are made conscious of your mistake. Shortly afterwards, as a great favour, you consent, "if the gentlemen only will be quiet for five minutes," to sing yourself; and having, by an impartial distribution of your gloves, and handkerchief, and bouquet, and vinaigrette, secured a goodly attendance round you, you warble away, and lavish the resources of your beautiful contralto voice in the most prodigal and effective manner. The "cutting out" has been perfect, and you proceed to your discomforted rival in the most affectionate manner to ask "if she has a partner for the next waltz."

Another plan is not to ask your rival to sing until the gentlemen are all downstairs at supper. In bonnets and gowns there is abundance of material for the most conspicuous forms of "cutting out;" and the most popular form, though perhaps a trifle vulgar, from having been so much over-done, is to ascertain by some secret diplomacy what is the precise pattern worn by your rival, and then, on some public occasion, to wear it first yourself. As a matter of course, you accuse your rival of imitation, and wonder "how any one can be so mean?" In marrying, it is dangerous to attempt any "cutting out," for we have known instances of persons cutting their fingers terribly in the operation, and when once you have been cut out, it is not so easy to cut in again. In fashionable life, the success of the art depends greatly upon the resources that you have at your command to practise it. If MRS. SO-AND-SO has but one gray, then it is your duty if you wish to get a-head of her, to come out instantly with two grays. If she has only one hundred persons to her *soirées*, then you must secure at least two hundred. If her diamonds represent so many hundreds of pounds, you must take the shine out of them by seeing that yours represent so many thousands;—and so on, with your establishment, your children, your servants, and everything else in the same proportion. In "cutting out," the great essentials requisite are a long purse, a cool head, a cold heart, and a sharp tongue: with a stock-in-trade like that you are sure to "cut-out" everybody.

Antidote to Dissent.

THE *Examiner*, on the one hand, says that the last report of the Cathedral Commission "winds up with a proposal of founding a round dozen of new bishopricks," and, on the other, that "the last census return proved that of the population of England and Wales attending divine service on a Sunday, more than one half of them dissented from the Church of England." The prevalence of dissent may be ascribed by some to the circumstance of the country having had too much instead of not enough bishop: if that is the case, the recommendation of the Commissioners must be regarded as the prescription of "a hair of the dog that bit you."

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT QUESTION.—Stir it, and sound it as you will, there never will be, with our present Conservators, any other Settlement of this Question but—MUD.

MECHY'S PROFESSION.—In agriculture as in business, to make two blades where there was only one blade before.

FRUITS OF THE FORCING-PUMP.

THE Maine Law works well in America. Oh, beautifully! If you have any doubt of that, read the account of the little excitement—not occasioned by “intoxicating beverages,” oh dear, no!—which recently arose out of that enactment at the place of its origin—the very fountain-head, if one might say so, of Pump-water. But one could not say so with propriety, for the fountain of Pump-water is the abode of Truth, whilst the source of the Maine Law is the residence of Humbug itself, embodied in an individual impostor. Witness the following extract from the American news of the *Morning Post*—

“THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW CHEATS.—The fanaticism of the advocates of the prohibitory liquor law at Portland, Me., has found vent in riot and bloodshed. It appears that Neil Dow, Mayor of Portland, and author of the Maine Law, purchased a quantity of liquor, expecting to sell it at a profit to the town agency.”

This Dow would be better known and understood if he had less name—if it were minus a letter, simply Do. The Maine Law, we perceive, was originated by Mr. Dow, or Do, in order to serve as the basis of a speculative operation in liquors; and great, doubtless, is the envy of Mr. Dow by Mr. BARNUM. Mr. Dow's imposture has, however, if successful, nevertheless been hazardous. According to the account above quoted,

“The agency, however, did not purchase, and complaint was made against Dow for violation of the statute. While the complaint was pending, the Mayor induced the City authorities to purchase his stock. Incensed at these proceedings, the mob collected about the building where the liquor was stored, and threatened its destruction. The military was called out; and, as the rioters persisted in their application of the search and seizure principles, fired on the mob, killing one man, and wounding several others.”

Mr. Dow narrowly escaped losing the reward of his fraudulence; and his loss of that would have been somewhat less lamentable than the loss of life at which the liquor stores of the author of the liquor law were protected. The first fruits of your Maine Law are a riot attended with bloodshed and death. You see, Gentlemen of the teetotal platform, that people can be disorderly without being drunk. Will you any longer adduce the fact that some drunken ruffians beat and stamp upon their wives as a reason why a human being is not to be allowed to purchase a pint of beer? Perhaps you will; for you already know that total abstinence from “intoxicating beverages” does not render a brute incapable of atrocious crimes. You knew that our allies, the Turks, as long as they believed in MAHOMET, were strict teetotalers, notwithstanding they were mostly ferocious wretches, and if they were not accustomed to dance upon their wives, they were very much in the habit of drowning them. But, you no-bottle-conjurors! it is as idle to offer you logic as to ask you to take wine.



Sense and Sensibility.

In reply to a Speech of Mr. DISRAELI on the subject of morning sittings, LORD PALMERSTON began by saying, “I am quite as sensible as the right honourable gentleman opposite.” This is the most remarkable piece of modesty on the part of the PREMIER that we can at present call to mind.

A TALE OF A (WASH) TUB.

We wonder if the washerwoman to the British army was paid by piece work—which is not likely in the midst of war—or by time;—whether, in a word, she was allowed to charge by the day or by the dozen. We ask the question because we find by the report of Mr. ROEBUCK's Committee, that while there were about 2000 patients in the hospitals at Scutari in the month of November, the “whole number of shirts was only six.” This disgusting state of affairs allowed something less than a shirt and a half per week amongst two thousand persons; and we can conceive the frightful struggle for clean linen that must have ensued when “the things,” or rather “the thing,” for in some weeks there could not have been more than one shirt, came home from the wash.

We should like to know the number of laundresses employed in “getting up” this paltry amount of linen, and if we were in the House of Commons we would call for a return of all the washing-bills sent in to the Hospital at Scutari during the celebrated month of November, in which the supply of shirts averaged one and a half per week among two thousand men. We suppose we shall be told by LORD PALMERSTON or some other facetious authority that though the men were short of shirts they made capital shifts for themselves.

MY BANKER!

Who puts my money in his till,
And when in difficulties will
Employ it to take up a Bill? My Banker.

Who cuts a very pretty dash,
By spending other people's cash,
And ends with a tremendous smash? My Banker.

Who has a pleasant country seat,
With park and grounds and all complete,
And is a thorough going cheat? My Banker.

Who goes to church and says his prayers
And gives himself religious airs,
And pawns my bonds, and sells my shares? My Banker.

Who when convinced the house must go—
Hints to a friend to let him know,
‘Tis well to keep his balance low; My Banker.

Who lives in most recherché style,
And wears the very blandest smile,
Though he's insolvent all the while? My Banker.

Who may a lesson yet be taught,
And find himself some morning brought
Before the Central Criminal Court? My Banker.

RUMOURED LAST APPEARANCE IN THE PULPIT.

OUR true blue contemporary, *John Bull*, perplexes us with the following paragraph:—

“DR. M'NEILL.—It is stated that the Rev. Dr. M'NEILL, having by the death of a near relative come into a handsome competency, is about to retire into private life.”

We can understand that the succession to a handsome competency might induce an actor to retire into private life from the stage fast enough; but cannot well conceive it occasioning a clergyman to “cut” the pulpit with similar alacrity.

PREMIUMS FOR PUBLIC SERVICE.

In advocating the claim of CAPTAIN M'CLURE, the discoverer of the northwest passage, to a reward for his services on the ground of precedent as well as justice, the *Times* says—

“SIR EDWARD PARRY, who reached 110° west longitude, received £5000 and knighthood.”

Such a man as PARRY is rewarded with £5,000 for his services once in his life. An average Bishop is rewarded with the same sum every year. How much more serviceable than such a man as PARRY ought an average Bishop to be to the British public!

THE ANSWER TO THE MAINE LIQUOR QUESTION.—The answer to the gentlemen who are agitating this question is a decided negative—and that negative comes with a twofold strength—for not only does it say you May'nt, but you Shan't.

ROOM FOR ADMINISTRATIVE IMPROVEMENT.—The work of Government is no longer peace-work: we wish we could also say that it has ceased to be job-work.



THE TOO FAITHFUL TALBOTYPE.

Georgina (in riding habit). "WELL DEAR! I DECLARE IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF YOU! I NEVER!"

Sarah Jane (who insists upon seeing the plate). "LIKE ME! FOR GOODNESS SAKE DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, GEORGINA. I THINK IT'S PERFECTLY ABSURD! WHY, IT HAS GIVEN ME A STUPID LITTLE TURN-UP NOSE, AND A MOUTH THAT'S ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS!"

THE VICTORY OF HANGO.

(For the *Invalide Russe*.)

"TWAS off the port of Hango that the good ship, *Cossack*, lay;
From us the British pirates had taken her away.
She sent her cutter to us, a flag of truce that bore;
And our hearts beat high as their bark came nigh the holy Russian shore.

There stood one gallant Muscovite alone upon the strand;
But he retired, with reason good, before they gained the land.
And, when our brave compatriot on the Britons turned his rear,
From his right-about the dogs, no doubt, surmised the coast was clear.

Keep close, ye slaves, and quiet, our brave Commander cried,
And we crouched us down as tigers crouch, their time to spring who bide.
And whilst we lay in ambush, there landed in our view:
A band of men, in number ten, from that presumptuous crew.

Their boat is moored securely; ashore we have that band;
A flag of truce is waving in their officer's right hand.
Now, Russians, down upon them! our daring Chieftain said.
Five hundred you to five times two! what, rascals, should ye dread?

With rifles primed and loaded against them did we go;
There were fifty Russian bayonets for every single foe.
The British waited timidly the onslaught of the brave;
And the foremost goose his flag of truce did nothing else than wave.

Our dauntless fellows levelled their weapons at his breast;
The wretch was a Lieutenant, the name of him GENESTE.
He said that he had disembarked no army on our shore;
But some Fins had brought, whom, prisoners caught, he had landed to restore.

Our lion-hearted Chieftain then this stern defiance flung
Back in his teeth; our Chieftain well could speak the English tongue.
We care not for the flag of truce—we hold such matters light—
But we'll let thee see how gallantly the Russian troops can fight.

Thereon one hundred Muscovites their triggers boldly drew;
And first they shot the men ashore, then fired upon the crew.
Ho, ho! beneath that fire they fell, the British, Fins, and all,
Before our aim, as the feathered game—as the robin-redbreasts—fall.

As fierce as bears, as brave as kites, on board the boat we sprung.
Some of the wounded, to the waves, with fearless hearts we flung,
And others on the jetty to our valiant comrades threw,
Who there and then those helpless men in cold blood stabbed and slew.

A heap of five we left for dead within the boat that day;
But one, reserved to tell the tale, revived and got away,
To teach the British dastards, and the cruel curs of France,
What Russians true are the men to do, if they have but a chance.

Of Alma and of Inkermann we leave the Allies to boast,
So glorious a victory now we've won on Hango's coast.
Aloft the flag of truce shall hang—a trophy for the CZAR—
They cannot brag of such a flag among their spoils of war.

All Europe with the stirring news of our exploit shall ring;
And Austria's generous Emperor, and Prussia's lofty King,
Our empire of Humanity and Honour to extend
Will be less afraid to afford that aid which they so fain would lend.

FEAR OF FACING THE TRUTH.—The reason why Photographs are not generally liked (excepting amongst ladies), is because there is no flattery about the sun—he's an artist that will not be blinded, for he's up to every wrinkle.



RUSSIAN SAVAGES PREPARING TO RECEIVE A FLAG OF TRUCE.



THE STATE OF ILLINOIS, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, GEOLOGY AND MINES.



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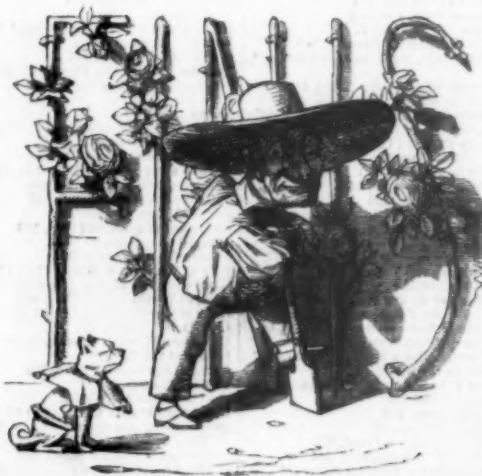
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